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THE MERMAID.

ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

F. S. CHURCH.

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AMERICAN ART

AND

AMERICAN ART COLLECTIONS

Essays on Artistic Subjects

BY THE BEST ART WRITERS, FULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH ETCHINGS, PHOTO-
ETCHINGS, PHOTOGRAVURES, PHOTOTYPES, AND ENGRAVINGS
ON STEEL AND WOOD

BY THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTS

EDITED BY WALTER MONTGOMERY

VOL. II.

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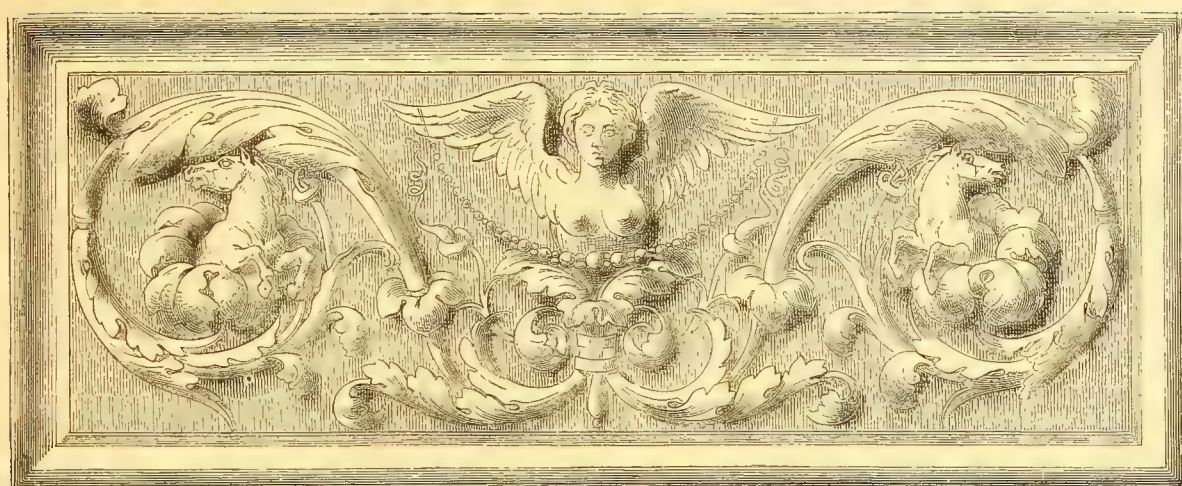


TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME II.

	PAGE		PAGE
XLIII. FREDERICK S. CHURCH	529	LXX. C. S. REINHART	814
XLIV. J. FRANCIS MURPHY	541	LXXI. CHARLES COPELAND	817
XLV. MAUD HUMPHREY	545	LXXII. ALFRED R. WAUD	833
XLVI. J. WELLS CHAMPNEY	561	LXXIII. C. H. MILLER	841
XLVII. ALBERT BIERSTADT	579	LXXIV. LOUIS MEYNELLE	851
XLVIII. E. WOOD PERRY	585	LXXV. W. P. SNYDER	861
XLIX. SEYMOUR JOSEPH GUY	589	LXXVI. H. P. BARNES	865
L. AMERICAN STAINED GLASS	593	LXXVII. E. P. HAYDEN	873
LI. HENRY SANDHAM	609	LXXVIII. ALICE AND CARL HIRSCHBERG	881
LII. J. D. WOODWARD	625	LXXIX. W. J. MOZART	892
LIII. J. CARROLL BECKWITH	641	LXXX. SAMUEL COLMAN	899
LIV. JOHN TRUMBULL	659	LXXXI. ARTHUR QUARTLEY	903
LV. JOHN TRUMBULL	678	LXXXII. J. ROLLIN TILTON	908
LVI. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD	689	LXXXIII. A. F. BELLOWES	913
LVII. SANFORD R. GIFFORD	705	LXXXIV. FRED B. SCHELL	924
LVIII. PETER MORAN	712	LXXXV. THOMAS HOVENDEN	931
LIX. WINSLOW HOMER	716	LXXXVI. H. BOLTON JONES	937
LX. WASHINGTON ALLSTON	721	LXXXVII. JOHN G. BROWN	941
LXI. WILLIAM L. SHEPPARD	741	LXXXVIII. GEORGE FULLER	945
LXII. W. H. SHELTON	753	LXXXIX. GEORGE LORING BROWN	963
LXIII. F. CHILDE HASSAM	761	XC. ALEXANDER H. WYANT	967
LXIV. FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH	771	XCI. ARTIST AND AMATEUR	969
LXV. GEORGE INNESS	779	XCII. MAURITZ F. H. DE HAAS	979
LXVI. J. APPLETON BROWN	787	XCIII. FRANK DUVEINECK	984
LXVII. THOMAS MORAN	793	XCIV. A. WORDSWORTH THOMPSON	991
LXVIII. M. J. EZEKIEL	803	XCV. TENDENCIES OF ART IN AMERICA	993
LXIX. FREDERICK DIELMAN	811		

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

ETCHINGS AND PHOTO-ETCHINGS.

	PAGE		PAGE
THE MERMAID. Original Etching by F. S. Church	Facing 529	PEEK-A-BOO. By Henry F. Spread. Photo-	
THE DROVER'S HALT. By F. O. C. Darley.	" 545	Etching	Facing 753
Photo-Etching	" 561	UP THE HILL. Original Etching by James D.	
PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By J. Wells Champney.	" 577	Smillie	" 769
Photo-Etching	" 593	A STORM AT SEA. By Frank Hendry. Photo-	
THE PEACEMAKER. By EDMUND H. Garrett.	" 609	Etching	" 785
Photo-Etching	" 625	GWENDOLEN. By Frederick Dielman. Photo-	
OLD BOAT HOUSE, GLOUCESTER. Original Etch-	" 657	Etching	" 811
ing by Charles A. Platt	" 673	THE UNWILLING SCHOOL-BOY. F. O. C. Darley.	
A MOONLIGHT REVERIE. By H. Sandham. Photo-	" 689	Photo-Etching	" 817
Etching	" 705	LANDSCAPE AND SHEEP. By Charles Jacque.	
MOONLIGHT ON THE BAY. By H. Sandham.	" 711	Etched by James D. Smillie	" 833
Photo-Etching	" 721	SHOOTING THE RAPIDS. By W. L. Taylor. Photo-	
ESTHER LYON. By FREDERICK DIELMAN. Photo-	" 741	Etching	" 849
Etching		AT MILKING TIME. By H. Winthrop Peirce.	
ON NEW YORK BAY. Original Etching by Henry		Photo-Etching	" 865
Farrar.		AT CLOSE QUARTERS. By F. T. Merrill. Photo-	
A DARING ACT. By F. T. Merrill. Photo-		Etching	" 881
Etching		DURHAM, ENGLAND. Original Etching by Sam-	
IN THE SWING. By H. Winthrop Peirce. Photo-		uel Coleman	" 897
Etching		CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND. By Walter Satterlee.	
THE CARIBOU HUNTER. By W. L. Taylor.		Photo-Etching	" 913
Photo-Etching		MRS. PHILIP NICKLIN. By Gilbert Stuart.	
LANDSCAPE AND CATTLE. By Van Marcke.		Etched by Stephen J. Ferris	" 937
Etched by Peter Moran		AMID THE APPLE BLOSSOMS. By John L. Breck.	
A BONNY LASS. By K. L. Langdon. Photo-		Photo-Etching	" 961
Etching		GANANOQUE LAKE. By F. O. C. Darley. Photo-	
THE EXPLANATION. By Wm. St. John Harper.		Etching	" 977
Photo-Etching		DECEMBER. Original Etching by Henry Farrar.	" 993

FULL PAGE WOOD-CUT ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
THE MERMAID. Drawn by Frederick S. Church.	535	DEATH OF GENERAL WARREN. Sketched by John Trum-	
"CLASPS HER TINY HANDS ABOVE ME." Drawn by		bull	661
Maud Humphrey	549	THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON, Phototypic reduction of a	
"SILVER TREBLED LAUGHTER." Drawn by Maud Hum-		sketch by John Trumbull	665
phrey	553	ACADEMICAL STUDY. By John Trumbull. Drawn by	
"ROBED IN SOFTEN'D LIGHT." Drawn by Maud Hum-		Charles Mettais	669
phrey	557	ACADEMICAL STUDY. By John Trumbull. Drawn by	
ON THE LAKE AT VASSAR. Drawn by J. Wells Champ-		Charles Mattais	674
ney	567	THE SORTIE FROM GIBRALTAR. Phototypic Fac-simile	
STUDY OF A CHILD. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	575	of Pen-and-Ink Sketch by John Trumbull	685
MOUNT CORCORAN, SIERRA NEVADA. Painted by Albert		A MOTHER'S KISSES. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd.	697
Bierstadt	578	VENICE. Painted by Sanford R. Gifford	707
NEAR THE BLACK HILLS. Painted by Albert Bierstadt.	581	SUNSET IN THE ADIRONDACKS. Painted by Sanford	
FIRESIDE STORIES. Painted by E. Wood Perry	583	R. Gifford	709
THE OLD STORY. Painted by E. Wood Perry	587	TWILIGHT. Painted by Peter Moran	711
THE ORANGE GIRL. Painted by Seymour J. Guy	591	THE RETURN OF THE HERD. Painted by Peter Moran.	713
A MEMORY OF MEXICO. Drawn by Henry Sandham	615	WATERMELON-EATERS. Painted by Winslow Homer	717
THE DESOLATE CREEK. Drawn by J. D. Woodward	627	IN THE FIELDS. Painted by Winslow Homer	719
THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP. Drawn by J. D. Wood-		ANGELS FROM JACOB'S DREAM. Drawn by Washington	
ward	633	Allston	725
THE FALCONER. Painted by James Carroll Beckwith	643	SHIP AT SEA. From a chalk drawing by Washington	
STUDY. Drawn by James Carroll Beckwith	647	Allston	729
STUDY. Drawn by James Carroll Beckwith	651	TITANIA'S COURT. Drawn by Washington Allston	733
STUDY OF DRAPERY. Drawn by James Carroll Beck-		STUDY FOR "PROMETHEUS." Drawn by Washington	
with	655	Allston	739
HEAD OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. Sketched by John		ENDICOTT CUTTING DOWN MORTON'S MAYPOLE. Drawn	
Trumbull	658	by W. L. Sheppard	743

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

v

	PAGE
MADAME LA TOUR A PRISONER at PENOBSCOT. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard	747
AUTUMN. Drawn by F. Childe Hassam	763
THE PARTHENON. Painted by Frederick E. Church	770
A TROPICAL MOONLIGHT. Painted by Frederick E. Church	773
CHIMBORAZO. Painted by Frederick E. Church	775
LIGHT TRIUMPHANT. Painted by George Inness	777
PINE GROVE, BARBERINI VILLA, ALBANO. Painted by George Inness	781
LANDSCAPE. Painted by J. Appleton Brown	786
STORM AT THE ISLE OF SHOALS. Painted by J. Appleton Brown	789
THE UPPER MERRIMAC. Painted by J. Appleton Brown.	791
DREAM-LAND. Painted by THOMAS MORAN	795
SOLITUDE. Painted by Thomas Moran	799
MICHAEL ANGELO. By M. J. Ezekiel	802
ALBERT DÜRER. By M. J. Ezekiel	805
CHRIST. By M. J. Ezekiel	809
THE HUSKING FROLIC. Drawn by C. S. Reinhart	815
THE HOUSE ON THE MARSH. Drawn by Charles Cope-land	821
JOHN GALLUP'S EXPLOIT. Drawn by A. R. Waud	835
A WESTERN MAZEPPA. Drawn by A. R. Waud	837
A TRADING SHIP ON THE NORTHWEST COAST. Drawn by A. R. Waud	839
OLD MILL AT SPRINGFIELD. Painted by Charles Henry Miller	843
RETURN TO THE FOLD. Painted by Charles Henry Miller	845
MARCH. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	850
BUILDING THE NEST. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	853
ARCADIA IN NORTH CAROLINA. Drawn by W. P. Snyder	860
ILLUSTRATIONS FOR TENNYSON. Drawn by H. P. Barnes.	869

	PAGE
IN WINTER. Drawn by E. P. Hayden	875
SNOW-BIRDS. Drawn by E. P. Hayden	878
THE DANDELION GIRL. Drawn by Alice Hirschberg.	883
THE GRATITUDE OF SIR JOHN. Drawn by Alice and Carl Hirschberg	885
THE IMPRISONED KID. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	889
ANDERNACH ON THE RHINE. Painted by Samuel Colman	898
A STREET SCENE IN CAEN, NORMANDY. Painted by Samuel Colman	901
AN AFTERNOON IN AUGUST. Painted by Arthur Quartley	905
DEVONSHIRE COTTAGES. Painted by A. F. Bellows	915
A BY-WAY NEAR TORQUAY, DEVONSHIRE. Painted by A. F. Bellows	919
THE VENDEAN VOLUNTEER. Painted by Thomas Hovenden	930
THE PUZZLED VOTER. Drawn by Thomas Hovenden	933
TANGIER, MOROCCO. Drawn by H. Bolton Jones	936
A CLOUDY DAY IN OCTOBER, BRITTANY. Painted by H. Bolton Jones	939
"BY THE SAD SEA-WAVES." Painted by John G. Brown.	943
WINNIFRED DYSART. Painted by George Fuller	947
THE ROMANY GIRL. Painted by George Fuller	953
THE LAKE OF NEMI. Painted by George Loring Brown	962
THE TEMPLE OF PEACE. Painted by George Loring Brown	965
A MIDSUMMER RETREAT. Painted by Alexander H. Wyant	969
ON THE AUSABLE RIVER. Painted by Alexander Wyant	973
LONG ISLAND SOUND BY MOONLIGHT. Painted by M. F. H. De Haas	978
THE COAST OF FRANCE. Painted by M. F. H. De Haas	981
THE TURKISH PAGE. Painted by Frank Duveneck	985
MAY-DAY IN FIFTH AVENUE. Painted by A. W. Thompson	990

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT.

	PAGE
Head-piece. Drawn by Frederick S. Church	529
A Serenade. Drawn by Frederick S. Church	529
The Rehearsal. Drawn by Frederick S. Church	530
A Girl Feeding Chickens. Drawn by Frederick S. Church	530
Scamp in the Cellar. Drawn by Frederick S. Church	531
Scamp and his Master. Drawn by Frederick S. Church.	531
Maggie Tulliver. Drawn by Frederick S. Church	532
The Little Peacemaker. Drawn by Frederick S. Church	533
Frontispiece, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." Drawn by Frederick S. Church	534
From "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." Drawn by Frederick S. Church	537
From "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." Drawn by Frederick S. Church	538
Madam Owl and her Chickens. Drawn by Frederick S. Church	539
Tail-piece. Drawn by Frederick S. Church	540
A Spring Landscape. Drawn by J. F. Murphy	542
The Winding Brook. Drawn by J. F. Murphy	543
Head-piece. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	545
Initial I. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	545
Eating Pop-corn. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	546
Doll's Secrets. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	546
"Five o'Clock Tea." Drawn by Maud Humphrey	547
Asking for a Kiss. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	547
My Valentine. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	548
Christmas Carolers. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	551

	PAGE
Troubles of Childhood. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	552
Joys of Childhood. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	555
Mother Goose. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	556
Little Bo-Peep. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	559
Young Street Artists. Drawn by Maud Humphrey	560
Head-piece. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	561
Fishing. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	561
Looking over the Photographs. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	562
Fortuny's Model. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	563
Calliope at Work. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	564
Sallie, Sketching in the Dove-cot. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	566
"Under New England Apple-Trees." Drawn by J. Wells Champney	569
Children roasting Apples. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	569
View in Bruges. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	570
The American in Rome. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	570
"I'se gwine Ress, I is." Drawn by J. Wells Champney	570
A Toccata. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	571
Pigeons of St. Marks. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	571
Reunited. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	572
The Rose Harvest. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	572
In Murillo's Studio. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	573
The Æsthetic Clique. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	574
A Seminole Girl. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	574
Guiding the Rudder. Drawn by J. Wells Champney	576

	PAGE		PAGE
Head-piece and Initial M.	579	Priam in the Tent of Achilles. Sketch by John Trumbull	659
Tail-piece	580	Portrait of Col. John Trumbull. Painted by Waldo and	
Head-piece and Initial F.	585	Jewett. Engraved by G. Kruell	663
Head-piece and Initial T.	589	Academical Study by Trumbull. Drawn by Charles Mettais	671
Initial I. Drawn by R. Riordan	593	Sketch by Trumbull for a group in "Priam returning to	
Adoring Angel, from the "Window of the Virgin" Ven-		his family"	675
dome, Twelfth Century.	595	Sketch by Trumbull	677
From a Window of the Twelfth or Thirteenth Century,		Sketch for the Death of Miss MacCrea. By John Trumbull	678
Saint Remi, Reims	595	The Deluge. India Ink Sketch by John Trumbull. En-	
Portrait of Henri De Mez. Chartres, Thirteenth Century.	595	graved by Wm. Miller	680
Specimens of American "Antique" Glass. Drawn by R.		Head-piece. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	689
Riordan	597	Thinking. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	689
Window Screen in pure Mosaic Glass, Egg-Plant. By		The empty Birds'-Nest. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	690
Louis C. Tiffany. Drawn by R. Riordan	598	Hide and Seek. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	691
Initial T. Designed by R. Riordan	599	Caught. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	691
Design for Harvard Memorial Window. By John La		A Mother's Advice. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	692
Farge. Drawn by Will H. Low	600	"Round the Carpet here we Stand." Drawn by Jessie	
Fac-simile of Study for Harvard Memorial Window. By		Curtis Shepherd	692
John La Farge. Drawn by Charles Mettais	601	Rocking the Cradle. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	693
Varieties of American Opal Glass	602	Illustration from "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." Drawn	
Tail-piece. Designed by R. Riordan	603	by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	694
Initial O. Designed by R. Riordan	604	Fairyland. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	694
Portrait of Henri De Mez. Chartres, Thirteenth Century	605	"Where have the Birdies gone?" Drawn by Jessie Curtis	
Reduced Working Drawing of a Window in pure Mosaic.		Shepherd	695
By John La Farge	606	A Happy Family. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	695
Tail-piece. Designed by R. Riordan	608	A Careful little Mother. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	696
Head piece. Drawn by H. Sandham	609	Sea Fairies. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	699
"Ah, broken is the Golden Bowl." Drawn by H. Sand-		The little Somnambulist. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shep-	
ham	609	herd	700
Illustration from Lenore. Drawn by H. Sandham	610	Ready for a Ride. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	701
Felix Holt Wounded. Drawn by H. Sandham	611	An Inquisitive Child. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	701
Eppie and Silas Marner Drawn by H. Sandham	612	The Naughty little Girl. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shep-	
A splendid Specimen. Drawn by H. Sandham	613	herd	702
The Home of the Moose. Drawn by H. Sandham	613	Six Years old. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	703
Low Tide, St. John Harbor. Drawn by H. Sandham	614	Tail-piece. Drawn by Jessie Curtis Shepherd	704
Horses Bathing. Drawn by H. Sandham	614	The Matterhorn at Sunrise. Drawn by S. R. Gifford	708
A Canadian Boat Song. Drawn by H. Sandham	617	Head-piece and Initial A.	712
Illustrations from Lenore. Drawn by H. Sandham	618	My Lady's Friend. Drawn by Peter Moran	714
Illustrations from Lenore. Drawn by H. Sandham	619	Head-piece and Initial I.	716
A Milk Cart of Havana. Drawn by H. Sandham	620	Study of a Head. Drawn by W. Allston	721
"An Anthem for the queenliest Dead." Drawn by H.		Initial T.	721
Sandham	621	Study for Head of Astrologer in Belshazzar's Feast.	
"From Grief and Groan to a Golden Throne." Drawn by		Drawn by W. Allston	722
H. Sandham	621	Study for figure of Belshazzar. Drawn by W. Allston	722
"For her, the fair and debonair." Drawn by H. Sandham	622	Uriel. Drawn by W. Allston	723
"And when she fell in feeble Health." Drawn by H.		Study of a Head. Drawn by W. Allston	724
Sandham	622	Pen-drawing by W. Allston	726
"Let the Bell Toll." Drawn by H. Sandham	623	Pen-drawing by W. Allston	728
Lenore. Drawn by H. Sandham	624	Pen-drawing by W. Allston	731
"The Splendor falls on Castle Walls." Drawn by J. D.		Study for a Portrait. Drawn by W. Allston	735
Woodward	625	Angel from "Jacob's Dream." Drawn by W. Allston	740
"O Love, they die in yon rich Sky." Drawn by J. D.		Head-piece. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard	741
Woodward	626	A Funny Bundle. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard	741
The Dying Swan. Drawn by J. D. Woodward	629	A Dinner in China. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard	742
Song of the Brook. Drawn by J. D. Woodward	630	Giving the Dolls a ride. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard	742
The City Wharves. Drawn by J. D. Woodward	631	The Little Tyrant. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard	745
Outward Bound. Drawn by J. D. Woodward	632	"Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife." Drawn	
The Village Church. Drawn by J. D. Woodward	635	by W. L. Sheppard	746
A Glimpse of the River. Drawn by J. D. Woodward	636	Illustration from Eliot's Poems. Drawn by W. L. Shep-	
The Shining Sea. Drawn by J. D. Woodward	637	pard	749
Tail-piece. Drawn by J. D. Woodward	640	Illustration from Eliot's Poems. Drawn by W. L. Shep-	
Study of a Head. Drawn by J. C. Beckwith	641	pard	750
James Carroll Beckwith. From a Photograph	641	Freeing the Captive. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard	751
Study of a Head. Drawn by J. C. Beckwith	642	The Bath. Drawn by W. L. Sheppard	752
The Christian Martyr. Drawn by J. C. Beckwith	645	Sheep. Drawn by W. H. Shelton	753
Study. Drawn by J. C. Beckwith	649	Initial W.	753
Study. Drawn by J. C. Beckwith	653	Scamp at the Dime Museum. Drawn by W. H. Shelton	754
Tail-piece. Drawn by J. C. Beckwith	656	The Musical Critic. Drawn by W. H. Shelton	755

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

vii

	PAGE		PAGE
The Naughty Kid. Drawn by W. H. Shelton	756	Waiting for Darkness. Drawn by H. P. Barnes	867
Two Little Pigs. Drawn by W. H. Shelton	757	Pelicans. Drawn by H. P. Barnes	867
Catching the Horse. Drawn by W. H. Shelton	758	Chimney Swallows. Drawn by H. P. Barnes	868
Brother and Sister. Drawn by W. H. Shelton	759	After the Rain. Drawn by H. P. Barnes	868
Beppo. Drawn by W. H. Shelton	760	Winter Woods. Drawn by H. P. Barnes	871
Head-piece. Drawn by F. Childe Hassam	761	Moonrise. Drawn by H. P. Barnes	871
Initial F.	761	Tail-piece. Drawn by H. P. Barnes	872
The Fisherman. Drawn by F. Childe Hassam	762	Fall. Drawn by E. P. Hayden	873
Going Boating. Drawn by F. Childe Hassam	765	The Cricket. Drawn by E. P. Hayden	874
Rowing. Drawn by F. Childe Hassam	765	The Express Train. Drawn by E. P. Hayden	874
Looking for the "Dipper." Drawn by F. Childe Hassam	766	Tending the Plants. Drawn by E. P. Hayden	877
A Stroll through the Woods. Drawn by F. Childe Hassam	767	A Game of Fox and Geese. Drawn by E. P. Hayden	877
Tail-piece. Drawn by F. Childe Hassam	768	A Walk by the River. Drawn by E. P. Hayden	879
Head-piece and Initial T.	771	Tail-piece. Drawn by E. P. Hayden	880
Head-piece and Initial N.	779	Head-piece, Winter Scene. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	881
Head-piece and Initial T.	803	Initial H. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	881
Tail-piece	808	Calling in Vain. Drawn by Alice Hirschberg	882
Head-piece and Initial C.	811	The Well in Winter. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	884
Companions. Drawn by Frederick Dielman	812	The Rescue. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	884
Dorothea. Drawn by Frederick Dielman	813	A Dozen Geese. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	886
Good Advice. Drawn by G. S. Reinhart	814	Mother and Child. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	887
Tail-piece	816	Learning to Skate. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	887
An Adventuresome Lad. Drawn by Charles Copeland	817	Taking a Short Cut to School. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	888
What's that? Drawn by Charles Copeland	817	The Homely Doll. Drawn by Alice Hirschberg	890
A Sleigh-ride. Drawn by Charles Copeland	818	Tail-piece. Drawn by Carl Hirschberg	891
Feeding the Fishes. Drawn by Charles Copeland	818	Head-piece, On the Coast. Drawn by W. J. Mozart	892
The Fiery Trace. Drawn by Charles Copeland	819	Halifax in Snowstorm. Drawn by W. J. Mozart	893
Watching the Ships go by. Drawn by Charles Copeland	820	Shepperton Church. Drawn by W. J. Mozart	894
A Strange Elevator Boy. Drawn by Charles Copeland	823	Tail-piece. Drawn by W. J. Mozart	896
The Little Boy that locked himself in. Drawn by Charles Copeland	824	The Bathing Season at East Hampton. Drawn by Samuel Colman	899
The Winding Brook. Drawn by Charles Copeland	825	The Tower of St. Mark's. Drawn by Samuel Colman	900
The Waterfall. Drawn by Charles Copeland	825	Morning on the Sound. Drawn by A. Quartley	904
Taking Dolly for a Walk. Drawn by Charles Copeland	826	Initial T.	908
An Unlucky Shot. Drawn by Charles Copeland	827	Landscape. Drawn by A. F. Bellows	913
The Fisherman's Last Sail. Drawn by Charles Copeland	829	The Brook. Drawn by A. F. Bellows	913
Good Morning. Drawn by Charles Copeland	831	The Dell. Drawn by A. F. Bellows	914
Tail-piece. Drawn by Charles Copeland	832	A Shady Nook. Drawn by A. F. Bellows	914
Head-piece. Drawn by A. R. Waud	833	The Cascade. Drawn by A. F. Bellows	917
Tail-piece. Drawn by A. R. Waud	840	A Quiet Pool. Drawn by A. F. Bellows	917
A South-side Lane, Long Island. Drawn by C. H. Miller	842	Into the Sea. Drawn by A. F. Bellows	918
Oak and Water-Willow. Drawn by C. H. Miller	844	Building Castles in the Air. Drawn by A. F. Bellows	921
Head-piece. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	851	Tail-piece. Drawn by A. F. Bellows	923
Initial O. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	851	Head-piece and Initial F.	924
The Mermaid. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	852	The Gentle Stream. Drawn by F. B. Schell	925
Picking Buttercups. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	855	"This deep Mountain Gorge." Drawn by F. B. Schell	926
A Cavalryman. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	856	"Come with me to the Mountain." Drawn by F. B. Schell	927
Gathering Wood. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	857	The New Moon. Drawn by F. B. Schell	928
Bess. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	858	Head-piece and Initial T.	931
Tail-piece. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	858	Head-piece and Initial M.	937
Head-piece and Initial W. Drawn by Louis Meynelle	861	October, near South Orange, N. J. Drawn by H. B. Jones	938
The Bicycle Club Saluting. Drawn by W. P. Snyder	862	Head-piece and Initial A	941
Turning the Sign. Drawn by W. P. Snyder	863	The Challenge. Drawn by J. G. Brown	942
The Owl. Drawn by H. P. Barnes	865	The Quadroom. Painted by George Fuller	957
Out for a Play in the Snow. Drawn by H. P. Barnes	866		



DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

FREDERICK S. CHURCH.

CHAPTER FORTY-THIRD.



DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

PROMINENT among our animal painters is Mr. Frederick S. Church,—born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1842. He started his artistic career at the age of ten, by painting on foolscap papers, in crude water-colors, long lines of Indians, pirates, and highway-men, enacting all sorts of wild and savage deeds. At thirteen years of age, he left home, and went to Chicago to work for the American Express Company, where he employed all his spare moments making comic sketches.

After the war broke out, at the age of seventeen, he entered the Federal Army, and served until the close, when he returned to Chicago, and again entered the service of the American Express Company. At twenty-six he made drawings of machinery for a wood-engraver, but was considered the poorest draughtsman in the engraver's employ. He persevered, however, and became a pupil of the Academy of Design, in Chicago, where Walter Shirlaw was then teaching art; and later, when he went to New York to reside, he entered the National Academy of Design as a pupil. While studying there he supported himself by drawing comic sketches for "Harper's Weekly," and "Har-

per's Bazar." One of these sketches, issued in the "Weekly" of June, 1873, and called the *Latest from the Front, Our Friends the Mosquitoes*, represents a group of these tormentors sharpening



DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

their bills on a grindstone, under the watchful eye of their leader; others dipping their bills into a bottle labelled, "Appetizer"; and still others flying off on their wicked mission with grip-sack and umbrellas.

About this time the Elgin Watch Company made a contract with him for an illustrated almanac, which occupied him part of his time for several years.

At the same time he

commenced drawing illustrations for magazines and comic papers, but it was only by dint of hard work that he managed to eke out a living. His pictures, as a rule, in the beginning did not contain human figures, but later he introduced them, — and in the picture before us, — *A Girl Feeding Chickens*, — we find an inclination towards the higher art which Mr. Church has since shown in his works.

In his many drawings of all classes of animals, he has shown great attention to the artistic detail which makes them so true to nature. His subjects are mostly humorous or fanciful sketches of some curious phase of animal or bird life, or poetic phantasy in which dainty maidens and saucy cupids play a leading part.



DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

In the engraving before us, we have the picture of a little pug dog, called *Scamp*, drawn for the "Our Little Ones" Magazine. Poor Scamp, as the story goes, was locked in the cellar one day, and not liking the dark and being, moreover, afraid of rats, he was about to bark, when he discovered a barrel in the corner, and as he was a curious little dog, thought he



DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

would investigate; so he climbed up on a pile of coal which was behind the barrel, peeped over, lost his balance, and fell into a lot of soap-fat. The next cut shows how his master coming



DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

home and finding him such a pretty sight, holds Scamp up to have a good look at himself in a mirror. One of the greatest characteristics of Mr. Church's work, particularly in his earliest drawings, is the comical vein in many of his animal pictures. Later when he could not make them a financial success, he turned his hand to quite another style. Among the best known of his works in oil are, *As Mad as March Hares*, *Weidness*, *Solo*, *Sea Princess*, *Back from the Beach* (1879), *Muskrat's Nest* (1883), and in water-colors, *Hard Times*, *A Chilly Day*, *Foraging Party*, *Elfin Tandem*, *Phantom*, *Ostrich Dance*, *Awkward Squad*, *Pandora* (1884), and *Peacocks in the Snow* (1885). Of his later works we shall speak further on, in this article.

Not until 1875, in his thirty-third year, did Mr. Church produce any serious work; when a black and white drawing, entitled *Up in a Crow's Nest*, representing a young woman

standing in a rustic outlook of a Hudson River country seat, and gazing at the scenery, made its appearance, followed rapidly by a series of similar drawings. All of these were created because the artist's comical sketches were not in sufficient demand, and, as it was a matter of bread and butter, he determined to try a new field of labor, and so began what may be termed his allegorical period.



MAGGIE TULLIVER. DRAWN BY FREDERICK S. CHURCH.

But before we enter further into this period, let us look at the wood-cut of Maggie Tulliver taken from the "Mill on the Floss." It represents Maggie, out on the turbulent waters of the river,—which have risen and flooded the fields,—her hair loose and tossed about by the wind, her eager eyes strained to catch a sight of the old Mill, and her heart beating wildly for the dear ones who are there, while her strong, brave hands grasp the oars,* ready to go to their rescue. In the words of George Eliot:—

"With new resolution, Maggie seized her oar, and stood up again to paddle; but the now ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. It was not until she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the

boat clear of the current. Then with one yearning look towards her Uncle Deane's house that lay further down the river, she took both oars and rowed with all her might across the watery fields, back towards the Mill. Color was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields, she could discern the tints of the trees—could see the old Scotch firs far to the right, and the brown chestnuts—oh, how deep they lay in the water! deeper than the trees on this side the hill. And the roof of the Mill,—where was it? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple,—what had they meant? But it was not the house,—the house stood firm, drowned up to the first story, but still firm—or was it broken in at the end towards the Mill?



DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH FOR "OUR LITTLE ONES."

"With panting joy she was there at last—joy that overcame all distress,—Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound; she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs window. She called out in a loud, piercing voice—

"'Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you?—Here is Maggie!'

"Socr, from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice:—

"'Who is it? Have you brought a boat?'

"'It is I, Tom—Maggie.'"

And now we come to a new phase in Mr. Church's works,—the beginning of an ideal period. Before we consider his latest figures, let us look at the illustrations made for Elizabeth Ackers Allen's beautiful poem, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." In the frontispiece,

we have idealized the sleeping baby and the angel mother,—“come back from the echoless shore,”—and we unconsciously utter the words,—

“Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night,—”

and again, in the next illustration, where the child has grown into a sad, weary woman,—

“Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.”



FROM "ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER." DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

Mr. Church's artistic transformation is an interesting and curious study; from a soldier and comic illustrator he has been transformed, for it can be called nothing else, into a delineator of what may be termed classic art. His figures as shown in his latest works are marvels of womanly loveliness. His greatest distinction as a painter consists in his having created in a series of idyls the most beautiful woman in American art,—that lovely maid who as the *Viking's Daughter* stands on the seashore in a pale-green robe, listening to the whisperings of the sea gulls; who as *Pandora* kneels on the lid of the box to prevent the escape of the mischievous elves; who as the heroine in a *Fairy Tale* walks, surrounded by four tigers, under flowering trees; who in *Subdued* plays on a pipe to a group of the king of beasts; who in *Beneath the Sea* tells the tale of a skeleton to her fair sister; who as *Peace* sits



THE MERMAID.

DRAWN BY FREDERICK S. CHURCH.

beside the sheep, holding in her hand a shepherd's crook; who acts as a *Sorceress* among a group of crocodiles; who, together with the flamingoes, wanders along the river bank; who in *Pegasus Captured* leads the white-winged horse; and who as *Sybil* gathers knowledge from the Egyptian mummy. And then the lovely *Mermaid* who—but let us hear what Tennyson says of her.



FROM "ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER." DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

I.

"Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?"

II.

"I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of a day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I combed I would sing and say,
'Who is it loves me? who loves not me?'"



I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
 Low adown, low adown,
 From under my starry sea-bud crown,
 Low adown and around, —
 And I should look like a fountain of gold
 Springing alone
 With a shrill inner sound,
 Over the throne
 In the midst of the hall;
 Till that great sea-snake under the sea
 From his coiled sleeps under the deeps
 Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
 Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
 With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
 And all the mermen under the sea
 Would feel their immortality
 Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III.

"But at night I would wander away, away,
 I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
 And lightly vault from the throne and play
 With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
 We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
 On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,

Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
 But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
 And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
 From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells ;
 For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
 Of the bold merry 'mermen under the sea ;
 They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
 In the purple twilights under the sea ;
 But the king of them all would carry me,



DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.

Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
 In the branching jaspers under the sea ;
 Then all the dry pied things that be
 In the hueless mosses under the sea
 Would curl round my silver feet silently,
 All looking up for the love of me.
 And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
 All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
 Would bear out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
 All looking down for the love of me.

The cut which appears on this page, "Madam Owl and her Chickens," is one of the best things that Mr. Church has done for "Our Little Ones," and is suggestive of the following lines :—

"Ho, ho! Madam Owl, not so fast,
Your feathers are dripping with dew;
I fear, from your hurrying past,
The tales that are told must be true.

"I heard a great cackling, just now,
Where my Brahma hen broods her soft chicks;
By the looks of your bill, ma'am, I trow,
You've been playing some more of your tricks."

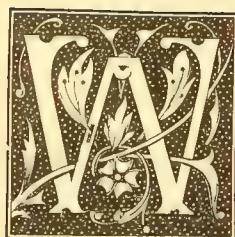
"Now open your claws, let me see,
Don't struggle and bite at me so;
My dear little chickens so wee
You've taken, I very well know."

Have we not every reason to feel proud of this, our truly American artist—American in every sense, as all his art studies have been pursued here, he never having set foot on the soil of Europe. To him we owe the creation of an ideal of American womanly beauty; a creature full of poetic loveliness, happy and joyous, in the midst of singing birds, gay flowers, and enchanting nature, wearing only sunshine and smiles, and leaving a lasting benefit with those who see and know her, Mr. Church's young women are purely ideal,—in none of the idyl series, does a portrait of his model appear,—the figures are full of winning grace, and are clothed in drapery, rather than in gowns, and the drawing and dainty coloring blend into one harmonious whole. While his work is not perfect, and he has still much to learn, perhaps there is no other American painter, who has done so much towards creating a national art, as Mr. F. S. Church.



J. FRANCIS MURPHY.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR.



WHEN the long, hot summer is dying, and one knows that we shall soon have more "comfortable" weather, who does not hail with delight the approach of the "Indian summer," that most beautiful of all our seasons. Then is the time—when walking is not synonymous with sweatbath, and climbing will exhilarate instead of exhaust—for tasting the delights of the mountains; and the White Hills, Chocorua, Moosilauke, Monadnock, and the rest of the stately heights, have each their procession of worshipping pilgrims. Happy days! and yet we sometimes breathe a sigh of regret for the royal summer, when the white yacht flew over the foam, or we dove through the breaker on the beach,—the summer that is gone.

"The clarion Wind, that blew so loud at morn,
Whirling a thousand leaves from every bough
Of the purple woods, has not a whisper now;
Hushed on the uplands is the huntsman's horn,
And huskers' whistling round the tented corn:
The snug warm cricket lets his clock run down,
Scared by the chill, sad hour, that makes forlorn
The autumn's gold and brown.

"The light is dying out on field and wold;
The life is dying in the leaves and grass,
The World's last breath no longer dims the glass
Of waning sunset, yellow, pale, and cold."

These beautiful lines by an American poet perfectly describe such a picture as Murphy is especially gifted in fixing on canvas. He is one of the most poetic of our landscape painters, and prefers to delineate autumnal scenes filled with a vague and tender melancholy and steeped in tints of yellow. For other painters are the rocky shore and the sandy beach, the "mountain in its azure hue" and the elm-bestudded intervalles, the placid lake and the stormy sea; and, better than the flow of the broad river or the dash of the falling torrent, he loves the quiet pond, or the gentle tinkle of the little brook, as it winds among the meadows and through the copse. Sometimes he depicts a New England spring with its wealth of pink and white blossoms and fresh greenery, or a sultry noontide swimming in heat; but most of his landscapes reflect the soft calm and hazy distances of autumn days, the hues of whose golden

pumpkins and russet apples are blended in the misty richness of his colors. Murphy's treatment of autumn effects is as different as possible from that of most of our other landscape-painters whose brushes portray the beauties of the "fall." His presentment of the theme shows



A SPRING LANDSCAPE. DRAWN BY J. F. MURPHY.

nothing of the gorgeous foliage which glows in the works of the veteran George L. Brown, nor has it much affinity with the sober grays of the pictures of Jervis McEntee, to mention only two of the many artists who have busied themselves with the reproduction of Nature's changing tableaux, in that season which is accompanied in this country with such a wealth of splendid color. Murphy rather chooses to envelop his pictures in a veil of a golden tone,

through which we see the blending outlines of hillside, meadow, and tree. He paints us Nature in repose, leaving to others the task of showing her in stormier moods, when the great trees toss their branches before the might of the gale, and the flying clouds drive across



THE WINDING BROOK. DRAWN BY J. F. MURPHY.

the sky. To trespass on the sister domain of poetry, his gifts are Wordsworthian rather than Byronic, and he expresses in paint the gentle aspect of the country in autumn with a success akin to that of Buchanan Read in his poem of "The Closing Scene," where he sings: —

"All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low ;"



THE DROVER'S HALT.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM PAINTING

BY

F. O. C. DARLEY.

THIS charming bit of country life is artistic in all its details. The absorbing interest in the gossip from the neighboring towns which the drover is imparting to the lazy old innkeeper is well-portrayed in his face. Even the negro stable-boy is on the alert for news which he may repeat to the hostlers and hangers-on about the inn. That the business of the place is not particularly stirring is well shown by the tameness of the animals and fowls around the yard.

The picture, as a whole, is very well balanced and an excellent example of the painter's genius.



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

MAUD HUMPHREY.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIFTH.



IN this age of progress, nothing perhaps has taken such a step forward as children's books; both inside and out they attract the eye, not only of the little ones, but of their elders. Teeming with bright pictures and merry stories, they appeal to the hearts of the children and bring joy and happiness into thousands of homes. Each Christmas-tide brings out fresh stories and gay colored picture-books for these little ones. Indeed, we hardly need a text, so well drawn and graphic are the illustrations, telling a tale for the age alone.

Rosy-cheeked boys and girls glance over the pages. *Mother Goose*, in many new garbs and gowns; *Jack the Giant-Killer*; *Puss in Boots*; *Little Red Riding-Hood*,—both old friends and new are presented to us in so many new and charming ways that we never weary of renewing the acquaintance.

We almost wish we were children again, "just for to-night," sitting by the nursery fire, eagerly drinking in the wondrous fairy-tales, and shuddering at the giants and hob-goblins. In fact, if the truth be told, we do become children again, for a time at least, and sit entranced at the bright, merry faces that gaze at us so enticingly from the pages of the beautiful books and magazines that this Golden Age has brought with her, to make our lives brighter and healthier, and to fill our homes with sunshine and good-will, when there are sometimes clouds without. Many hearts are made glad, many lives cheered and helped by this great work, which often finds its way into the remotest corners of the world, carrying with it a blessing we but little realize. Paintings can be seen, only by a few, comparatively, while these reproductions in black and white are spread broadcast throughout the land, breathing an influence for good, and working many marvels. Among the many illustrators, Maud Humphrey is especially happy in her delineations of figures, particularly in those of children.



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

Here we have five small children who have undoubtedly been popping corn. What visions of our own happy childhood does it not call up,—the great fireplace in our grandmother's house, where we have gone to spend Thanksgiving or the Christmas holidays with the dear old lady, and our elders, tired of our incessant chatter, and our ability to be everywhere at once, have banished us to the kitchen, where we are free to laugh and shout to our hearts' content.

Or, see these two dolls, sitting on the floor, whispering secrets into each other's ears. Do you suppose we might hear what they are saying?

"‘I declare,’ said Arabella,
‘It really gives me pain
To think that my dear mamma
Should go away to Maine,

“‘And leave me here so lonely,
And take the younger doll!
I just believe I’ll run away,
And not come home at all!’

“And then these two doll cousins
Cried until their eyes were red,
And their grandma found them sobbing,
And put them both to bed.”

Poor dollies, what memories of
“the days that are no more,” do
these wee mites unconsciously awaken
in our minds.



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

And so we might keep on turning over page after page filled with these charming illustrations, each one telling us an old story, but in a new way; appealing to our sympathies, and holding our attention, while we ponder on "the tale that is told."

Sometimes it is a mother-love, which speaks to us so sweetly, when tiny hands, like those in the picture, are stretched up beseechingly, and a sweet rosebud mouth asks for a kiss. Never mind how cross and tired we may feel, we have only to look at the dear baby face, and all our frowns are turned to smiles, and we catch the little one in our arms and cover the curly head with caresses. Sometimes we walk through green fields filled with sweet wild flowers, and gay butterflies flitting here and there; and then our hearts are filled with joy and happiness. But, sometimes, in these pictures, we see sorrow and suffering,



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

and poor pinched little faces out in the frost and snow; and then we think of those whose homes are never cheered and brightened as ours are, and so we learn to "lend a hand" where one is needed,—because of all these beautiful stories, with their dainty illustrations, which have found their way into our homes.

Miss Humphrey seems to have caught the very life and spirit of the little ones, and each drawing, as we look at it, is ready to speak for itself.

Could you resist the smile of this bright little lady, who is waiting to serve you with "five o'clock tea?"

See this dear little *Valentine*. One could easily say with the poem,—

"I know a little lady,
And she is sweet and fair,
Her eyes are blue as violets,
And golden is her hair.



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

AMERICAN ART

"I love her very dearly,
I know her heart is mine,
And to myself I call her,
My dainty Valentine.



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

"And of this little lady
Let me tell you this:
Her lips are like a rose-bud,
And very sweet to kiss."



"CLAPS HER TINY HANDS ABOVE ME."

DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

Or what more charming than these little *Christmas Carollers*. One can almost hear them singing, —

“We are a band of carollers;
We march through frost and snow,
But care not for the weather,
As on our way we go.



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

“At every hall or cottage
That stands upon our way,
We stop to give the people
Best wishes of the day.”

Here is a little maiden that one fairly longs to take in one's arms and comfort, in spite of the possibility that it may be naughtiness and not sorrow that is causing those tears to flow.

Look at the wee baby mouth, with the corners drawn down so pathetically, the great tears dropping from the sad, questioning eyes, and the tiny dimpled hands, full of so much expression. Dear little baby-girl, the smiles are having a battle with the tears, and look as if they might come off



TROUBLES OF CHILDHOOD. DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

victorious. Who could resist you, little one, if you walked in upon us now, even if you had been a naughty little girl, and pulled the pussy's tail, until she ran away or scratched you, and then you cried, because pussy refused to be longer tormented.

And who is the little one with tiny hands held above her? But let us hear how the Poet-Laureate describes her: —

“ Airy, fairy Lilian,
 Flitting fairy Lilian,
 When I ask her if she loves me,
 Claps her tiny hands above me,
 Laughing all she can ;
 She'll not tell me if she love me,
 Cruel little Lilian.



"SILVER TREBLED LAUGHTER."

DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

"When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling never speaks,
So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gather'd wimple
Glancing with black beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks ;
Then away she flies."



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

Surely there must be a bright future for this clever young illustrator, — for Miss Maud Humphrey is only beginning her career, having but lately passed her twenty-first birthday. Miss Humphrey was born in Rochester, New York, on March 30, 1868, — where she has always made her home.

At the age of twelve she began to study art, taking lessons in charcoal for about two years, and also, during that time, she received two quarters instruction in the use of water-colors.

When fourteen years old she was obliged to discontinue her work for about two years, on account of the failure of her eyesight. At the end of that time, when she had reached the age of sixteen, she commenced illustrating, and her first drawings were made for "Our Little Ones." At seventeen, Miss Humphrey went to New York, and took a course of instruction for about eight months, at the Students' Art-League.

Since then Miss Humphrey has been steadily illustrating for magazines, making also the drawings for three books, in colors, and numerous designs for birthday and Christmas cards. With the exception of an occasional black and white oil for the purpose of illustration, Miss Humphrey paints entirely in water-colors, and devotes her time and attention almost exclusively to drawing figures, and principally those of children.



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

Let us take another look at some of her little people,—here is *Old Mother Goose* (grown young we should say), wearing a wonderful high-crowned hat, with her staff in her hand ready to sing the oft-told nursery tales,—and there, peeping out from one side of the curtain, is Little Miss Moffet with her spider, longing to taste her “curds and whey,”—and surely some of the bonnie faces looking eagerly over the top of the curtain must belong to Little Jack Horner, Simple Simon, and the Pie-man, — and see the bewitching *Little Bo-Peep*, come to look for her sheep.

Look at the difference between these little people and the pictures that were our childhood's joys. No such dainty boys and girls looked out from our plain-covered books; great patches of gaudy colors and often badly drawn figures were what our eyes feasted on; but, after all, every thing is comparative, and knowing no better we were pleased and satisfied. But that does not in any way lessen our appreciation of the present artistic efforts, but rather causes us to rejoice, that the “old things have been made anew,” and that the present generation starts on a higher plane, and is better able to grasp and enjoy this great, wonderful world and its manifold works of art.



"ROBED IN SOFTEN'D LIGHT."

DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.

Miss Humphrey's work gives great promise, the third full-page illustration, showing, we think, a step forward in our artist.

"Thou who stealest fire
 From the fountains of the past
 To glorify the present ; oh, haste,
 Visit my low desire !
 Strengthen me, enlighten me !
 I faint in this obscurity,
 Thou dewy dawn of memory.
 Come not as thou camest of late
 Flinging the gloom of yesternight
 On the white day ; but robed in soften'd light
 Of orient state
 Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
 Even as a maid, whose stately brow
 The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kissed,
 When, she, as thou,
 Stays in her floating locks the lovely freight
 Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots

Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
Which in wintertide shall star
The black earth with brilliance rare.
The eddying of her garments caught from thee
The light of this great presence ; and the cope
Of the half-attained futurity,
Tho' deep, not fathomless,
Was cloven with the million stars which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress ;
For sure she deemed no mist of heart could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful,
Listening the lordly music flowing from
The illimitable years.
O strengthen me, enlighten me !
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory."



DRAWN BY MAUD HUMPHREY.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

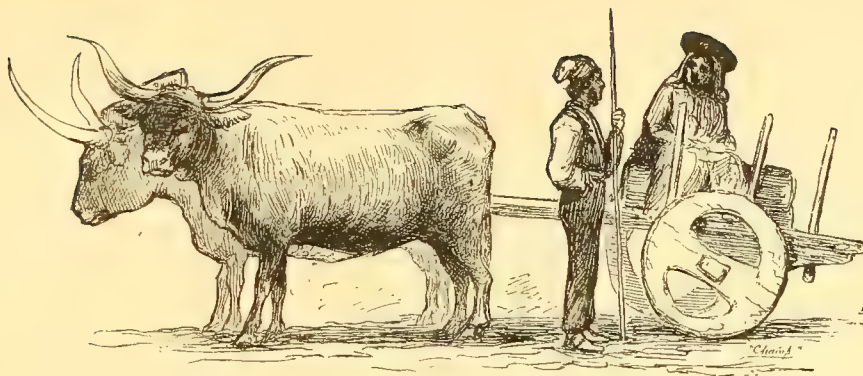
PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM A PASTEL

J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

DURING the past few years this artist has made a specialty of pastel pictures, and has achieved remarkable success in this branch of the art. His delicate and beautiful coloring, coupled with a remarkably faithful likeness in almost every one of his portraits, have combined to gain him his well-earned reputation in this work.

We have selected this portrait of a New York society lady as a fine example of artistic drawing, and, at the same time, a portrait of a very beautiful woman.



J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIXTH.



PEN-NAMES are common enough but brush names are seldom met. That of "Champ," which its owner adopted in 1869 to distinguish himself from two other painters of the same cognomen then also working in Boston, is well and pleasantly known to most Americans. Of late years, however, Champney has abandoned the use of this abbreviation, and now signs his pictures with his full name.

James Wells Champney is a Boston boy, having been born in the Hub city in 1843. He studied drawing in the Lowell Institute, entering a wood engraver's shop at the age of sixteen. In 1863 he entered the army, and served in the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment, at a later date teaching drawing in the school of Dr. Dio Lewis, at Lexington, Mass. He went abroad in 1866, and studied in Paris, spending the summer of 1867 at Écouen as a pupil of Édouard Frère, and afterwards studying in Antwerp, under Van Lierus. This was in 1868, and the next few years were consumed in further study with Frère, in Rome and Germany, and in painting in Boston, until 1873 came, and "Champ" accompanied Mr. Edward King on a trip through the Southern States. This was to make sketches illustrative of a series of articles on "The Great South," published in "Scribner's Monthly." During this journey our artist travelled over twenty thousand miles, and produced some five hundred drawings. Not long after this he married, and sailed again for Europe, exhibiting at the Paris Salon of 1875 his painting entitled *Not so ugly as he looks* (now owned in Boston), and making a visit to Northern Spain. An interesting episode of this journey was a trip taken in company with the famous war-correspondent McGahan, to the camp of Don Carlos, who was then fighting to obtain the crown of Spain. "Champ" heard the bullets whistle, and met with many adventures during his campaign with the Carlists, and returned to America the same year with a commission from the editors of the French journal, "L'Illustration," to furnish them with drawings of American character and scenery, which he duly and satisfactorily carried out. He built himself an attractive studio at Deerfield, Mass., in 1876, and was appointed Professor of Art at Smith College the following year. 1878. saw him off on his travels again, this time to Brazil to make drawings in illustration of some articles on that country, written for "Scribner's Monthly" by Mr. Herbert

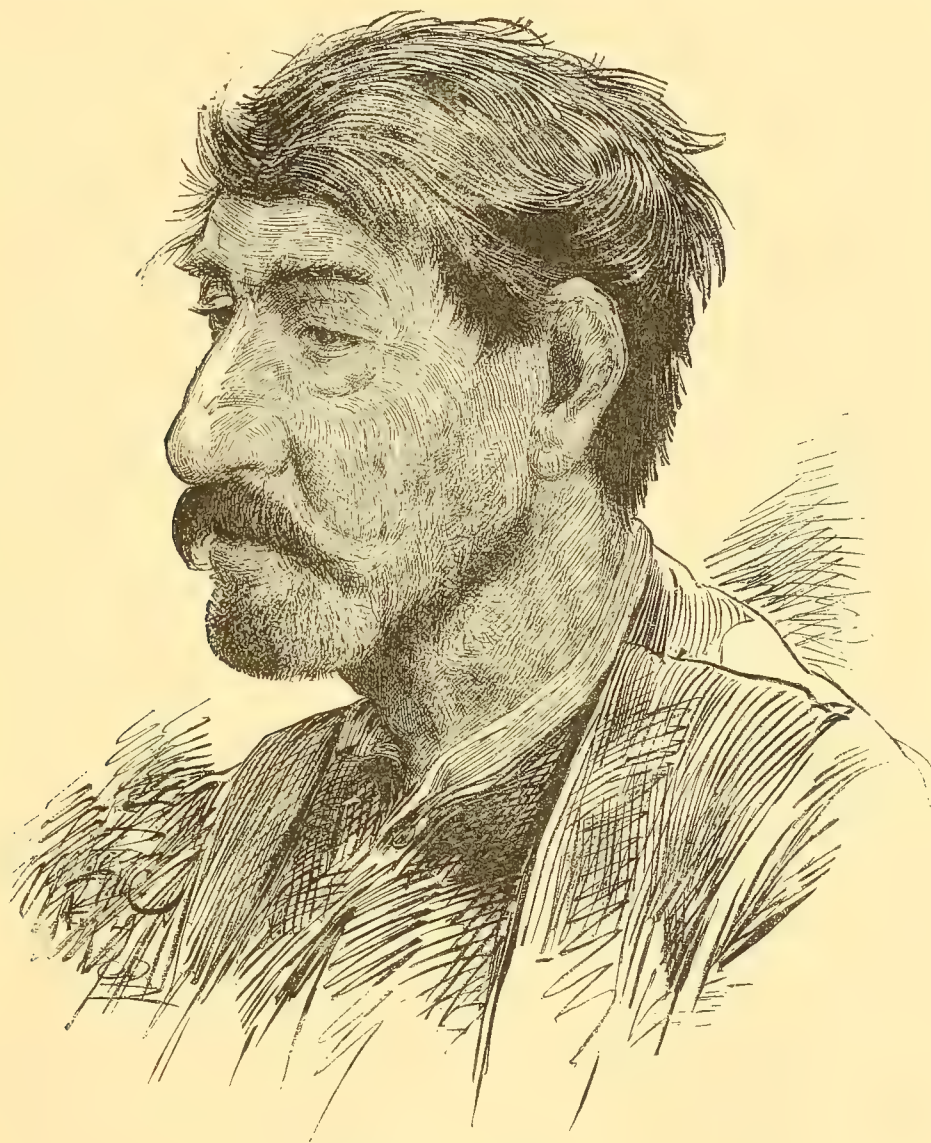
Smith. Soon after his return to his native soil he established himself in New York, where he has since maintained his studio, with the exception of the summer of 1880, which he spent in Spain and Portugal, and of a trip to England and France made a couple of years later, with the especial purpose of practising painting in water-colors. He was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design in 1882, about ten years after he had exhibited his first picture at that institution, and is a member of the American Water-Color Society and of the Salmagundi Sketch Club.



LOOKING OVER THE PHOTOGRAPHS. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

His most successful paintings are *genre* subjects, quiet and simple in their nature; and those which portray old people and children are the most pleasing. Among his best works are *Hearts or Diamonds?* owned, with several other of his pictures, by Thomas Wigglesworth of Boston; *Don't Touch*, belonging to Dwight Cheney of Manchester, Conn.; and *Speak, Sir!* owned by the late J. L. DeWolf, of Boston. The two last named were, with others at the

Centennial Exposition. *Hearts or Diamonds?* shows four people sitting at a table, engaged in a game of euchre. There is the rich but rather elderly suitor for the hand of the charming girl opposite him; the mother, a fine looking woman who looks inquiringly at her daughter; and a tall, manly fellow who is, of course, the rival of the older man. It is the young lady's turn and, looking over her shoulder, we can see that she is going to play a heart. Its color is reflected in the blush which is covering her pretty face, and Cupid triumphant sings:—



FORTUNY'S MODEL. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

"Cheer up, lover bold and true,
Don't be in the dumps;
Wealth is not preferred to you,
This time, hearts are trumps!"

Champney's later pictures include *The Squire's Daughter*, *A Boarding-school Green-room*, *Bonny Kilmeny*, *Ophelia*, *Indian Summer*, *Pamela*, *The Arrival of the Stage*, *A Song without Words*, and *For the Squire*. *The Best Scholar* was reproduced in photogravure, and published by Knoedler & Co., and *For the Squire* has been copied by the same process and issued under the title of

Flower of New England. It shows a fair maid in white bending over a basket of mayflowers, which she is preparing for a gift to the squire. Champney has been a constant contributor to the Water-Color exhibitions and his *Boon Companions*, shown in 1880, is a type of many charming subjects with which, both in this medium and in oil, he has delighted the public.



CALLIOPE AT WORK. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

It is in an old-fashioned farm kitchen, in front of whose great fireplace sits an elderly man in his shirt-sleeves, pulling the string which makes a jumping-jack kick frantically in air, to the rapturous joy of a little tot sitting opposite in his high chair. Of late years Champney has turned his attention, with marked success, to pastel, and has produced some lovely heads by that method, two of which, called, respectively, *Sylvia* and *Mignon*, have been published in photogravure. His only exhibit at the Academy of 1889 was a large pastel, bearing the name

of *Little Mistress Dorothy*, and representing a pretty young girl in a pink dress in a garden with hollyhocks, which has also been reproduced in print form. So exquisite a creation as the *Sylvia* is worthy to illustrate Shakspeare's lines:—

“What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
 What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
 Unless it be to think that she is by,
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by Silvia in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale;
 Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon:
 She is my essence; and I leave to be,
 If I be not by her fair influence
 Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
 I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
 Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
 But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.”

The list of Champney's achievements in the medium of pastel numbers over one hundred works, the greater part of which are portraits. Among them are those of Rev. Robert Collyer (which was at the Fall exhibition of the academy in 1889); the Hon. John Bigelow, diplomat and writer, formerly our minister to France; William E. Dodge, the noted New York merchant and philanthropist; F. D. Williams, the Boston landscape painter; Miss Kate Sanborn, and Miss Elizabeth Bisland. Many excellent portraits of ladies prominent in New York society could be added to the catalogue, and a number of admirable likenesses of children. Champney's pastel portraits have won such high appreciation that most of his time is now, and has been for several years, occupied with commissions of this nature.

It may not be out of place to say a few words about the art of pastel-painting, which is now once more fashionable. Pastels, or “Swiss chalks,” are simply a kind of colored crayons, which are used very much in the same way as charcoal is, the substance worked on being usually rough paper, to the burr of which the color particles adhere. It is not possible to cite their first invention, but they were used to a certain extent by Da Vinci and some of his near successors. It was in the eighteenth century, however, that pastel painting won its greatest glory in the hands of La Tour, Liotard, Rosalba Carriera, Raphael Mengs, and others. Its vogue was tremendous, and all the dabblers in art, as well as those whose profession it was, tried their hands at pastel. The most widely known pastel is doubtless the *Belle Chocolatière*, by Liotard, in the Dresden Gallery, but a much finer work—La Tour's large portrait of Madame de Pompadour—graces the Louvre collection of drawings. For this, which was first shown at the Salon of 1755, the artist received twenty-four thousand francs. La Tour was of an eccentric and impetuous nature, and a characteristic anecdote is related about this very picture. It seems that, after being entreated for a long time to make the portrait of the reigning favorite, he had at last consented, stipulating, however, that none should be allowed to interrupt the sittings. This being agreed to, the Pompadour came at the appointed hour, and La Tour, as was his custom, made himself comfortable before beginning work by undoing his gaiters, removing his collar and wig, and putting on his painter's cap. In this easy studio costume he was proceeding with the portrait when Louis XV. came in, and seemed rather surprised at the unceremonious attire of the artist. La Tour rose, said to the lady, “You promised me, madame, that your door would remain closed,” and despite the king's gentle insistence on his remaining, left the room and did not return for some days, when Madame de Pompadour assured him that there would be no further interruptions. Pastel painting fell into disrepute in the early years of this century, and, except in France where its traditions always lingered, was practically abandoned,

until in our own day it has been revived,—in an altered form, however. Millet used it largely and with the most beautiful results, widely extending its range in the rendering of landscape, which before had been little treated of in this medium, portraits monopolising the talents of



SALLIE SKETCHING IN THE DOVE-COT. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

most of its devotees. Whistler and De Nittis followed him with new and brilliant effects, and now Messieurs Besnard, Cazin, Lhermitte, Roll, Montenard, and Fantin-Latour, with other able men, in France; Shannon, Stott, Aumonier, Solomon, Britten, and Clausen, in England; and Blum, Chase, Beckwith, and others in our own country, worthily continue the good work of their predecessors. The American Society of Painters in Pastel held their initial exhibition in



ON THE LAKE AT VASSAR.

DRAWN BY J. W. CHAMINÉY

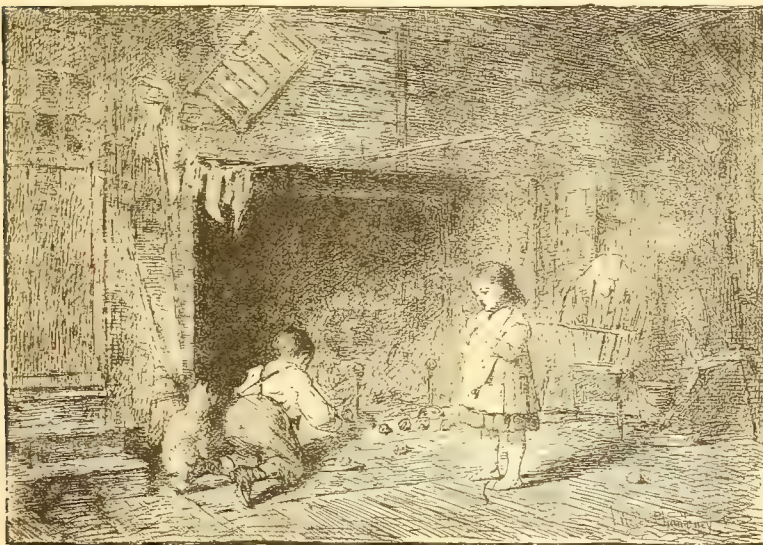
New York as long ago as 1884; in England the movement has taken shape later, the first collection to be publicly shown being at the Grosvenor Gallery several years afterwards; in France, the Society of French Pastellists has shown the productions of its members annually for some time, and had the distinction of occupying a special pavilion at the Paris Exposition of 1889.



"UNDER NEW ENGLAND APPLE TREES." DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

"Champ" has executed some delicate and attractive etchings, comprising the companion plates of *Cupid* and *The Young Psyche*, *May Blossoms*, and others. He has been very prolific in il-

lustrative work, a portion of which has been mentioned. Charles Dudley Warner's inimitable "Being a Boy" he embellished with many bright pen-and-ink sketches; and one of his occupations of the last few years has been to illustrate those popular series of books of travel and history for girls, which tell the adventures of the *Three Vassar Girls* and *Great-Grandmother's Girls*, the text being from the clever pen of the artist's wife, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney. This lady, well known as a writer on art subjects, and as a contributor to "Harper's" and "The Century" and many other periodicals, is also the author of "In the Sky



CHILDREN ROASTING APPLES. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY, FROM HIS OWN PAINTING.

Garden" and "All around a Palette," and of two successful novels, — "Rosemary and Rue" and "Bourbon Lilies." Their co-operation in the production of books such as those which

follow ("Saint") Cecilia Boylston, Maud Van Vechten, and Barbara Atchison (was this charming trio intended to represent Boston, New York, and the West?) in their swallow-flights through Europe and America has been a happy one, and it is pleasant to be able to reproduce here some of the most attractive of the drawings which illustrate them.



VIEW IN BRUGES. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

tures on large canvases of angels and saints rested upon easels or stood against the wall. She recognized that these were only pictures; but at the end of the room on a dais or platform stood a living lady, dressed like Our Lady of Guadalupe in the picture in the little chapel at home, — in a rich brocade with a dark-blue velvet mantle, studded with golden stars, thrown overhead, which was surmounted with a golden crown. Her little hands were folded in the same attitude, and she had the same sweet smile as the Virgin at San Juan; and Monita did not doubt that this was in very deed the gracious lady whom she had been taught to revere. She threw herself at her feet and burst into a passion of supplication in the Indian language, telling her of all her loneliness and trouble, and begging her favor.

Naturally, art and artists often form the subject of their labor. The more intimate side of the work of two great Spanish painters, Murillo and Fortuny, is brought before us in an interesting manner. The former is depicted painting in his studio at Seville, into which enters one of Mrs. Champney's heroines, the little Mexican girl, Monita: —

"Monita heard some one speaking behind a half-open door, and she entered a large room strangely appointed. Pic-



THE AMERICAN IN ROME.
DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.



"I 'SE GWINE RESS, I IS." DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

"The lady smiled and extended her hand. At the same time a gentleman, holding a palette and brushes, stepped from behind one of the canvases.

"Who is she? What can she want?' he asked.

"She is evidently an Indian girl,' replied the lady. 'I heard that several had arrived in the city. I wish that I could understand what she says. I ought to, for you know that I am part Indian.'

"The idea that the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patroness of the Indians, could not understand their language, was a severe blow to Monita; but she repeated her petitions in the best Spanish which she could muster.

"My poor girl,' replied the lady, 'you are greatly mistaken. I am not the blessed Madonna for whom you evidently take me. I am only a maiden like yourself. My name is Maria Geronima Montezuma. These are my parents' apartments, in which my father has fitted up a studio so that this good gentleman can paint my portrait without the necessity of my going every day to his house; and in return for his kindness in coming to us they have allowed him to paint from me a picture of the Madonna for himself. This



A TOCCATA. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

is why you see me dressed in this way; and if it had been the picture and not I which deceived you, I could not have wondered, for every one says that Señor Bartolomé Estevan Murillo paints the Madonna as though he had seen her in a heavenly vision.'"

One of Fortuny's models in the happy days which he passed in Granada—and this time it is fact and not fancy—is admirably rendered in a pen-and-ink drawing by Mr. Champney.

"One day there came to the hotel a rough water-carrier, who said that he had served Fortuny as model; this was enough for Maud. She engaged the man as guide, and made a sketch of his head; unkempt hair and bristling chin, low forehead and stolid look, there was nothing either picturesque or attractive about him, and she wondered what the great painter could have seen in him. He rewarded her pains, however, with many an anecdote of the brilliant artist, to whom he seemed fondly attached."

Two of Mr. Champney's most satisfactory illustrations represent studios associated with none of the great names of art, but they are still full of interest to us, for they show the surroundings



PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

of some American girls studying art abroad. The first one depicts the workshop of Calliope Carter, the brave and talented young sculptor from the West, which Mrs. Champney thus describes: —



REUNITED. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

rang and Calliope herself admitted us. She had on a great apron, and her fingers were coated with moist clay; but she embraced me all the same, and I did not mind it in the least. The interior of the apartment was as odd as its surroundings. It was lighted by a large studio-window opening on the court, and was half sitting-room and half workshop. The sitting-room part was divided off by a wooden partition, boasted a large piece of carpet, and contained many little articles suggestive of feminine comfort, — a rocking chair, a small desk, a bird-cage, and some flowering plants. But the studio proper was rigidly simple, even bare, with its great barrel of clay, a modelling table, and, high on a shelf running around the wall, a quantity of plaster busts covered with a satin-like film of dust. Nat, having seen me safely in, descended once more, and left Calliope and me to our confidences.

Nat, having seen me safely in, descended once more, and left Calliope and me to our confidences.

“How can you bear to live here all alone in this shocking quarter of Rome?” I asked.

“Calliope laughed. ‘This is a very aristocratic mansion, I assure you,’ she replied. ‘During the Middle Ages it was the fortress of the Pierleoni, the rivals of the Frangipani, who occupied the Coliseum. Later the Sávelli palace was built upon and out of its ruins, and then it passed

“Calliope’s studio is in the queerest old caravansary I ever saw. Just behind the Capitol, and fronting toward the Tiber, not far from the fish-market, stands the ancient theatre of Marcellus, begun by Julius Caesar, finished by Augustus, and named for his nephew. It was built of Titanesque blocks of stone somewhat in the style of the Coliseum, the lower story ornamented with Doric columns, the second with Ionic, and the third with Corinthian. The building has fallen sadly from its ancient grandeur; the great archways are filled in with inferior masonry, three stories are crowded in the space originally occupied by one, and the lower floor is an arcade of grimy little shops. Venders of charcoal, of wine, vegetables, and second-hand merchandise, have established their depots here, and the entire neighborhood was malodorous in the extreme. The interior of the theatre was very ruinous. We mounted a narrow staircase to the upper story, till my breath forsook me and I clung panting to Nat. On the upper landing we found ourselves opposite a little door on whose green paint was scratched, — whittled, Nat said, — ‘C. Carter.’ Nat



THE ROSE HARVEST. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

into the hands of the Orsini. In modern times it has been the residence of the historian Niebuhr. And then, I am not alone; I have a delightful girl for a chum, a Miss Finger from Cincinnati, who writes for the newspapers. Then right across the entry are the Weinbergers, whom I met first in Munich; the father is a scene-painter, the son Carl a violinist in one of the orchestras here, and the girls are studying music.' ”



IN MURILLO'S STUDIO. DRAWN BY J. W. CHAMPNEY.

The second picture is of an open air studio, Mère Babettes's Dove-cot at Ferrières, which was "one of the buildings on a farm belonging to the Rothschild estate. Sallie had an opportunity of viewing the exterior of the great château which Baron Rothschild has built on the site of an old castle of the Montmorency's. The guide-book told her that the architecture was in bad taste; but for all that, it had an imposing effect quite in harmony with the great banker's fortunes, and she could readily believe the driver when he told her that, besides the

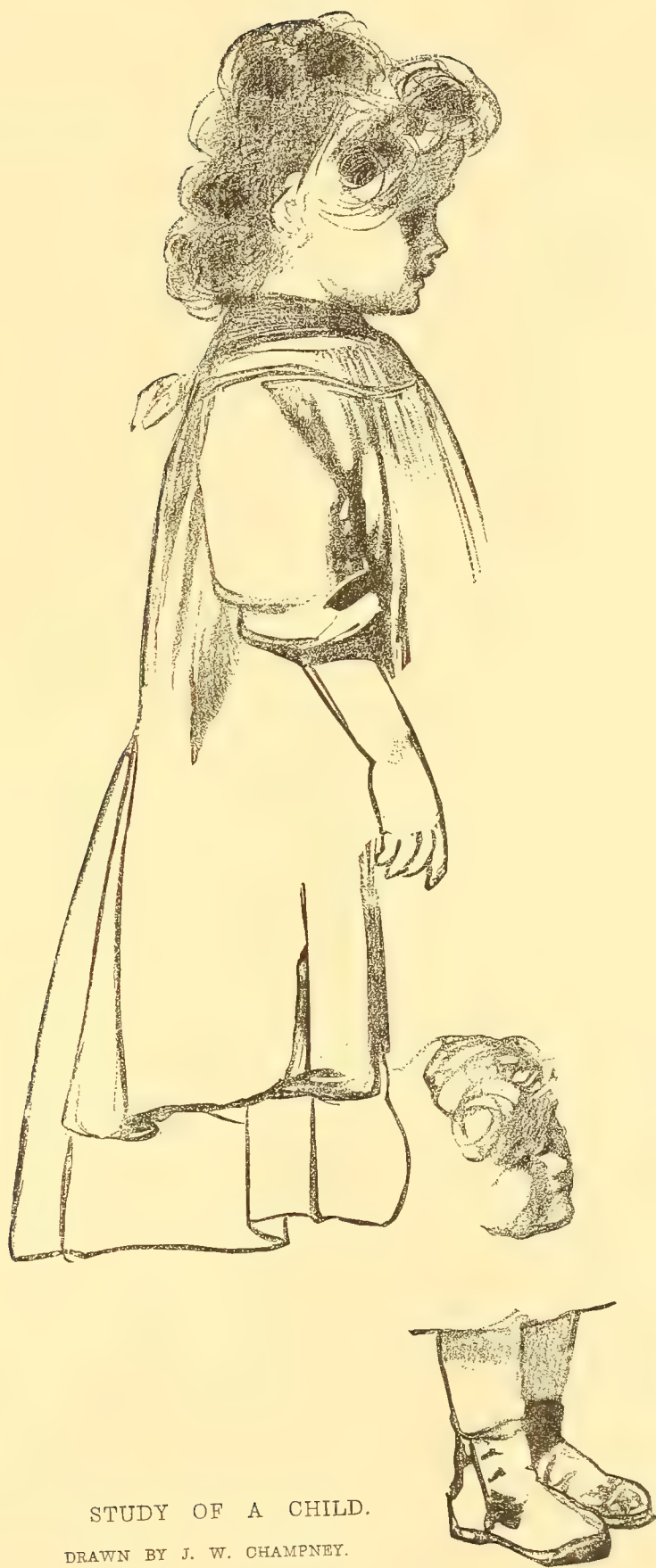


THE ÆSTHETIC CLIQUE. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.

part of the building reserved for the family, the château contained 'eighty complete suites of apartments for as many guests, and stables for one hundred horses.'



A SEMINOLE GIRL. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.



STUDY OF A CHILD.

DRAWN BY J. W. CHAMPNEY.

“‘How delightful to be able to dispense such princely hospitality!’ Sallie murmured; and then she thought of simple Matthew Vassar, with his three hundred guest-rooms, and added, ‘but I have been for four years the guest of an American who entertained more royally than that.’

“Passing the park, the driver paused at a little wood. ‘If you follow this footpath,’ he said, ‘you will come out at the *colombier*.’

“Presently they saw Mère Babette coming to meet them. She was glad to see her guests, and welcomed them heartily, leading them to the picturesque dove-cot. Sallie clapped her hands with pleasure as soon as she caught sight of it.”

It is a pleasant reminiscence of those happy days when the young Champney himself was sketching picturesque old grandmothers and chubby little ones under Frère’s kindly guidance at Ecouen. Twenty years and more have passed since then and the good old master is dead; but “Champ,” still on the sunny side of fifty, lives and works with us in well-earned success. Long may he do so and find life no harsher than his pictures, fortune as smiling as the faces of the children he has loved to paint!



GUIDING THE RUDDER. DRAWN BY CHAMPNEY.



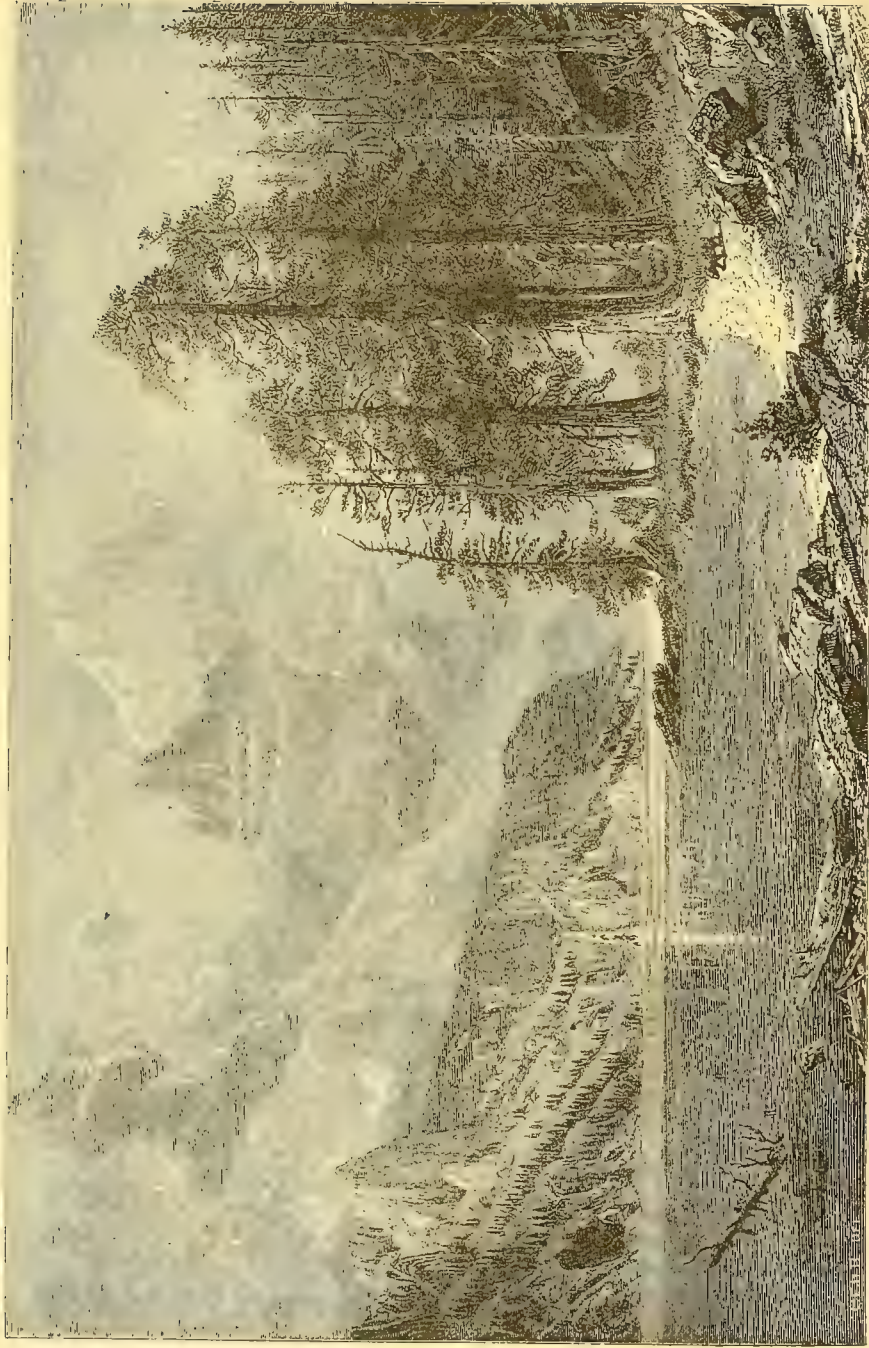
THE PEACEMAKER.

PHOTO-ETCHING FROM PAINTING

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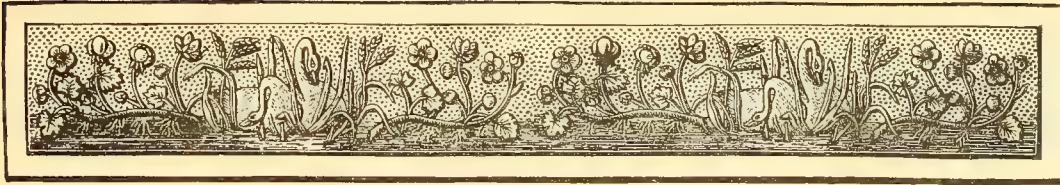
EDMUND H. GARRETT.

A DOMESTIC incident in the Middle Ages. Painted in water-color with great delicacy and strength, and with minute attention to correct costume and environment. The significance of pose, gesture, and facial expression is not only unmistakable, but indicates a degree of observation and insight not often seen in the pictures of to-day.



MOUNT CORCORAN, SIERRA NEVADA.

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT BIERSTADT.



ALBERT BIERSTADT.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVENTH.



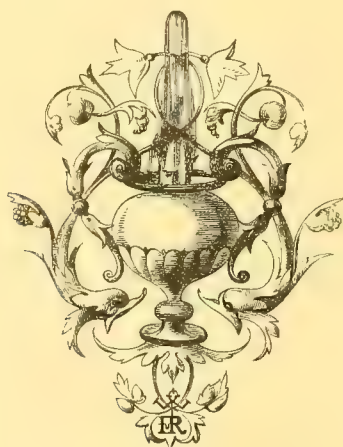
R. ALBERT BIERSTADT, one of the most widely-known American painters, was born in Düsseldorf, Germany, in 1829, and came to this country in 1831. In early manhood he returned to Europe and studied in the city of his birth and also in Rome. When General Lander's expedition to the Rocky Mountains was organized, he became a member of it, and made his reputation as an artist by painting some of the striking scenery of that region. His celebrated *Rocky Mountains* was displayed in public for the first time at the great Fair of the Sanitary Commission in the city of New York, in 1863, where it and Mr. Church's *Heart of the Andes* were the principal pictorial attractions. In 1878, Mr. Bierstadt left America for an extended journey in Europe and the East.

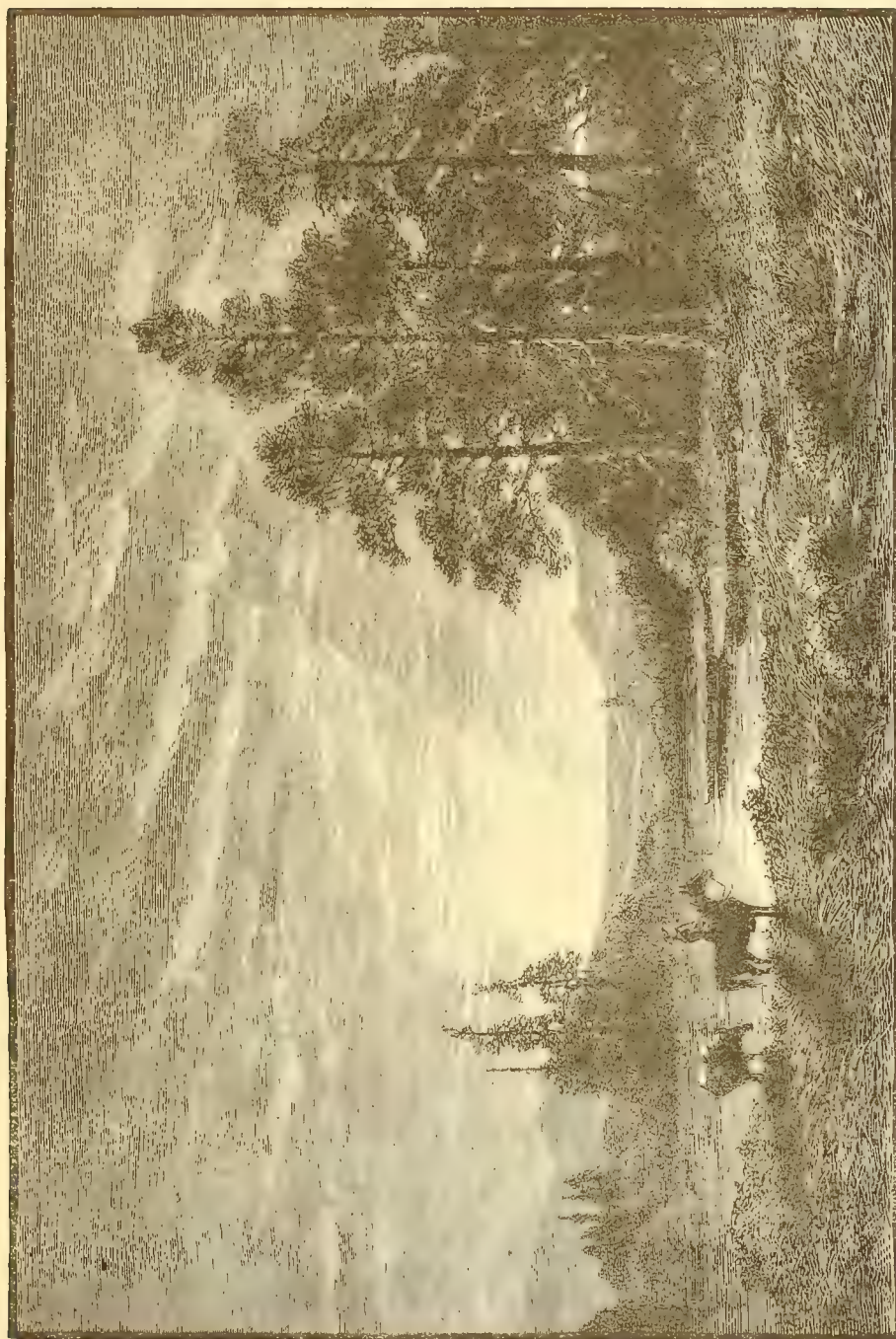
His *Mount Corcoran, Sierra Nevada*, recently purchased by the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, and presented in this article, has been described as follows: "The peak rises to a height of fourteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven feet, and is about five miles distant from the little lake fed by the snows of the mountain-range. The picture is considered to be a happy combination of the best points in Mr. Bierstadt's style, and, while treated with a bold, broad effect, abounds in finished truthfulness of form and color. The engraving well conveys the impression made by the drawing, but none of the effect of the fine local and aerial color in the rolling mass of clouds, the gigantic trees, the exquisite green depths of the water into which recede the submerged rocks and trees of the foreground, and the yellow curve of the shore dotted with the scarlet dwarf willows. From the sombre skirts of the storm-clouds, swooping down the mountain-gorge, leaps a glittering cascade that is mirrored by a trail of light in the lake. The sentiment of wild, solemn solitude, blended with a beauty not too intrusive, is heightened by the figure of a black bear crossing the beach for a bath or a drink. The picture is five feet by eight, and occupies a prominent position in the main gallery."

One of Mr. Bierstadt's earliest works is a street-scene in Rome, painted in 1853, and hanging in the Boston Art Museum. It is rich in color, skilful in composition, and simple in design. Its greeting surprises the visitor, who has known Mr. Bierstadt through his great Western landscapes only. But these landscapes it is that have made the artist's reputation. Especially in England have they been praised and prized, and for the reason, perhaps, among others, that they described to a people, fonder than all others of travel and books of travel, the novel and majestic beauty of our vast Territories. When the *Storm in the Rocky Mountains* was on exhibition in London, a leading review of that city was enthusiastic in the recital of its merits. "We are somewhere," it said, "in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, at a height of a few hundred feet from the level of a lake below us. This lake, which is small and very beautiful, receives a stream from another lake, on a considerably higher level and at a distance of several miles.

Over the distant lake broods an immense mass of dark storm-cloud, which attracts our attention because it is so terrible, and, toward its toppling summits, so elaborate. In the middle distance the rocky barrier between the two lakes rises to a great elevation at the right, and a still nearer mass, also to the right, fills the field of vision in that direction. Near a little pool, and on the sloping pasture land in the foreground, are groups of many trees, and an alluvial plain near the lake is watered by a winding river, on whose banks grow beautiful clusters of wood. The qualities which strike us in Mr. Bierstadt as an artist are, first, a great audacity, justified by perfect ability to accomplish all that he intends. He is not a mere copyist of Nature, but an artist having definite artistic intentions, and carrying them out with care and resolution. . . . He is always trying for luminous gradations and useful oppositions, and he reaches what he tries for. The excess of his effort after these things may be repugnant to some critics, because it is so obvious, and seems incompatible with the simplicity and self-oblivion of the highest artist-natures. We believe, however, that in art of this kind, where the object is to produce a powerful impression of overwhelming natural grandeur, a painter must employ all the resources possible to him. This may be condemned as scene-painting, but it is very magnificent scene-painting, and we should only be too happy to see more of the same kind. . . . Mr. Bierstadt's picture is full of courage and ability, and his nature, which has a strong grasp of realities, is well fitted for the kind of work he has undertaken."

Mr. Bierstadt's frequent trips across the continent have furnished him with abundant opportunities for sketching and for study, and have cultivated to the fullest extent his tastes for grandeur and sublimity in mountain-scenery. The pictures, of which those sketches were the foundation, can be seen in almost all the principal galleries of the United States.





NEAR THE BLACK HILLS.

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT BIERSTADT.



FIRESIDE STORIES.

FROM A PAINTING BY E. WOOD PERRY.



E. WOOD PERRY.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHTH.



OR the quality of some of his still-life painting, especially for the faithfulness and delicate feeling with which he has portrayed the mysteries of old-china cupboards and mantel-ornaments, Mr. E. Wood Perry has distinguished himself among American artists. The tiles, the tongs, the fender, the hanging brush, in *Fireside Stories*, are delightful specimens of pictorial representation, and the large tin pail which the milkmaid carries while listening to *The Old Story* is probably as skilfully done as most persons would care to see it. But when Mr. Perry attempts to tell a story, and to introduce into it a woman's face, the excellences of his work are less striking. Of one thing,

however, the spectator may be confident when about to examine a canvas from the easel of this artist: if there is a story told, it is domestic, simple, and perspicacious. To call Mr. Perry a *genre* painter would be entirely correct, as the present popular art-nomenclature counts correctness; but the connoisseur who desired to contemplate him on his brightest and best side would devote attention

chiefly to that admirable quality of his still-life painting of which mention has just been made, and good examples of which have been seen in New York at almost every Academy exhibition during the last ten years.

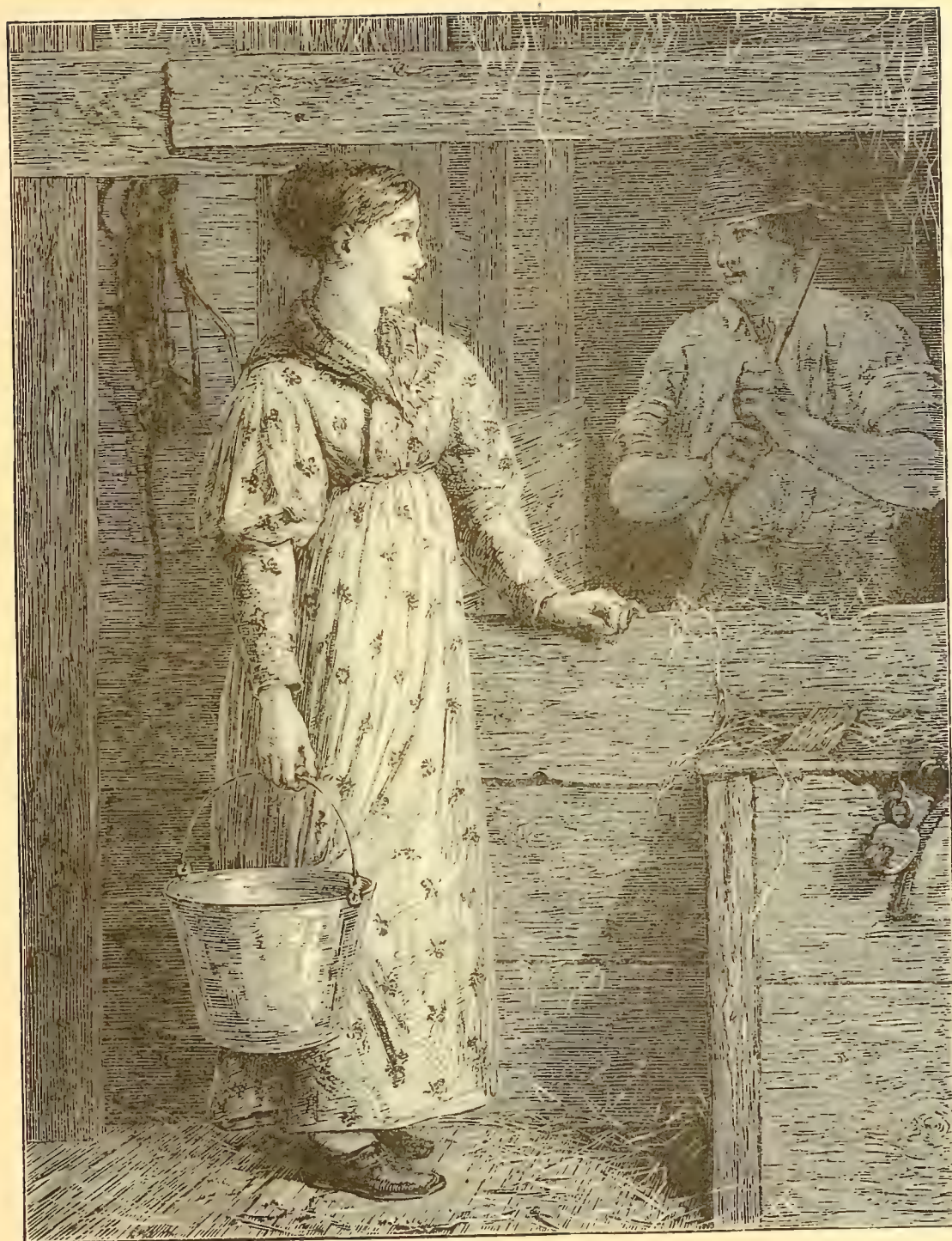
Mr. Perry was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in the year 1831. When seventeen years old he became a clerk in a commission-house in New Orleans, where in three years he succeeded in saving the sum of eleven hundred dollars. This money enabled him to study art and to develop his artistic capacities. With it in his pocket, he bade adieu to the counting-room and went to Europe. The late Mr. Emanuel Leutze, a figure-painter of no mean cisatlantic reputation at that time, was living in Düsseldorf, and to him, as was altogether natural, the aspiring young clerk turned, after making the usual tour of London and Paris. So well did Mr. Leutze treat him, and so pleased mutually were scholar and teacher, that it was not until the end of a pupilage of two years and a half that Mr. Perry found himself departing from Düsseldorf. Then he went to Paris and took lessons of Couture, in whose studio Daniel Huntington, Thomas Hicks, and other American painters had already served an apprenticeship of longer or shorter duration, and whose methods Mr. Huntington once described to the present writer as follows: "After making the outline of the picture in charcoal, oil, and turpentine, Couture rubbed over the canvas a transparent, warm tint of a deep-toned salmon-color. Next, with another warm tint, he deepened the strongest shadows of the sketch, developing the light and shade. Next he painted, with a neutral gray inclining to green, the masses of shadow in the flesh, and into that neutral gray dragged some bloody tints, giving it fleshy illumination. Where the masses of light in the flesh were to be, he first painted in a lower tone, rather negative and gray, and over that spread, or dragged, some very solid color, warm and rich. The under-painting in each case shone through

in little specks, giving sparkle and life to the surface; and the whole treatment was as easy as it was masterly. Couture had as much facility and certainty in every touch as any man that ever lived. He never tried again. If he failed in one attempt, he must take a new canvas or blacken over the old one. For the lights of his flesh he used Naples-yellow and vermilion, with cobalt broken in; and for the deep shadows, cobalt and brown-red."

Couture's inspiration left upon Mr. Perry's mind an impression less deep than upon Mr. Huntington's, and more deep than upon Mr. Hicks's; and since many of Couture's notions and processes have latterly lost caste somewhat, it is in order to say that Mr. Perry's realistic instincts and modes are quite different from those of his French master. One year in Couture's studio was followed by a few months in Rome, and then by about three years in Venice, where our unpaternal government was nevertheless paternal enough to appoint the young American a consul. The salary of the position made him comfortable, and the atmosphere of the place made him happy. Perhaps no American consul would respond more warmly than Mr. Perry to the impassioned descriptions in "Childe Harold," or in M. Yriarte's "Venise," of the queen city of the Adriatic.

In 1860, after an absence of eight years, the artist returned home and opened a studio in Philadelphia; but, yielding to the promptings of his natural and acquired love of travel, he made a tour to the South and West, supporting himself by painting portraits. San Francisco was attractive enough to hold him for three or four years. He visited the Sandwich Islands, and, on his way back to the Atlantic, stopped for some time at Salt Lake City for the purpose of committing to canvas the verisimilitudes of the late Brigham Young and the luminaries of the Mormon Church. In 1866 he settled in New York, and began his career as a still-life and figure painter. Two years afterward he was elected an Associate of the National Academy, and the next year an Academician, in recognition chiefly of his painting *The Weaver*, which, like most of his best pictures, is a transcript of humble American life.





THE OLD STORY.

FROM A PAINTING BY E. WOOD PERRY



SEYMOUR JOSEPH GUY.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINTH.



TURNING for a moment from landscape to *genre* painting, we are confronted with the pictures of Mr. Seymour Joseph Guy, whose reputation has been earned as fairly as that of any other American artist. He was born in Greenwich, Kent, England, on the 16th of January, 1824, and in his boyhood was fond of painting horses and dogs. At the age of fifteen he took lessons of Mr. Buttersworth, a marine painter, whose name might never have been mentioned on this side of the Atlantic but for the success of his pupil. His parents were dead, and his guardian objected to his becoming a painter because of the precariousness of the emoluments of that profession, advising him to study engraving instead. But the "premium" asked by employers of an apprentice was too much for Guy's circumstances, and all that the young aspirant could do was to wait. He learned to labor also, — at his favorite easel, — and in six years Death took the pains of removing the obstacle to his pursuit of his art. His guardian died. "Now," said Guy to himself, "I'm going to turn painter in earnest," although, as he has since confessed, he "didn't know where to get his salt." To begin poor, however, is the regulation method in art, as he had already learned in the little he had read of the best of the masters. His heart was not cast down nor his ambition lessened. He gathered about him his mental resources, girded himself like an athlete, and set out in search of Fortune. She came to him as seldom she fails to come to a brave, young, self-reliant seeker, — this time in the person of a friend named Müller. "Would you," asked Müller, "like to enter the Royal Academy?" "I should like to get into the British Museum as a student," replied the youth; and next day came an invitation to go there. The gladness of the recipient may be imagined; it is scarcely worth while to attempt to describe it. To this day, Mr. Guy himself is bothered by the attempt. Good things, like that, rarely coming single-handed, it was natural for him to succeed in finding a studio also where he could put into practice the lessons learned at the Museum. He articulated himself to Mr. Ambrose Jerome, a London painter, whose reputation, like that of Mr. Buttersworth, owes a debt of gratitude to his pupil, and made an arrangement by which he should work three days each week for his master and three days for himself. His time was devoted to portrait-painting, to designs for naval basins, to "effects" for architects, to plans for vessels in isometrical perspective, to anything, in a word, that came to hand, — neither he nor Jerome were at all particular concerning what it was, so long as it brought with it pounds, shillings, or pence.

It was not in the nature of events for this sort of life to continue forever; and accordingly, in the year 1854, Mr. Guy found himself in America, a country at that time the El Dorado of enthusiasts, and the isles afar off that waited to enrich emigrants. His first works here were portraits, the contemplation of which, occasionally in the year 1878, causes him to smile. The best of them, perhaps, is the picture of Mrs. Falconer, a cabinet-work of considerable interest, now in the possession of Mr. John M. Falconer, himself an artist and a friend of artists, a

gentleman to whom was largely due the formation of the American Water-Color Society, and without the mention of whose name and services no history of the Artists' Fund Society would be complete.

In 1861 Mr. Guy was elected an Associate of the National Academy, and in 1865 an Academician. A pleasant little portrait, entitled *The Spring*, and painted in the latter year, has found a lasting welcome in the home of Mr. James M. Hart, the artist. *The Sorrows of Little Red Riding Hood* was exhibited at the same time. His favorite subjects are incidents in children's lives. His *Orange-Girl*, engraved herewith, is a good example of them. The scene—a familiar one to New-Yorkers, at least—is a young girl standing, with hands crossed, near a basket of oranges, which she has evidently been carrying a good while, and has set down on a broken box in order to rest herself. She is on the pavement near the piers, the shipping, and the drays, but her thoughts are elsewhere, and are sad. The story is a good deal more than a paragraph-picture of an event, and the best part of it can be felt but not described—an observation, indeed, which might with truth be made concerning any work of art.

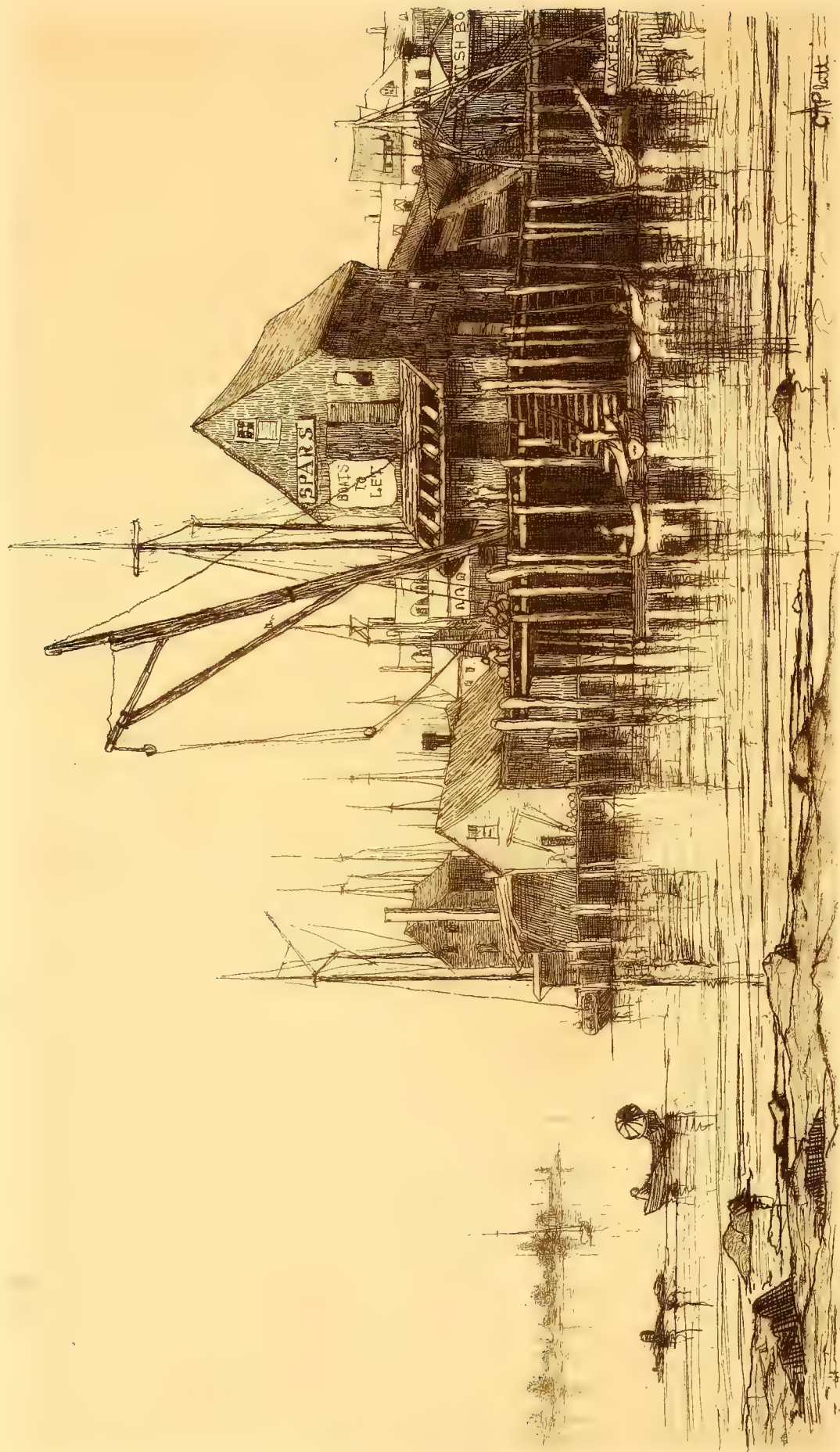
Mr. Guy has never been a rapid painter, and he has not a particle of dash in execution. He works slowly, carefully, and perseveringly; and he is very conscientious about keeping his canvases in his studio until they have received the finishing touches. Before beginning a picture he knows precisely what effect he intends to produce, and he hammers away at the nail until it can be driven in no farther. Then he stops—that is to say, he does not load his delineations with more than they can bear. He knows when he is done, and he lets well enough alone. But to send away an incomplete work, one to which he feels justice has not been done, would be almost impossible with him. Should he by chance or necessity do so, he would be miserable until he got it back again, which is the same as saying that for the commercial aspects of art he has a profound disrespect. He does not paint for dollars, but for love, and in order to satisfy himself it is necessary for him to paint steadily, evenly, and long. His *Fair Venice*, a young lady of fine personal attractions leaning over the railing of a balcony and gazing upon the blue Adriatic, is a painstaking performance if ever there was such a thing. It is beautiful also.

Mr. John H. Sherwood, of New York, owns Mr. Guy's *Supplication* and his *Knot in the Skein*; Mr. P. Van Valkenberg, of New York, *The Gamut* and *Children catching the Bird*; Mr. Jay Gould, *The Father's Return*, a girl with her hand before a candle, standing at a cottage door, and listening to the footsteps that are approaching; and Mr. Polhemus, of Brooklyn, *The Broken String* and also *The Orange-Girl*. The artist's industry compensates for the absence of celerity, and his pictures may be found in most of the collections in the principal cities of the continent. The painting of portraits, a department to which Mr. Guy once devoted almost exclusive attention, has very little consideration from him now. He is a *genre* painter almost exclusively, a painter of scenes in American domestic life, an historian in a sense, but never a moralist.





THE ORANGE-GIRL.
FROM A PAINTING BY SEYMOUR JOSEPH G. F.



OLD BOAT-HOUSE, GLOUCESTER.

ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

CHARLES A. PLATT.

IN this etching the artist shows his skill in selection of scene and appreciation of the picturesque wherever it occurs, be it in Egypt or in a humble fishing town in New England.

To all frequenters of the famed North Shore of Massachusetts this will be a familiar scene, repeated as it is in nearly every harbor along the coast.

Mr. Platt has made shore scenes something of a specialty through all of his artistic career.

AMERICAN STAINED GLASS.

CHAPTER FIFTIETH.

FIRST ARTICLE.



DRAWN BY R. RIORDAN.

It was not until quite recently that much could be said (or anything in the way of praise) about American stained glass. Yet, to-day, much of our work can stand comparison with good contemporary European work, and not a little is far superior to the best of it in very important respects. A short while ago there were but eighteen makers of stained glass in the United States, and the work which they turned out was of the very worst description. Properly speaking, it was not *stained* glass at all. The enamel method was that which was most used. Coated glass—clear glass with a thin layer of color on one side—was employed to a certain extent. And when something extraordinarily fine was demanded, a few bits of imported “pot-metal,” colored *en masse*, were used to bring the work up to the highest standard that our people had any idea of. Specimens of this sort of work may be seen in plenty everywhere. The colors are dull, thin, and raw, and, especially when the imported glass has been used with American, startlingly in-harmonious. The design is almost invariably stolen or “cooked up.” The workmanship is feeble and uncertain; the heavy lines of the leading being sometimes properly used when a good original was followed, sometimes rendered an eye-sore by being led across the design like the sashes of an ordinary window, sometimes run at random for no other purpose than to give the work an antique appearance. In all this, the makers were but following the European practices of a generation ago, and could not claim any originality in evil-doing. Our people had simply reached the lowest point possible in the art at the moment when in England and France its true principles were being revived.

Any one who has passed an hour in one of the great mediæval churches of Europe, lit by windows that seem made of jewels, or even seen in a loan exhibition some fragments of ancient glass, knows at least what rich effects of color the old masters of the art produced with rude means and imperfect material, while modern workmen, with perfectly clear and even glass, tints at command, and a comparatively free *technique*, could not until lately attain to similar results. This must seem all the more paradoxical when it is added that our recent progress is due to the fact that we have in a great measure renounced these seeming advantages. It is explained, however, by an examination of the mediæval glass and the methods employed by its makers.

Windows were originally glazed with colored rather than colorless glass because it was easier to obtain the former. The Romans certainly knew how to make perfectly clear glass,—so clear as to be mistaken for crystal; but the earliest glass objects, Egyptian beads and Phœnician bottles and vases, such as those of the Cesnola collection, were always tinted, purposely or by

impurities which the makers did not know how to remove. In the fourth and fifth centuries, when the art of glass-making was reintroduced into Western Europe by Byzantine workmen, it had fallen back into its primitive condition in this respect. Even in the twelfth century the clearest glass was a rather dark horn-green or dingy nacreous gray. Of other colors they had a splendid red, obtained by mixing little scales (*paillettes*) of copper in the melted glass, and blues much finer than the modern, got from pellets of blue Roman glass sold by the Byzantines under the name of "sapphires." They had several good greens, purple, and mordoré. Their yellows only were inferior, being dull and smoky. Of all these colors there were endless tints, gained perhaps by accident, but used with the finest judgment. Their coloring-matters were incorporated with the glass in the melting-pot, and thoroughly fused. Their colors were therefore deeper than those of modern coated glass, and both richer and brighter than those of enamelled glass, which, besides being only on the surface, are seldom perfectly fused, and consequently tend towards dulness and opacity. Their pot-metal—the glass colored in its substance—was heavy, of varying thickness and uneven surface; each piece had tone, changing in depth of shade from dark to light, and in tint from warmer to colder, according to its inequalities of thickness. The red alone was coated on uncolored glass; but they knew how to dispose the laminæ of copper which colored it so as to let the light pass between, and thus were enabled to make the red coating of about half the thickness of the sheet. Modern reds, on the contrary, whether of copper, gold, or iron, are so dense that they can only be used in layers thin as paper. So much for the "limited palette" of which some writers speak, and which held two of the three primary colors of a strength and brilliancy that we cannot yet equal after years of experimenting, on which every color was a tone in itself, and which included almost as many tints as ours, although obtained by hazard. They had no entirely colorless glass to look like a hole in the window, and none that was without gradation.

As to the texture of the glass, it was full of what a modern glass-blower would be apt to regard as imperfections. In making a sheet of glass the workman takes a quantity of the "metal" from the melting-pot on the end of his iron blow-pipe, blows it into a somewhat globular or bottle-shaped vessel, and, if following the modern method for making crown glass, shapes that into a cylinder, which, being detached from the blow-pipe and slit longitudinally, is opened into a flat, square sheet in the "flattening oven." To obtain the cylinder form, the hollow glowing sphere has to be removed from the blow-pipe by applying a solid iron rod, called a "ponty," tipped with melted glass, to its opposite extremity. The opening left where the end of the blow-pipe was attached is then enlarged into a circle of the full diameter of the vessel. A straight strip of glass is placed across this opening, adhering firmly to its edges, and the blow-pipe is again fastened to that. The other end of the vessel is then removed from the "ponty," and liquefied by heat until an opening is made in it, which is enlarged as before. The twelfth and thirteenth century workmen had a simpler but more imperfect way of producing thin sheets of glass. The blown globe, always attached to the blow-pipe, was opened at the opposite side by being heated to liquefaction, and then, the tube being rapidly twirled around by the fingers, the edges of the opening diverged by centrifugal force until a disk was produced, striated concentrically, and thicker at the centre and circumference than elsewhere. In the flattening oven, and when firing after painting, their methods were as primitive and careless. There resulted a rich variety of "imperfections," which gave interest as well as tone to the glass, and lessened its transparency without at all diminishing its translucency and lustre.

Lastly, as to *technique*. The ancient windows were composed of pieces of glass, colored all through, with the exception of the red coated glass, cut into the required forms, and leaded together. When shading was required to express folds of drapery, small ornaments, and the like, a thick brown enamel was applied in firm hatchings and burnt in. Later, at the best period of the antique style, broad shadows of a thinner preparation of the enamel were added, and lights were taken out before the second firing by removing some of this "smear" with a

style or the handle of the brush. In very perfect work, to be looked at from no great distance, a second application of the "smear" was made in parts, and the dark hatchings were reinforced with absolutely opaque black. The background, if too brilliant, was toned down by a very fine cross-hatching of dark lines, or covered with conventional ornamentation in the same manner. All this work was of extreme boldness and vigor, the object being to gain strongly marked

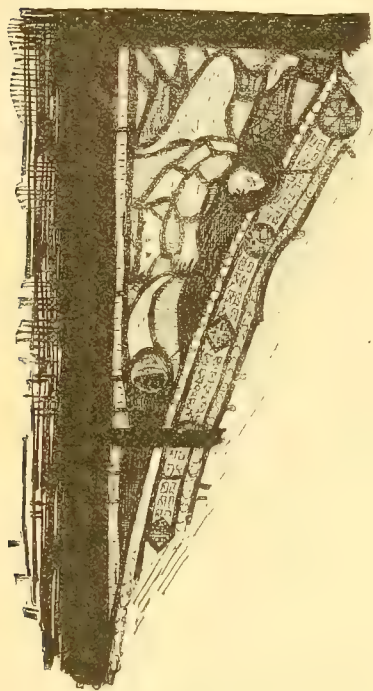


Fig. 1. — ADORING ANGEL, FROM THE "WINDOW OF THE VIRGIN." VENDOME, TWELFTH CENTURY.



Fig. 2. — FROM A WINDOW OF THE TWELFTH OR THIRTEENTH CENTURY. SAINT-REMI, REIMS.

form and to subdue the glare of light without interfering with the purity of the color. Broad lights were left, particularly near the edges of a color-mass, and the shadows were full of minor lights in the interstices of the dark hatchings and where the broader shading had been removed with the style. The effect was highly decorative and very little pictorial. The figures or other subjects, strongly outlined in every part by the leads which held them together, were easily distinguishable from a great distance; overspread with subdued color by shaded parts; and compound tints the juxtaposition of two primitive aerial perspective or pictorial illusion were frankly observed. It was not due the effects proper to reflected of the indispensable leading. Fig. 1 given without color, of these early managed to express itself, in spite means. Fig. 2, which is from Viollet-le-Duc, shows the manner of shading with enamel, and of taking out lights, and Fig. 3 shows the use of the leading as outline, and also, as will be explained in another article, to give the effect of narrow lines of shade. Figs. 1 and 3 are from Gailhabaud, *L'Architecture et les Arts qui en dependent*.



Fig. 3. — PORTRAIT OF HENRI DE MEZ. CHARTRES, THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

the dark shading was softened and the radiation of light from the un- were gained, in the same way, by colors. No attempt was made at sion. The limitations of the art sought with transmitted light to pro- light, nor to disguise the presence will give some idea, such as can be windows, in which strong feeling of poverty of acquirements and of

By the pure enamel method it is possible to do without much leading, but impossible to avoid it altogether. Very large sheets of glass painted with enamel colors cannot be burnt so

as to vitrify the enamel without running great risk of spoiling the color. Still, much of the leading being got rid of, a softer and more delicate style of drawing and shading may be employed, and the work becomes, so far, like a painting in oils rather than a mosaic. Unhappily, the mind resents this perfection as if it were a trick. The window so converted into a painting is no longer a window. It does not merely subdue the light in letting it pass. It excludes the light without, and reflects the light within. It does not play its part in the general decoration, but is an independent work of art, badly placed. It has no appearance of structure or solidity. One wants to thrust his fist through it to make sure that something real is there. It is a nightmare,—an anomaly. This unsatisfactory feeling is increased by the dulness and thinness of the colors; and, at a little distance, all the fine drawing and detail is lost,—eaten away by such light as struggles through. The light which the old glass-stainers knew how to make use of in giving softness and finish and harmony to their work, is the enemy of their more pretentious successors, and destroys what they have taken so much pains to create.

"The discovery of enamel colors," says Winston, the English authority on stained glass, "was made at an unlucky moment." There is no doubt that, if the masters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had known of other enamels than the brown, they would have used them as freely and legitimately as they used that. But in the sixteenth century the art had already abandoned its proper decorative and structural functions, and the discovery of the other enamels only encouraged the glass-painters in attempting to compete with oil. To do that they sacrificed color, solidity, and intelligibility, and then, as might have been expected, failed of their aim. There is, I believe, some use in art for every imaginable process, and it is quite possible that enamel on unstained glass may have peculiar advantages, as well as defects. It is its abuse in the production of windows, which look better by reflected than transmitted light, that is to be unreservedly condemned. At the same time, I have never seen the work in pure enamel which, for a window, I would not prefer to have done in mosaic, or enamel on mosaic. The cheapness of the enamel method, both as regards material and labor, was perhaps as powerful an inducement to its abuse as any other; for the decline which had already taken place in stained glass was, in part, due to the great cost of the ancient method. The twelfth-century windows were narrow and not numerous; but as the architects made their wall-piers lighter and farther apart, the great spaces between had to be filled with glass, and the costliness of colored pot-metal led to the use of more and more white glass or grisaille windows. The invention of the yellow stain of silver led to the almost complete disuse of the pot-metal colors. The growth of the Renaissance feeling helped the downward progress of the art by introducing designs unsuited to the material, and, finally, the growth in purity and clearness of the unstained glass deprived the grisaille windows of their last glory of pearly or greenish lustre, and left the whole field clear for the enamellers. The new form of glass-painting did not flourish long, though great artists tried their hands at it. It fell into disuse and disesteem as oil-painting multiplied its triumphs; and in 1768, according to Le Vieil, there was but one glass-painter in Paris, and he could not maintain himself by his art, but had to gain a living by carrying on a trade in glass.

To whom belongs most credit for the revival in Europe of the antique style it would be hard to say. The Germans were the first in the field, but the pot-metal that they make is so thin that it must be backed up with thick plate-glass to prevent it from being blown in by the wind, and so glaring that they have been in the habit of coating it with a layer of enamel over all, "of the thickness and color of pea-soup." Winston was perhaps unduly elated over the result of his analyses of ancient glass when he boasted that he had "beaten the French glass-stainers so hollow that it is quite laughable." Viollet-le-Duc is not likely to have been far mistaken in maintaining that some of the modern French restorations are not to be distinguished from the ancient work. It is certain that the opinion became general in England, France, and Germany about the same time, that, if the ancient windows were to be equalled, a return must be made to the ancient methods. That opinion was long in making its way across the Atlantic.

Our manufacturers and their customers were equally opposed to it; the former, because the "antique" glass required labor, taste, and skill; the latter, because it was costly, old-fashioned, and lacked the false finish which distinguished the better specimens of enamelled glass. A people like ours, new to art, and accustomed to admire in all their surroundings the regularity and evenness of machine-work, could hardly be expected to appreciate at once the mosaic style. It required some courage and a great deal of constancy to introduce it. But when the universal revival of interest in artistic matters began to touch us, it was inevitable that its effects should be seen most decidedly in stained glass. The very narrowness of the limitations within which it is properly bound guaranteed rapid progress as soon as the true path was entered. And, on the other hand, the strong temptation to experiment with the material could hardly prove to be thrown away on American workmen. No other material used in any of the fine arts so well repays experiment. The infinite variety of effects afforded by its natural accidents of striæ, bubbles, unequal blending or distribution of the coloring matter, etc. leaves always room to hope for something not yet attained. As a consequence, notwithstanding the immense progress which all

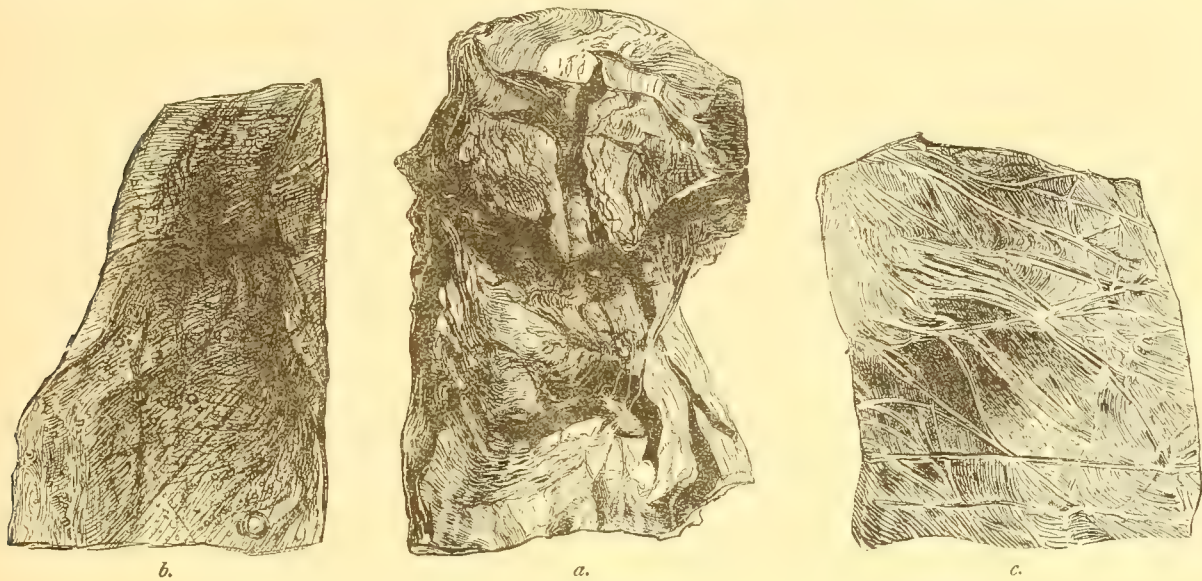


Fig. 4.—SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN "ANTIQUE" GLASS.—DRAWN BY R. RIORDAN.

the forms of decorative art have made with us in the last few years, it is safe to say that none of them have improved as much as our work in stained glass.

Page, McDonald, and McPherson, of Boston, were among the first to make good pot-metal glass in America. Some of Page's glass was shown to Mr. Russell Sturgis in 1870, and he found it difficult to believe that it was made here. Baker, of New York, began to make "antique" glass some years later. His work was and is distinguished by good feeling for color and a determination to use artistic material only.

Cottier & Co., "of Fifth Avenue and Pall Mall," about the same time introduced here what is known as the English Domestic Style of Stained Glass. This is in some respects a new departure, but we cannot say that it is one which ought to be widely followed. The glass used is English pot-metal, clearer and poorer in effect than the American. The coloring is low, thin, but harmonious. The drawing is reasonably good. The distant effect is better than that of many American windows, while still far from admirable. The prevalent English "fads"—the affectations and the unintelligible symbolism of modern British painting—have a weak echo in the figure designs of this school, and the purely decorative part of the work is as far removed from a healthy style of art. The leaded lines are little insisted on. The beauties of the material are never fully developed. The surface painting and staining are not calculated to help



Fig. 5.—WINDOW SCREEN IN PURE MOSAIC GLASS. EGG-PLANT.

BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY. —DRAWN BY R. RIORDAN.

it, but are used for their own sake; and weakly conventionalized forms of foliage, sunflowers, etc., are drawn upon the glass as if it were paper. The cartoon is generally as interesting as the window.

On the contrary, good American pot-metal, such as is now made, is often as heavy and as rich in color, tone, and texture as any of the twelfth-century glass. In Fig. 4 (drawn from specimens furnished by Messrs. Louis C. Tiffany & Co., Associated Art-

ists) we have attempted to convey some notion of its varied surface and markings. Fig. 4 *a* is a clear, slightly greenish glass, streamed with ruby, black, and purple. Fig. 4 *b* is full of bubbles and long tangled fibres of iron-red. Fig. 4 *c* is of a changeable blue-green, and impressed on both sides with an irregular linear pattern. There are almost countless other varieties as interesting and as firm in color. The "opal" glass which has been introduced by Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany is one of these, which is itself capable of an infinity of uses, and of entering into combinations, more or less intimate, with every other variety. A full account of it will be given in a second article.

The stained glass window screen represented in Fig. 5 is a good example of the mode in which Mr. Tiffany handles his splendid material. The thick stalks of the vine, the outlines of the lattice-work which supports it, and the veinings of the leaves, are all designed by the leading. The modelling of the leaves and fruit is given by the inequalities of the glass itself, and the play and gradation of color in its substance. When the sunlight streams in through such a window the effect is as if the real object, rendered transparent in all its tissues by some unwonted intensity of the ray, filled the space. No enamel painting, no work in any other medium, could be anything like so "realistic"; yet it is plainly glass, and one is fully as much impressed with its decorative and structural as with its picturesque value. It is like one of those little landscapes by Dupré, in which the loaded sky, while manifestly and unmistakably paint, is yet more distant, aerial, and full of motion than if the painter had taken the greatest pains to hide his methods and his means.

R. RIORDAN.

AMERICAN STAINED GLASS.

SECOND ARTICLE.



DESIGNED BY R. RIORDAN.

RINITY CHURCH, Boston, in addition to its architectural merits and the wealth of ornamentation which Mr. La Farge has lavished on its interior, contains what will probably be considered in the near future as the first example of an American school of stained glass. The beautiful grisaille window appearing in the walls of the church is in fact the first now extant which was designed by Mr. La Farge, and consequently the first which we owe to an American of any prominence as an artist, for Mr. Tiffany did not enter the field until some time later. The failure of the other windows, in the modern English style, to harmonize with the mural decorations, was what caused Mr. La Farge seriously to turn his attention to the making of stained glass, and the first fruit of this was the strikingly successful window in question, the only one in the church which is in keeping with the general scheme. It was made as an experiment, of the cheapest pot-metal, painted and put together in the simplest manner, yet the effect is as admirable as it is unique. It was not designed for its present position, and therefore does not give to the full the effect of pearly light, at once illumining and toning the wall decoration, which it ought to produce.

Still the eye instinctively turns to that part of the building where it is situated, finding there a degree of completeness and harmony of which the other windows rob the rest of the interior. In mediæval churches either the wall decoration was distinctly subordinated to the glass, or an attempt was made by the use of the strongest and most brilliant tones, often glazed over gold, to bring it up to the same pitch of power and luminosity. At the same time the intensity of the glass was lowered, as described in the first article, by the application of the brown enamel; still it was impossible to completely harmonize it with the wall surfaces. For this reason the borders of the windows are in all mediæval work a very prominent part of the design, and the outer edge was almost invariably left white. The two incongruous elements of the decoration were thus kept separate from one another, and the eye was not offended by the immediate contrast of the strongest tones of the glass with the necessarily darker wall paintings. The trouble was, however, still so apparent, that it certainly had its share in bringing about the final disuse of stained glass; and if the reader will bear in mind that the problem presented to Mr. La Farge by his own previously executed work in



Fig. 1 — DESIGN FOR HARVARD MEMORIAL WINDOW.

By JOHN LA FARGE. — DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.

are a positive eyesore. The complicated wheel-work of Mr. La Farge's window serves to continue the convolutions of the painted mouldings and friezes which lead up to it. Though only black and white, it positively has more value as color than the stained glass windows near it, and its ornament is so disposed as to lead the eye gently across it, and allow it to dwell at full leisure on the more important wall paintings.

Mr. La Farge had, however, made an earlier attempt in stained glass, which it is important to mention, as it led him to the adoption on a large scale, in his subsequent work, of what is practically a new material, — opal glass. He had, while still engaged on the frescos of Trinity, begun to make a small colored window from specimen pieces of glass which he had collected, combined with thin slices of onyx and other semi-precious stones to give the richness that was then unattainable with the best modern glass to be found. Some pieces of opal glass accidentally produced at one of our glass-houses were found to be a good substitute for the onyx. He

Trinity Church was even more embarrassing, though not, as it turned out, so hopeless, and that it was solved with perfect success, he will begin to perceive why it is that this hundred-dollar window, made with a little cheap glass and some brown paint, should be worthy of attention even now, when so much has been done by Tiffany, La Farge himself, and others, and when so much more may be confidently looked forward to. The general tone of the interior of Trinity Church is rich and mellow, but not overpowering or "heady." Highly finished figure subjects like that of Christ and the woman of Samaria, which is shown in our illustration, form the most striking part of it. It is evident that no similar subjects should be introduced in the windows, for while, owing to their brilliancy, they might distract attention from the wall paintings, they could not possibly compare with them in expressive power, even if done by the same hand. It is the worst fault of the other windows that they are thus unsuited to their surroundings. In color, also, they are too weak and glaring, and while the strong coloring of the mediæval glass, if anything comparable with it had been attainable at the time, would be equally out of key, what was wanted was a design which should be at once rich and subdued, neither falling behind the general scheme nor standing apart from it. The grisaille answers these conditions; the other windows do not, and

tried to get the glass-makers to make him some in panes. The process was perfectly simple, but was not apparently believed in. The window was abandoned.

Next came the commission for the Harvard memorial window, which was to be one of a number; and, after an unsatisfactory carrying out of his design by other hands, he set to work in earnest to produce or procure good colored glass, and do the work himself. Much of the window now in place is made of his own material. We give an outline of it (Fig. 1), and also of one of the remaining studies for the other windows not yet done (Fig. 2). Reproductions of the other two designs will be found in *Scribner's Monthly* for Feb. 1881, in an article on La Farge by Mr. G. P. Lathrop. On entering into the practical business of making the colored pot-metal, Mr. La Farge found himself again confronted, as all modern makers have been, by the difficulty of obtaining the richness and tone so observable in ancient glass. The Munich artists, as already pointed out, tried to obviate this difficulty by using a backing of enamel of the color and consistency of pea-soup. Many English makers purposely dirtied their work with a smear of brown paint and wax. La Farge returned to the idea he had had of making use of the opal glass. This in its chemical composition is the same as the opaque white glass, known as fusible porcelain. Phosphate of lime (bone-dust), peroxide of tin, or arsenic, are the coloring matters. The arsenic gives the shifting orange tinge which simulates the fire of the opal. If evenly mixed in the melting-pot, and not pressed, any or all of these ingredients would only give a plain opaque white, or, if subjected to an even pressure, a milky white glass, slightly tinged with orange if the arsenic is used; but if corrugated or rolled by hand, different degrees of translucency and a shifting play of color are produced, which render the material invaluable to the glass-stainer. The opal "body" can be used in positive-colored glass with somewhat of the same result as if it were backed up with opal glass. Used as a color among others, it takes the place of the mediæval nacreous white, and gives value to all

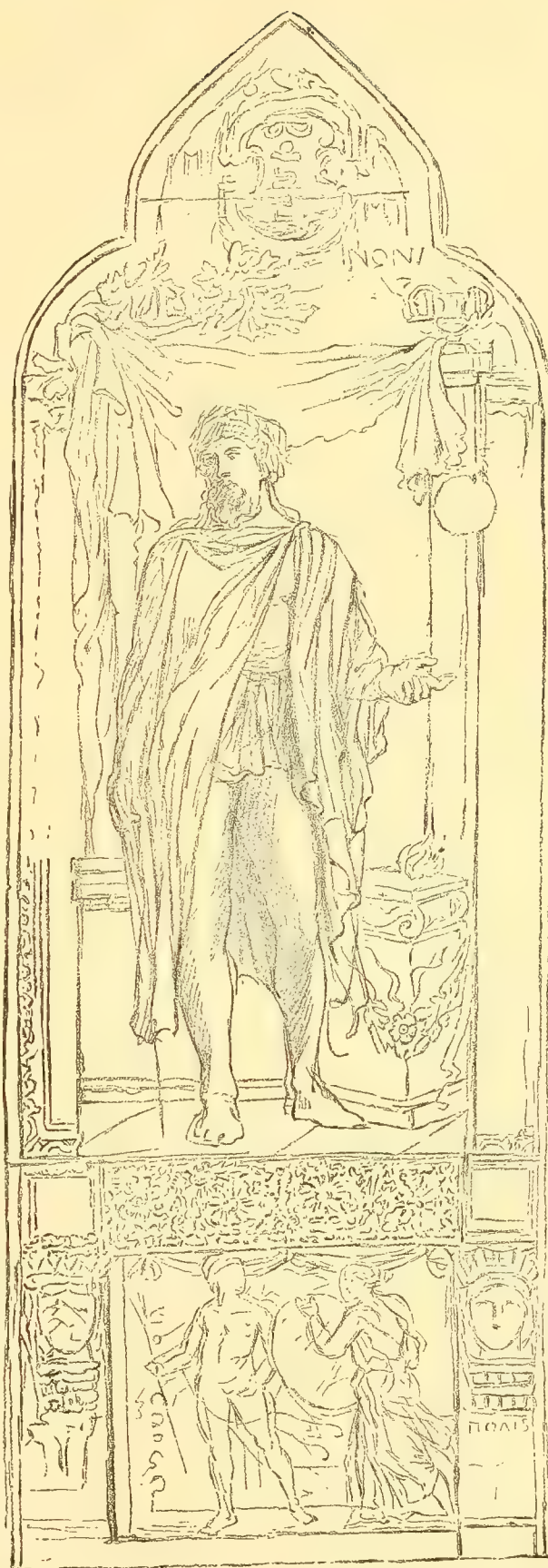


Fig. 2.—FAC-SIMILE OF STUDY FOR HARVARD MEMORIAL WINDOW.

By JOHN LA FARGE. — DRAWN BY CHARLES METTAIS.

the other colors in a window, making the red redder, etc., serving, when properly chosen, as a pearly gray with a slight tinge of the complementary. Small window-screens of glass mosaic are sometimes entirely lined with opal, for the purpose of breaking and diffusing the direct sun-rays, which would otherwise penetrate into the room in pencils of colored light. However beautiful this effect may be high up in the vaulted roof of a cathedral, it may be inconvenient in a dwelling-house. The "warm gules" may not always, as in Keats's poem, fall on "Madeline's fair breast"; and patches of prismatic colors wandering across one's pictures or one's face may produce an impression the reverse of agreeable. The outer casing of opal makes it impossible for this to happen, and gives the colored glass inside a richness and atmospheric effect which in itself is worth the added trouble. In very large work it cannot be said to render unnecessary all further experimenting towards getting the brilliant but deep-toned colors of the ancient glass, but it is still the most important addition to the *materiel* of the glass-stainer since the discovery of the yellow stain and of enamel colors.

Mr. La Farge has taken out patents for the manufacture of "opal"; it is also largely used by the firm of Louis C. Tiffany & Co., associated artists, under Mr. La Farge's patent. Some glass-stainers say it does not harmonize with other glass, which is absurd. The opaque fusible

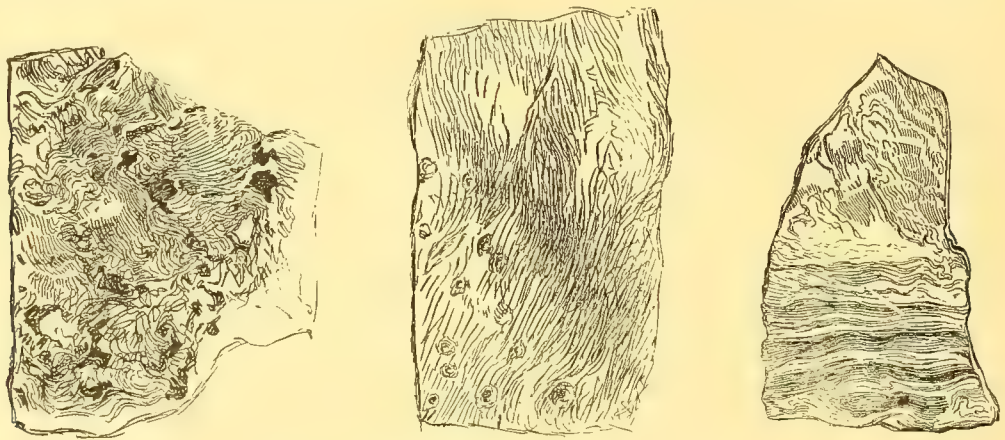


Fig. 3.—VARIETIES OF AMERICAN OPAL GLASS.

porcelain may be so used with other glasses as to be very disagreeable, but it is quite impossible to find a colored glass which cannot be harmonized with opal. It is admitted without contradiction that Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany have preceded all others in the use of it, and have done much more than all others to develop it. Mr. La Farge's patent-rights, enforced, will be likely to be exercised for the protection of good work against such as may by their inartistic use of the material tend to lessen its value. It has always been possible to obtain opal glass as an imperfect fusible porcelain, and as such it may have been used over and over again; but until Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany took it up, it does not appear that any effort had been made to regularly produce it, or to develop its peculiar qualities. It is entirely different in effect from the German milk glass, and even from the Venetian opal, which it most nearly resembles, for neither of these has its body or tone. It is an American contribution to the art.

All the other varieties of artistic glass are now made here as well as anywhere in the world. At present no one goes abroad for his pot-metal; each makes it for himself, and does his best to outrival others in quality and color. To give a list of the various effects of iridescence, semi-opacity, of surface corrugation and internal stratification, of laminæ, fibres, striæ, and bubbles, would fill some pages. There are not only imitations of the old ruby, topaz, purple, etc., but there is also glass which imitates the chalcedony and the moss-agate, and glass which is inlaid or sprinkled with glass of another color. We have already, in our first article, given some

illustrations, a reference to which will help to a conception of its diversities of texture, but the best which can be done with drawings and description combined must fail to convey an adequate idea to those who have not seen its many artistic qualities. Some of the effects produced in the melting-pot are extremely curious, and even picturesque. A piece of sprinkled glass may, for instance, show a very suggestive storm scene,—a mass of wind-swept twigs and branches in dark brown, the emerald leaves torn from them filling the sky, which, with its flying, shapeless clouds, is represented by the murky white foundation. Another variety of glass is of a dark sea-green, through which play long fibres of red, which seem to sway up and down, like seaweed in the waves, with the undulations of the rough surface. In this the red fibres are developed by heat to any length and degree of complexity. The glass when first made is entirely green. Glass has been made by Mr. Tiffany, for special purposes, over an inch in thickness; and rough-faceted glass, looking at a distance like the unpolished stones of Indian or old Gaulish jewelry, is much employed by him. It is, of course, extremely costly, but fairly solves the problem of richness.

R. RIORDAN.



DESIGNED BY R. RIORDAN.

AMERICAN STAINED GLASS.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.



DESIGNED BY R. RIORDAN.

OUR first two articles dealt chiefly with the difficulty which was experienced in getting good and artistically useful glass, and the wonderful success which has been arrived at. But, given good glass, it by no means follows that you will have a good window. Artistic acquirements and faculties of a very high order are as requisite as the material itself. Few people, even of those who are continually handling color, have the color sense; and yet this is more necessary in dealing with stained glass than with anything else. The entering light carries every color up to such a pitch that discords, which would be scarcely noticeable in work seen by reflected light, are unbearable in stained glass. "The ancients," says M. Bontemps, "with the palette that we call incomplete, produced effects of harmony to which we have not yet attained. People have imagined that this was owing to the quality of their colors, while it was really the result of the well-balanced powers of the different

colors, and of their artistically combined oppositions." According to M. Labarte, the success of the mediæval glass-stainer was due to "the skilful arrangement and harmonious distribution of his colors." "A knowledge of the relative values of tones" is reckoned by Viollet-le-Duc as the first requisite of success in stained glass. As the blending of tones cannot be carried to any great degree of accuracy or refinement, it is all the more essential that each piece of glass should be chosen with reference to its effect on every other. What is known as the orchestration of color, i. e. the massing of color harmonies,—attempted by very few painters on canvas,—is almost necessary in glass. In color, again, as in music, there are harmonies which cross and blend; others, of which the component notes are scattered apparently at random throughout the composition. In work like stained glass the absence of these implied harmonies is at once felt, for only by them can the colorist reach the expression of infinity. But it goes without saying that genius only is capable of supplying all this. Bontemps is right, therefore, when he says that the one thing needed for modern glass painting is a great artist. And yet it could hardly seem likely, when the difficulties peculiar to the art are taken account of, that an artist, great or small, could be found to take it up. It is, as has already been shown, an art in which the painter's skill is as nearly as possible useless; in which nothing is to be gained with facility but brilliancy, and that is more likely to be attributed to the material than to the artist.

It is impossible to overrate the difficulties involved. The distant appearance of a work may be wholly different from what one would expect from a near view. Everybody has noticed the effect of a bright light coming from behind a dark object, in apparently eating it away or

reducing it to a shadow. Trees and branches seen against a sunset are an example. If the light is confined on all sides, this effect is much stronger. When a figure or other subject of a window is not positively outlined, shaded vigorously, and exaggerated, rather than the reverse, as to movement and expression, it becomes, when the window is in place, weak, confused, and unintelligible. It is, as it were, melted down in light. The French artists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries understood this, and used their lead outlines with a boldness which showed



Fig. 1.—PORTRAIT OF HENRI DE MEZ. CHARTRES, THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

their thorough acquaintance with the conditions of their art. In the head of Henri de Mez (Fig. 1), which we reinsert for convenience from our first article, the heavy line across the face serves at a distance but to mark the prominence of the cheek-bone on one side and of the muscles of the cheek and jaw on the other. The lines which cross the forehead and the neck are similarly reduced to shades, marking what a modern painter would call the great planes of the head. If the illustration is held at a distance of a couple of yards from the eye, something of this effect will be given by the radiation of reflected light from the white spaces between the lines. In the original, the light coming through must act much more sensibly. The background, which is of red glass, has been purposely made up of little bits, so that the multiplied lines of leading might reduce the glare of light and tone the color. Viollet-le-Duc gives some striking illustrations of the power of light to modify forms in this manner.¹ Color is affected by it in as great a degree. Some colors, more radiant than others, are spread over the latter as a glaze by the light. Red, in the Chartres windows, is purpled by the neighborhood of light blue. Our modern blues are not radiant enough to distribute themselves with any great effect over surrounding colors, but the yellow stain, the most brilliant color now in use, does so very perceptibly. The ancient reds, which are quite black near by, are brilliant and striking when seen far off. And, *per contra*, our modern blue-grays and purples are apt to look muddy, slaty, or obscure when seen a hundred feet away.

The position of a window is also of the utmost consequence. An unobstructed front view is not always desirable. In modern churches a great deal of light is considered necessary, and of the many devices of the old masters for reducing and confining it, most are at times inadmissible. If very heavy glass is used, enamel paint must be eschewed, and likewise very small leading. If form is of great importance, and much leading or enamelling is necessary, correspondingly thin glass is required. We cannot, unless in exceptional instances, use rich-toned glass, close leading, and strong shading, with dark enamel. Hence advantage should be taken, whenever possible, of intervening pillars, hanging lamps, carved screens, and whatever else may diffuse the glare of light, and compel one to look obliquely through the glass, which obviously is equal to a thickening of the glass. Mr. Tiffany, to this end, systematically inserts his glass at different angles in the leading. But, if position is important in more or less pure mosaic, it is still more so when enamel is used in any quantity. The windows in St. Thomas's Church, New York, which are about as good specimens as can be found of the sort of work which was most admired here until recently, would not look nearly so bad as they do if they had been properly designed for the place and the light which they are in. They are pretty completely covered with enamel. The two side windows are much lighter than the centre, which sets back of them,—a good plan enough in mosaic, but always dangerous in enamel. Here, at least, as the dark central window, on account of the orientation of the church, receives only a side light, while the sun enters directly through one of the side windows, this arrangement has proved admirably calculated to bring out all the defects of the enamel method in the most striking manner. The central window looks like a badly done mural painting, through which absolutely no light at all seems to pass. Its dulness, instead of helping the rich color around by contrast, effectively destroys it by spreading over it a dirty brown obscurity rather than a light, in which,

¹ In *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture Française*, Art. *Vitrail*.

too, Mr. St. Gaudens's exquisite groups of angels in relief are as much lost as if they were packed away in a basement. These windows are of French manufacture, and it would be interesting to know if their designer would have done any differently had he been aware of the position which they were to occupy. Mr. Tiffany's mosaic work, in which the forms may be said to be moulded in thick glass, or are put together from small pieces so as to have adequate relief without requiring to be touched with the brush, would take away the breath of any modern European glass-stainer. And Mr. La Farge's management of enamel on mosaic in important figure work is just as much beyond all contemporary competition.

It is easy to sin in the use of enamel color. No one but a master of both drawing and color can hope to use it advantageously. Every touch of the brush dulls the color of the pot-metal in modifying it; and, if large unpainted spaces are not reserved, the work is ruined. On the other hand, if the painted and unpainted portions are not made to balance and sustain one another, the work is equally ruined. The firing of the enamel is as delicate and risky a process as any used in the arts. Most colors undergo changes in firing, and it is of the utmost concern that they should be burnt to just such a tint, and no longer. A practical acquaintance with all the work of the glass-house is as essential as the artist's skill and judgment in the designing, and without both the best work in this style cannot be produced.

It is unquestionable that in small work of simple design enamel should not be used at all. To belabor a small screen or window-light with painted decoration in the English style is to spoil good or middling glass, and to throw away work. Where the highest decorative results are aimed at, or a certain degree of realism is required, as in the Harvard window, and where the texture of the glass cannot, on account of size and distance, be conspicuous, the covering of some portion of the window by vigorous shading with enamel may be of the greatest benefit, even in a decorative sense, for it tends to intensify the

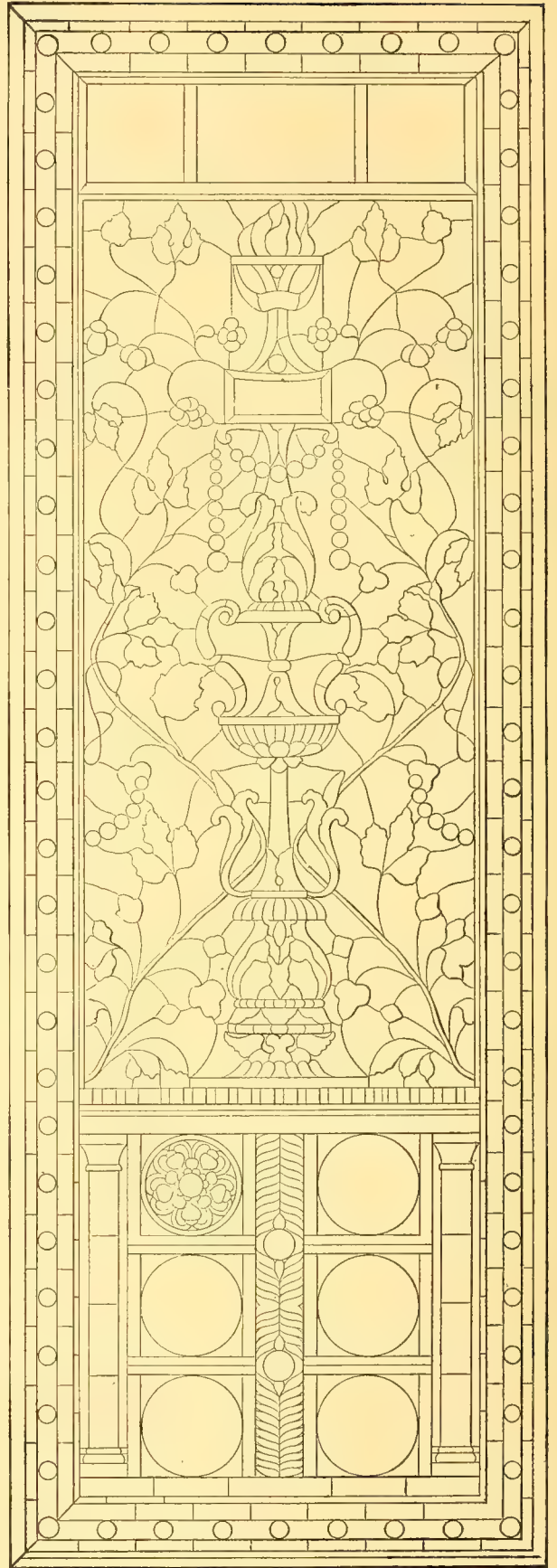


Fig. 2.—REDUCED WORKING DRAWING OF A WINDOW IN PURE MOSAIC.
BY JOHN LA FARGE.

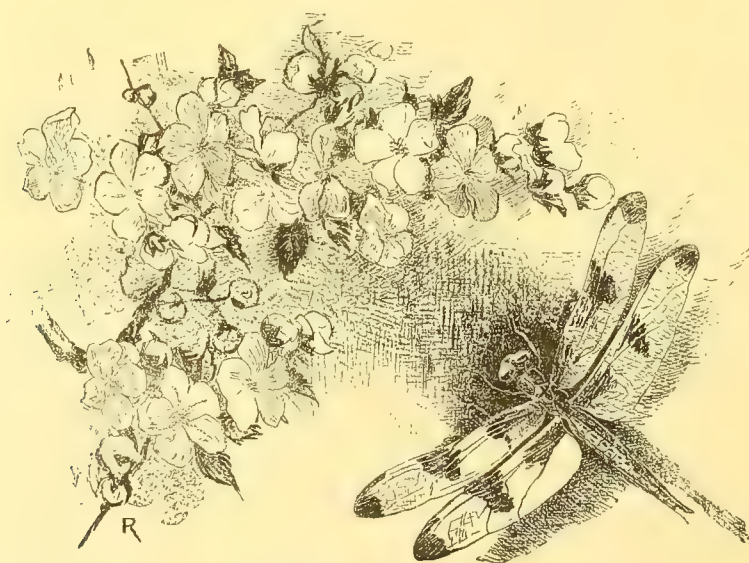
light and color in the portions left uncovered. But in the case just mentioned,—in the case of small work which may be examined part by part,—nothing can make up for the loss of color and the hiding of the material which is involved. In this sort of work the style should always be the pure mosaic. There need be no lack of variety. Besides the endless combinations of geometrical forms, derivable from mediæval designs, the Arabesque and Japanesque systems of abstract ornamentation are in practice drawn upon by all our designers. Mr. La Farge has led off (Fig. 2) with Renaissance designs in pure mosaic, of one of which we give a fac-simile of the working drawing. The simple shapes of the lower animals and plants are easily imitated in this manner. Their forms may be indicated by the leading alone, or may be rendered with an almost illusive naturalness by the choice of wrinkled, bulging, or concave pieces of glass, as is done by Mr. Tiffany. Many of the lower marine animals would make peculiarly good subjects, as their bodies are often transparent or diaphanous, and beautifully tinted. The reproduction of simple artificial objects is likewise allowable, and may be made very interesting, as is shown by the pretty designs in the New Casino at Newport. Even in the case of the largest and most important work, the benefits conferred by enamel are, for the most part, obtainable also in mosaic. The partial opacity which it gives, at some artistic cost, can be got in the glass itself without any loss of surface quality. The legitimate use of enamel is thus reduced to the gaining of additional form by vigorous drawing in dark hatchings over the colored and self-shaded pot-metal. Its use in other ways can be defended only on business grounds, not on artistic.

The attention paid in our country to these requirements and capabilities of the art seems, with all drawbacks, to be greater than that bestowed on them anywhere else at present, and marks the inception of a distinctively American school of stained glass. If the progress so far made is equalled in the future, it is easy to see that no foreign competition need be dreaded. Twenty years ago there was hardly a bit of good glass made in the country: to-day we produce better glass than has been made since the sixteenth century, and some that has hardly been equalled since Roman times. Quite recently it was found impossible to have a fine figure-subject properly treated. The very parties who failed then would probably carry it out successfully now, such has been the force of the general tide of improvement. Our workmen are as skilful as any; our public are rapidly becoming educated to appreciate good work; and, for the first time since the revival of the art, it has been taken up by artists of acknowledged power. Both Mr. La Farge and Mr. Tiffany are born colorists, and each of them has a profound acquaintance with all forms of decorative design. As is usual with "those who know," their influence is one, although their differences are all the more striking, because their methods grow out of the same root,—an appreciation of what is and what is not ornament. Mr. Tiffany's Oriental leanings are well known. He is in favor of the boldest, strongest, most telling method. He never hesitates to join cloth of gold to cloth of frieze, to inlay rough-cast with fine marbles, or to use the cheapest along with the most gorgeous glass, when an artistic result may be secured. He is without any touch of the "literary sort of thing." He speaks, as nature does, through the eye to the mind and the feelings, in a manner which is too little understood at present. The effect of color on the emotions, the food for thought which may be conveyed by the simple presentation of natural form, are not generally appreciated to the full by modern artists, who very often seem to aim at results which can only be obtained in literature. Mr. Tiffany handles his theme as boldly and naturally as he does his material. His way of regarding his subject implies his *technique*. He has carried the use of pure mosaic farther, perhaps, than it has ever been carried before. It used, for example, to be a question whether landscape motives were admissible in stained glass. It was said, justly enough, that in a window, as in any flat decoration having such intimate structural relations, every portion must come out to the same plane, and in appearance as in reality contribute to the support of the whole. Nothing must appear to lie behind or be detached from another. It was thought that

landscape, depending so entirely on the expression of distance for all its higher effects, was in consequence out of the province of stained glass. But Mr. Tiffany has shown that it is fully within the scope of the most severe and legitimate mosaic work, and, further, that many of the most beautiful and poetic passages of landscape can be better represented in glass than in paint. Effects of rippled or quiet water, sunset and moonlight clouds, mysterious involutions of distant hills and woods, are given with a force and suggestiveness impossible in any other material, and without at all diminishing the solidity or decorative value of the window. To do this, as will readily be supposed, requires the subtlest art. If the reader will turn to Fig. 1, first article, and note how the figure of the angel is firmly connected with the border of the central subject by the dark halo which passes partly over it, and by the diagonal line of leading run across the larger part of the border, and how the wings are joined by masses of similar value to the frame of the window, he will perceive one means much used by the ancients of preserving the appearance of solidity, while giving air and space to the composition. The figures in this window have been described to me as absolutely floating in air, and yet strongly held and sustained in their place. In the "egg-plant window" of Mr. Tiffany (Fig. 5, first article), it is easily seen that the same principle of tying together the different parts of the composition has been carried out in various ways. The bands of pale yellow glass which represent a lattice are admirably used for this purpose, and even the striæ and corrugations of the pieces of opalescent glass which form the background are so disposed as to help to bind the whole thing together. In one of Tiffany's windows the central light is mostly filled with a landscape, which, though in the original full of light and air, is perfectly well held in place. Mr. La Farge has not yet attempted in mosaic what Mr. Tiffany has, but in his Harvard window a distinct landscape effect, though of an extremely simple character, has been produced. In all attempts of the kind "opal" glass is invaluable as a means of giving sunlight and atmosphere.

I believe that only here is much thought given at the present day to the considerations which I have pointed out; and it follows that, if we are indebted to foreigners and to foreign work for our first start in the art, we can now apply Winston's words to ourselves, and claim that we have beaten our teachers, even if we should be too grateful to forget what we owe them, and too polite to raise a laugh at their expense.

R. RIORDAN.



DESIGNED BY R. RIORDAN.



A MOONLIGHT REVERY.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

BY

HENRY SANDHAM.



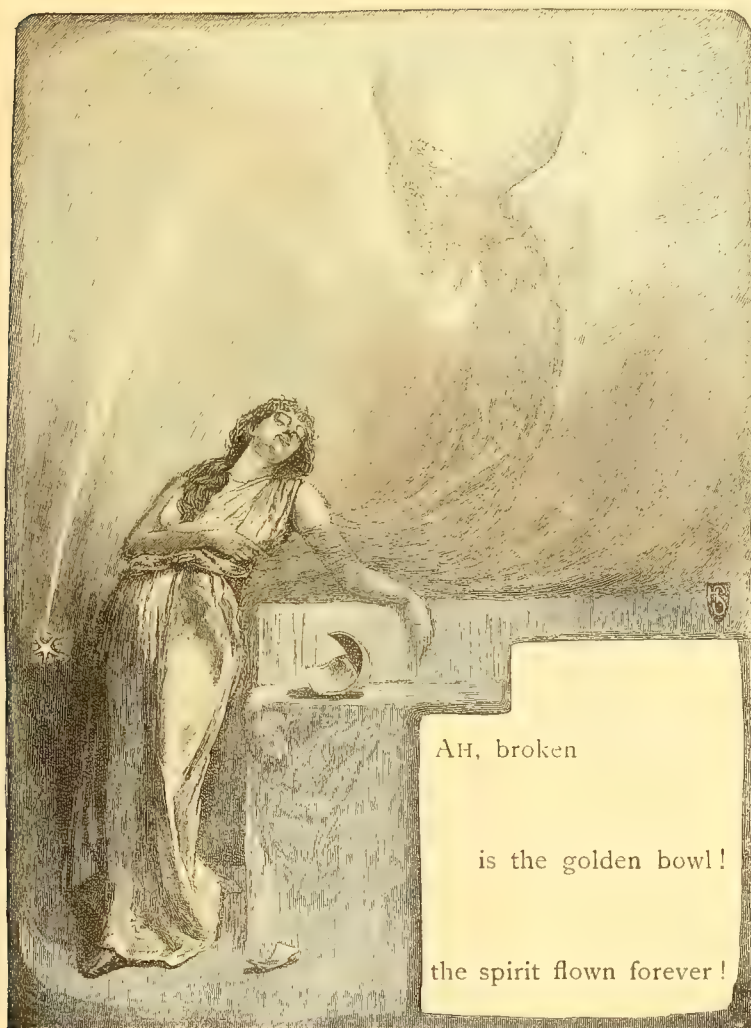
LOOKING at this production of Sandham's one would think that he had in mind the words of W. J. Mickle when in his Cumnor Hall he says —

“The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.”



HENRY SANDHAM.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIRST.

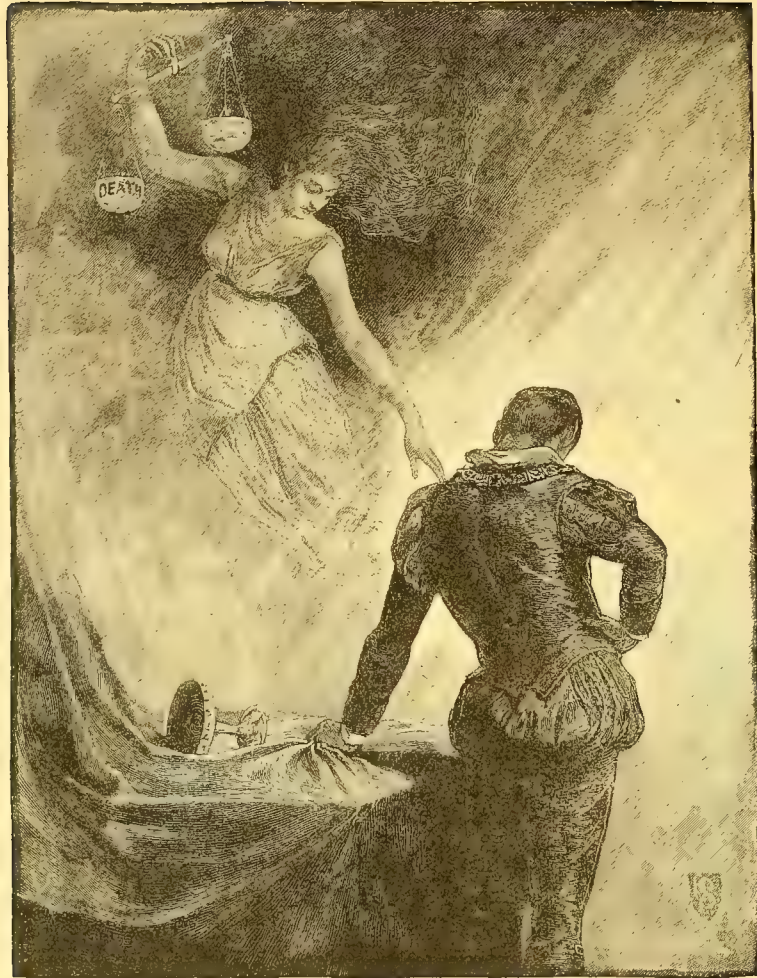


DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

THE subject of this article, Mr. Henry Sandham, painter and illustrator, was born in the year 1842, in the city of Montreal, Canada, of English parents. So strong were his boyhood's inclinations towards an artistic career that neither opposition from his father, nor lack of encouragement on the part of his mother, was potent enough to overcome them. While still a mere lad, he resolved to leave home, and solve the problem of life for himself, by following the path that his artistic nature pointed out.

After the lapse of a year or two Mr. Sandham returned to his native city, where, brought face to face with the necessity of simply earning a living, he took a position in a large business concern which was principally devoted to artistic productions. From this time on, every moment of leisure, pieced out by encroachments upon the night season, was devoted to the study of art, in various branches. In these efforts, Sandham was greatly aided and encouraged, and wisely guided by a number of artists. Among them

O. R. Jacobi, John A. Fraser, C. J. Way, and Adolph Vogt,—all of them men of good reputation, who had studied in the best European schools of the time. These friends generally, gave him the benefit of their experience, criticising his work, and allowing him the run of



"And, Guy de Vere, hast thou no tear?
Weep now or nevermore!"

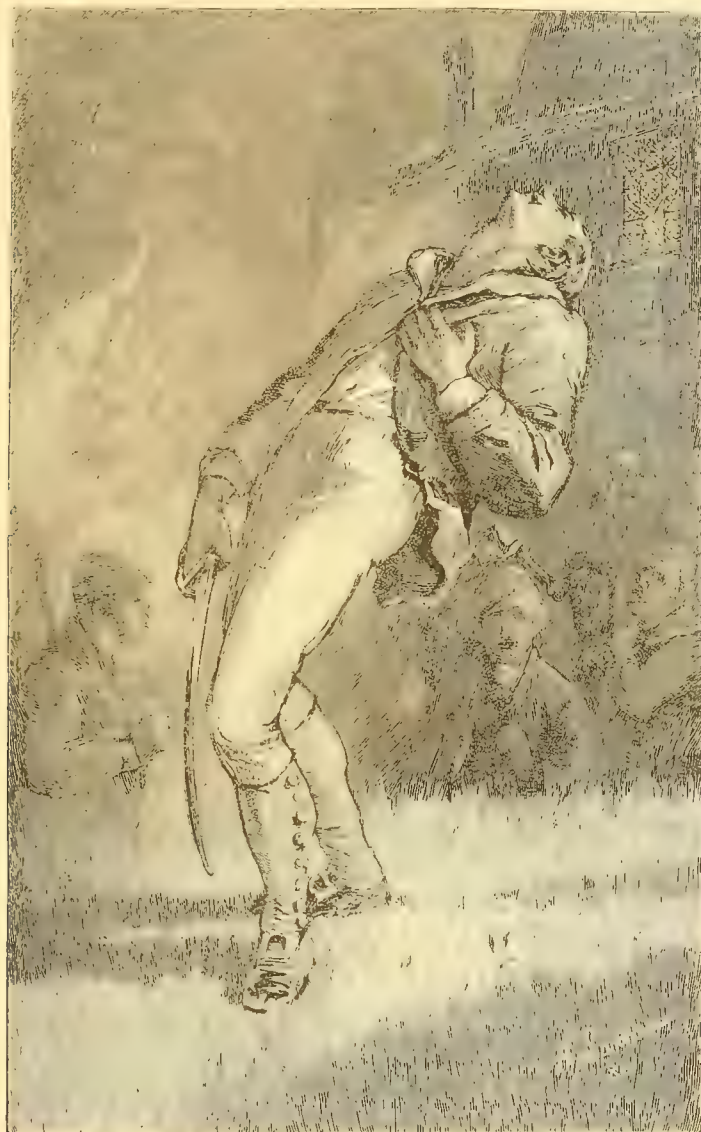
DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

their studios. Especially was this the case with the first two of these gentlemen, under whose guidance Sandham's talents rapidly developed; so that in 1880 he was elected as a member of the Royal Canadian Academy. By this time his paintings had found their way into many of the choicest Canadian collections. In 1881 he retired from active business, withdrawing as full partner from the house where he had entered as a boy.

Mr. Sandham made his first appearance in the art world as a marine painter; then devoted himself for some time to landscape and cattle. But after spending several years at hard work in these fields, he concluded that figures alone would enable him to express his ideas, so he went back again to the A, B, and C of art, and gave more years to the study of the human figure. There being at that time no Art School in Canada, Mr. Sandham was fortunate enough to secure private instruction in anatomy from a leading physician, who was Professor of Anatomy in one of the best Surgical Colleges of the Dominion.

Accompanying this article, are drawings,—made for Edgar Allen Poe's "Lenore,"—which show to advantage Mr. Sandham's versatile brush. There are also two pictures, which serve as representations of his animal and landscape pictures. George Eliot's "Felix Holt," is also given, as he falls wounded in the riot. If you remember the story, Felix had been rushing on at the head of the mob, meeting only with success in his impulsive career, but, finally, some of the rioters determine on a new course, and rush madly toward Treby Manor,

carrying Felix along with them; but just as the crowd is pushing its way up the terrace steps and gravel slopes, at various points, Felix hears the sound of horses' feet, and placing himself in front of the window, and motioning with his sabre, cries out to the oncomers, "Keep back!" then, "I hear the soldiers coming."—"The louder and louder sound of the troops changed its pace and distribution. 'Halt! Fire!' Bang, Bang, Bang!—came deafening the ears of the men on the terrace. Before they had time or nerve to move, there was a



FELIX HOLT WOUNDED. DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

rushing sound closer to them—again, 'Fire!' a bullet whizzed and passed through Felix Holt's shoulder,—the shoulder of the arm that held the naked weapon which shines in the light from the window."

And here is another illustration—giving us Silas Marner and Eppie. It is where Godfrey comes to claim Eppie as his daughter. But let us hear how George Eliot tells of the way in which Eppie crept into old Silas Marner's heart.

"Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires,—seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds and living movements; making trial of everything with trust in

new joy and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. . . . Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes, that carried his thoughts onward, and carried them far away from their old eager pacing toward the same blank limit,—carried them away to the new things that would come with the coming years, when Eppie would have learned to understand how her father Silas cared for her. . . . It was an influence that must gather force with every new year."



EPPIE AND SILAS MARNER. DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

And when, after sixteen years' silence, Godfrey appears, and wishes to claim Eppie as his child,—Eppie, with lips trembling from emotion, retreats to her father's chair, and puts her arm around his neck, while Silas, with a subdued sob, bows his head with grief.

Look at the noble moose bending down a small tree and calmly making a luncheon off its foliage. He is a sturdily built creature and, armed as he is with such magnificent spreading antlers, he would be a match, at close quarters, for the most daring of hunters.

Across the lake in the background rises a range of low lying mountains capped with heavily formed white clouds, giving the entire picture an appearance that one would look for among the lakes of northern Maine.



A SPLENDID SPECIMEN. DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

Again, look at the old father moose who is peacefully watching over his three young ones while their mother is enjoying a hearty meal gathered from the neighboring trees. What an air of contentment there is in the entire surroundings of this picture, which shows the moose as he appears in his home in the Canadian wilds!



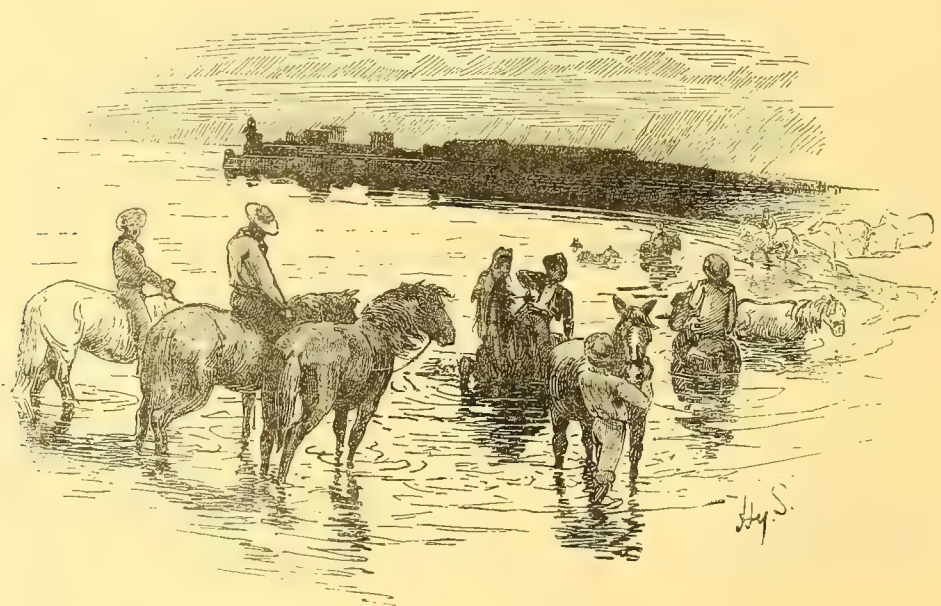
THE HOME OF THE MOOSE. DRAWN BY SANDHAM.



LOW TIDE, ST. JOHN HARBOR. DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

The full-page cut, *A Memory of Mexico*, which appears in this part, shows that Sandham is not only familiar with but has studied scenes in other lands than his own. Who that has been in Mexico will not recognize in the plaza overtopped, almost, by the lofty mountains, the true spirit of the country.

The gay cavalier, with his gorgeous robe thrown in a *negligée* manner over his shoulders, is probably wending his way to a bull-fight, thinking of the bull-fights of the time of his grandfather, a grandee, perhaps, in Spain.



HORSES BATHING. DRAWN BY SANDHAM.



A MEMORY OF MEXICO

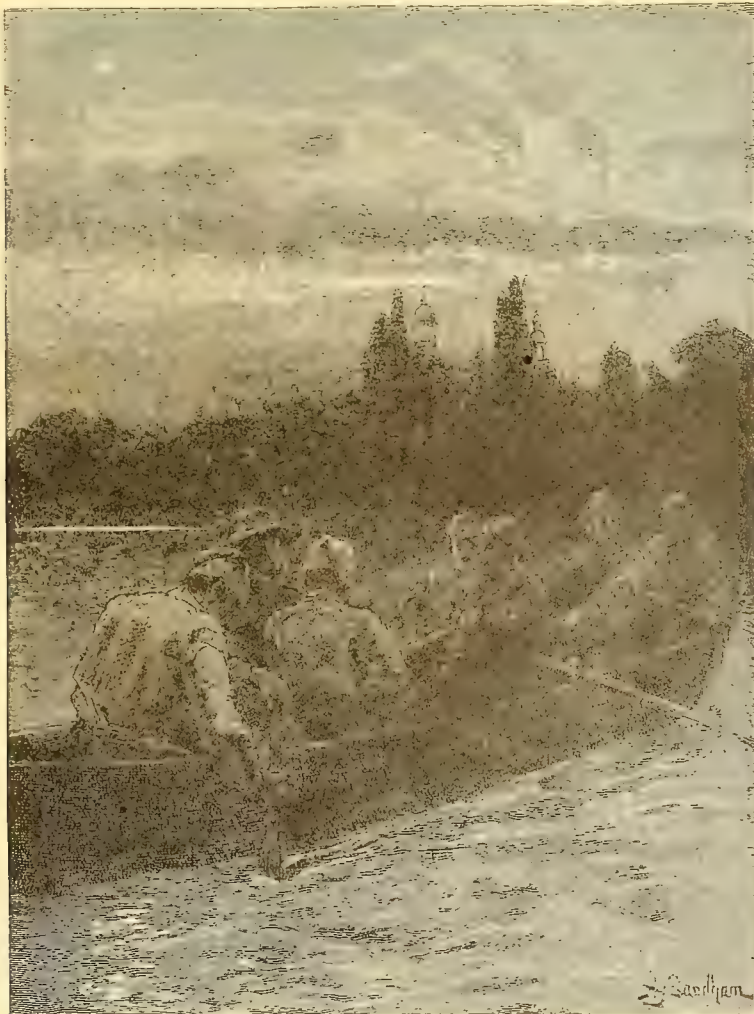
DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

Such a scene as this would not be complete without the water carriers, the cactus plant, and that uncomplaining friend to man, the donkey, who, diminutive as he is, has to carry his full share of life's burdens.

In Sandham's *Low Tide, St. John Harbor*, the tide, which there rises suddenly and to a great height, has receded to beyond the tall nets, and the vessel in the foreground is stranded high and dry at some distance from the water. A rough, two-wheeled cart, to which is attached a sturdy horse, is being loaded with the vessel's freight. This indeed is a convenience that is not afforded in every harbor unsupplied with docks, and it gives one an insight into a quite common custom of unloading vessels in and near the Bay of Fundy.

In the picture of the horses bathing, — a Mexican scene, — the willing animals are being led to their morning baths in the ocean just as the sun is rising. They seem to thoroughly enjoy their immersion, entering heartily into the spirit of the occasion.

Sandham has here, in illustration of Moore's "Canadian Boat-Song," a picture of seven lusty oarsmen, singing as they row with measured strokes by moonlight on a Canadian river.

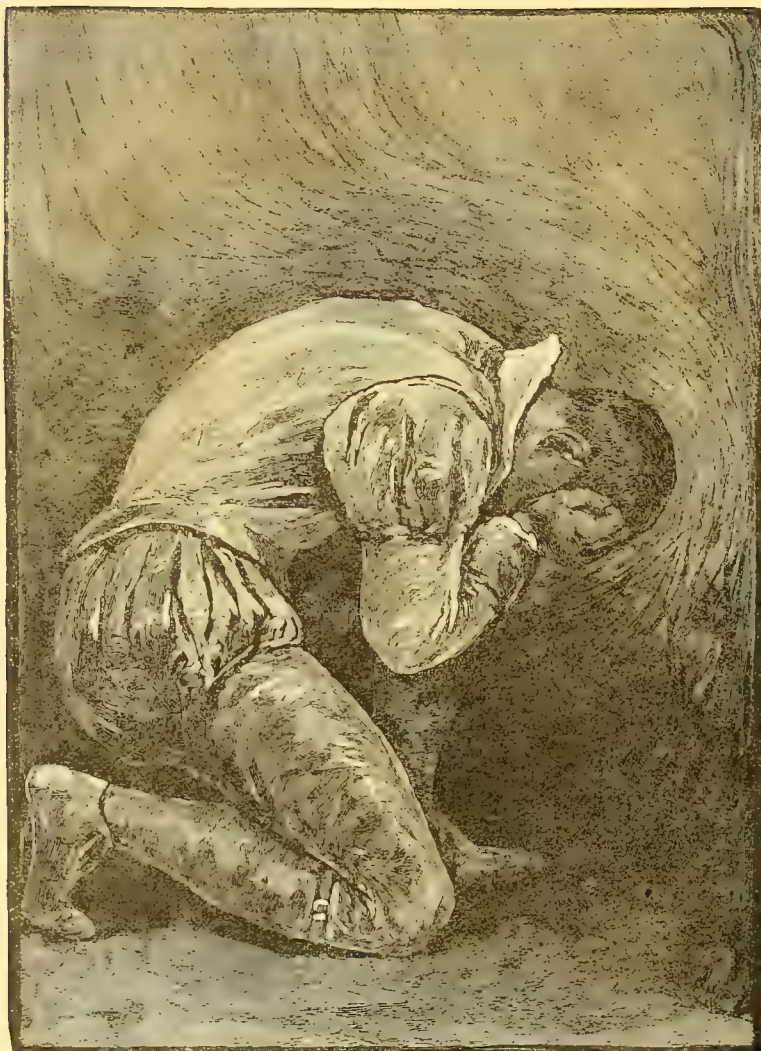


A CANADIAN BOAT SONG. DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

"Why should we yet our sail unfurl,
There is not a breeze the blue wave to curl?
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

"Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, —
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."



"The sweet Lenore hath 'gone before,' with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride."

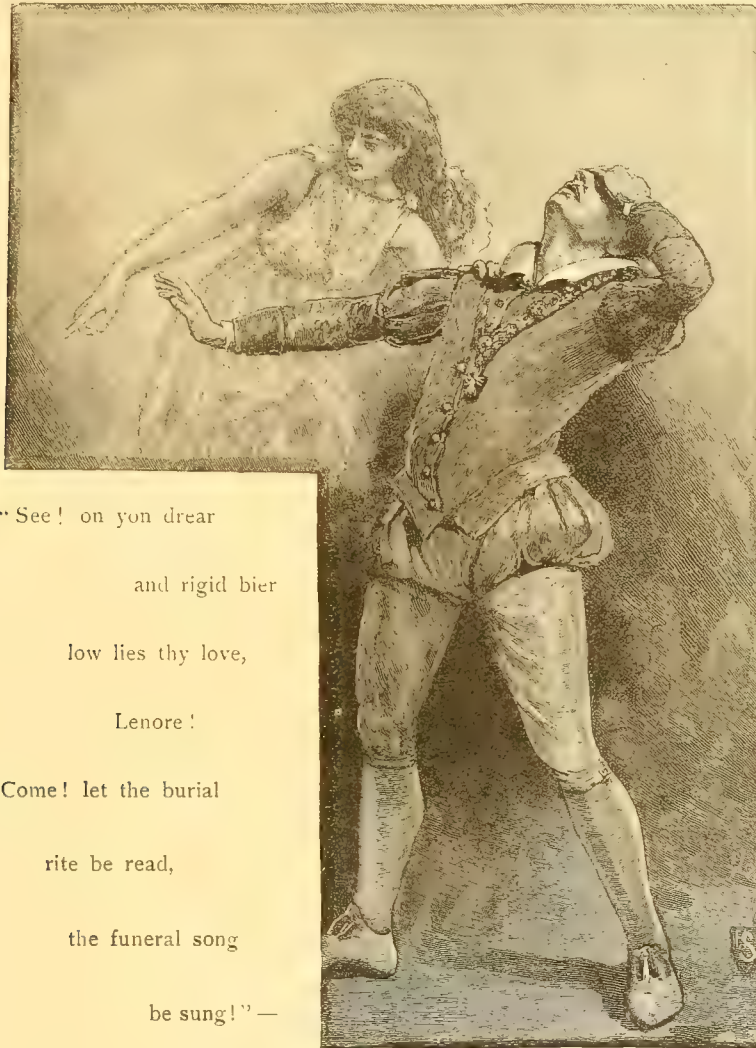
DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

In his illustration of Edgar Allen Poe's "Lenore," Mr. Sandham has shown how faithfully he can reproduce with the brush the ideas that a poet gives to the world in his verse. This poem was always Mr. Poe's favorite, and it gives us an insight into the peculiar tone of melancholy

which pervaded his nature. Born in Baltimore in 1811, he graduated at the University of Virginia in 1826; and having spent a year in Europe, he returned to America, and was for a number of years editor of different magazines, among which was the "Broadway Journal."

Above his desk always hung the romantic picture of his loved and lost Lenore.

He died in Baltimore while yet in the early prime of his life, in 1849.



"See! on yon drear
and rigid bier
low lies thy love,
Lenore!
Come! let the burial
rite be read,
the funeral song
be sung!" —

DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

Sandham made the drawing of "A Milk-Cart of Havana" to illustrate the text of a facetious traveller, who thus describes a curious custom of the Cubans.

"In the streets of Havana the backs of the donkeys, mules, and little horses also, serve as milk-carts, save where the milkman makes a still shorter cut at business and drives the *vacas* (cows) themselves round to the doors, where he milks the universal fluid into your own quart dish to suit your pleasure. This method has at least the advantage of relieving him of the temptation to water his milk. We commend it to all those dispensers of lacteal aliment in our northern cities who feel themselves aggrieved by unjust suspicions; it is a method that admits of no aspersions.

"At our house in Havana there used to come, every morning, a large *vaca*, looking very much like one of the largest Jerseys, though of Cuban breed, bringing her own milk in an odd-

shaped can hanging on one side of her back, balanced on the other side by a roll of sweet cane stalks, this latter provision looking much like a luncheon for the trip. Behind her toddled her little calf, with his nose securely trussed up to prevent his injudicious inroads upon the stock in trade. And still further behind came a young negro, whose humble cry of "*Leche, leche, veinte centavos el vaso*" was at first our only key to this business.

"*Veinte centavos* (twenty cents) for a glass of milk! The Spanish captain with whom we lodged was obliged to pay eighty cents paper (about forty-three cents gold) a quart for the milk which he offered us as a luxury (and no wonder) for our coffee.

"Some American milkmen might do well to settle in the suburbs of Havana; or perhaps, ere long, some enterprising fellow in the north may send milk here by steamer, in sealed cans packed in ice. There ought to be a fortune in that venture."



A MILK-CART OF HAVANA. DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

After visiting England and France for the purpose of study, Mr. Sandham came to the United States, and settled in Boston, where he soon realized that, owing to the limited market for American pictures, he would be obliged to enter the ranks of the illustrator,—in which so many resident artists are enrolled,—until he should succeed in establishing himself permanently. He was not slow in achieving for himself a leading position as illustrator, but never devoted himself exclusively to this branch of art, always having on hand a number of oil and water-color pictures, while working in black and white.

Mr. Sandham is both a steady and rapid worker, and he probably produces as many paintings every year as those who are known only by their work in colors; but from the fact that he has been remarkably fortunate in selling his paintings as soon as they are finished, and that they as a consequence go into private collections, he is known as a painter to only a



"An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young. —
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she died so young."

DRAWN BY SANDHAM.



"From grief and groan to a golden throne,
beside the King of Heaven."

DRAWN BY SANDHAM.



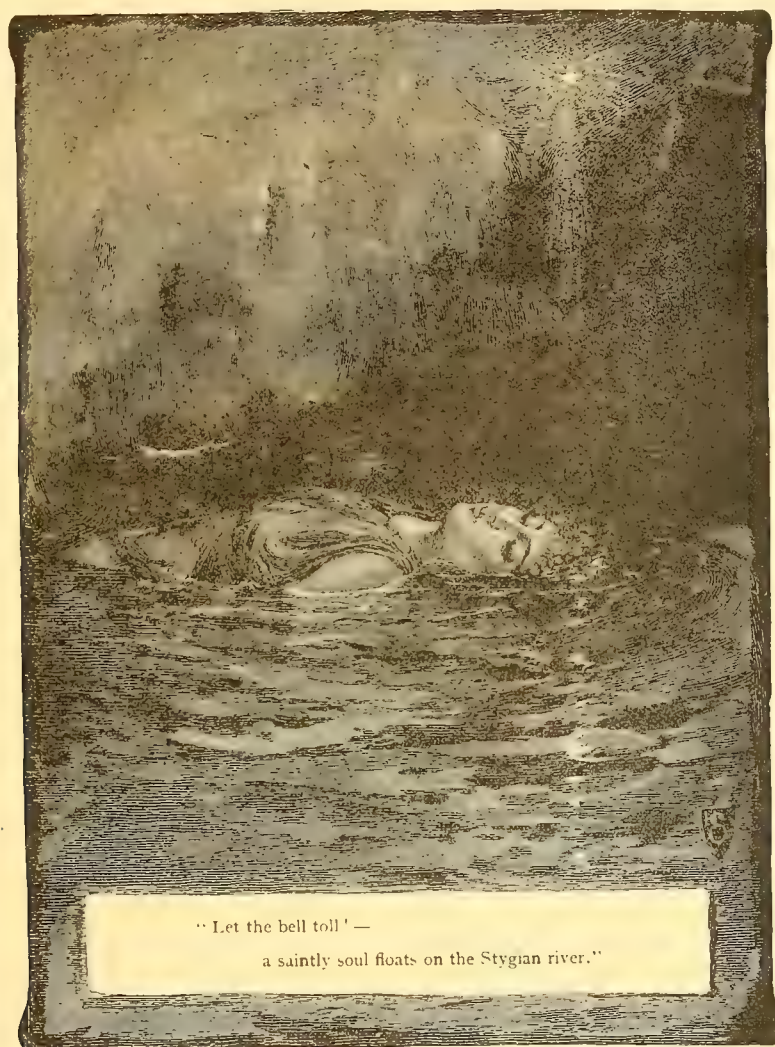
DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

limited circle, while to the general public, his illustrations, spread broadcast as they are throughout the land by the leading magazines and art publishers, have made his name a



DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

household word. All through his career, he has done more or less portraiture, and the demand for this and his genre subjects is so steadily increasing, that it is quite possible he may be obliged before long to give up illustrating entirely, although to him the work is both pleasant and profitable.

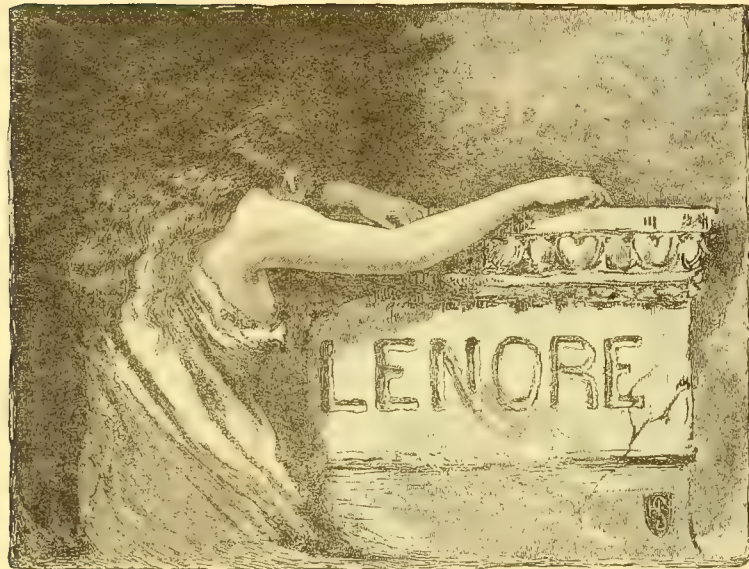


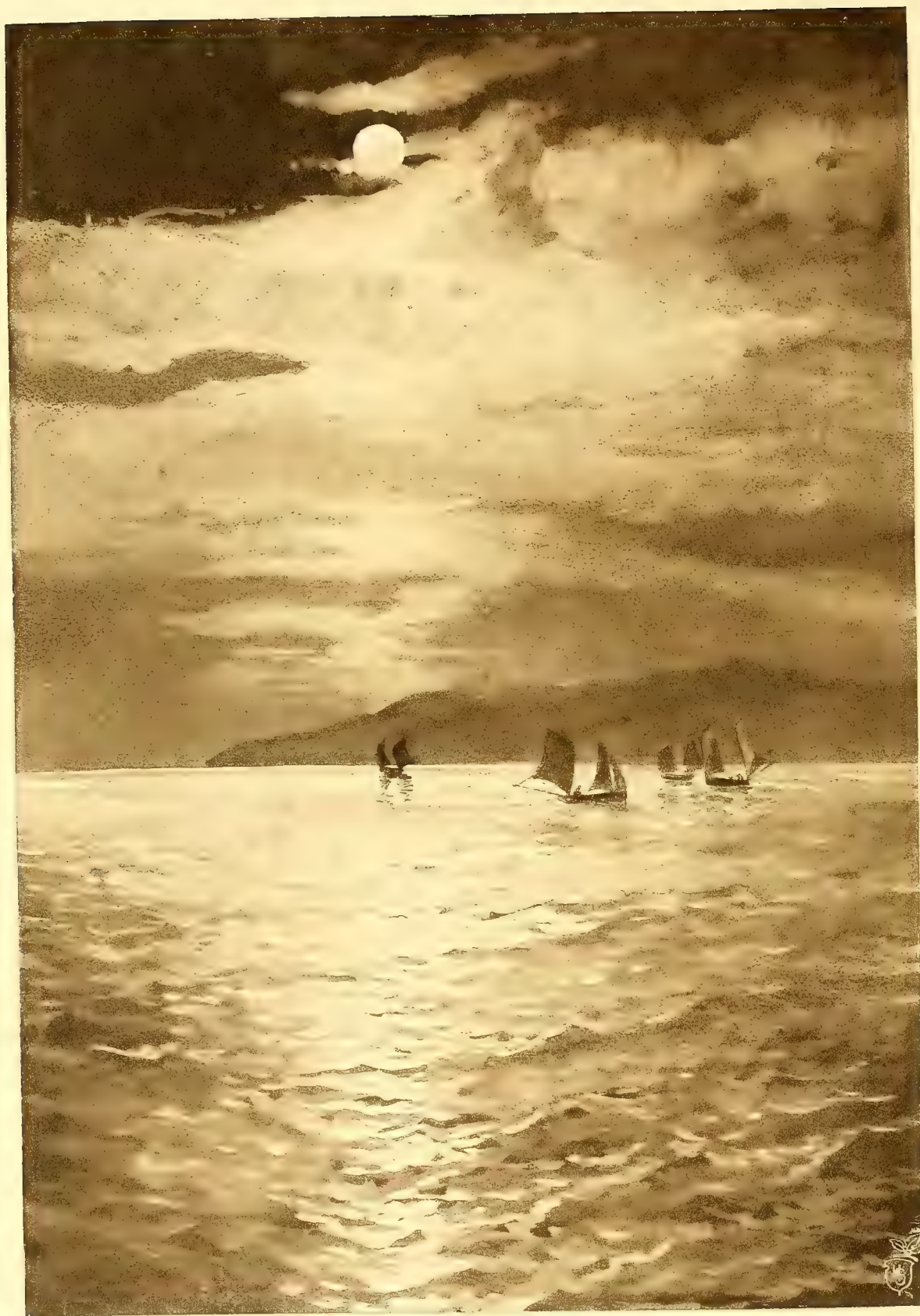
DRAWN BY SANDHAM.

Mr. Sandham's most important work since his residence in the United States, is a painting commemorating the Battle of Lexington, entitled the *Dawn of Liberty*. In 1886 it was purchased by the Lexington Historical Society, and now hangs in its town hall. His last completed work is a portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald, for the Senate Chamber at Ottawa, —being a commission from the Canadian Government. He has also recently completed a large portrait of the Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, for the Central Congregational Church, Boston, and two portraits of the Hon. A. W. Ogilvie, for Montreal.

Mr. Sandham, whose brush has achieved for him such a well-deserved reputation in portraiture, as well as landscape and genre paintings, turns with equal readiness and felicity

to black and white. It required only a very short period for him to convince the makers of illustrated books, that his pencil was not only thoroughly trustworthy, but graceful, pleasing, and original; and he succeeds admirably in uniting grace and vigor in his compositions, —two necessary elements of all black and white drawings intended for reproduction on a printed page.





MOONLIGHT ON THE BAY.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

BY

HENRY SANDHAM.

SANDHAM has given us here a vivid reproduction of the phosphorescent glare as we have often seen it reflected from the waves in strong moonlight.

What fitting counterparts the scene makes with the following lines from Milton's *Paradise Lost*!—

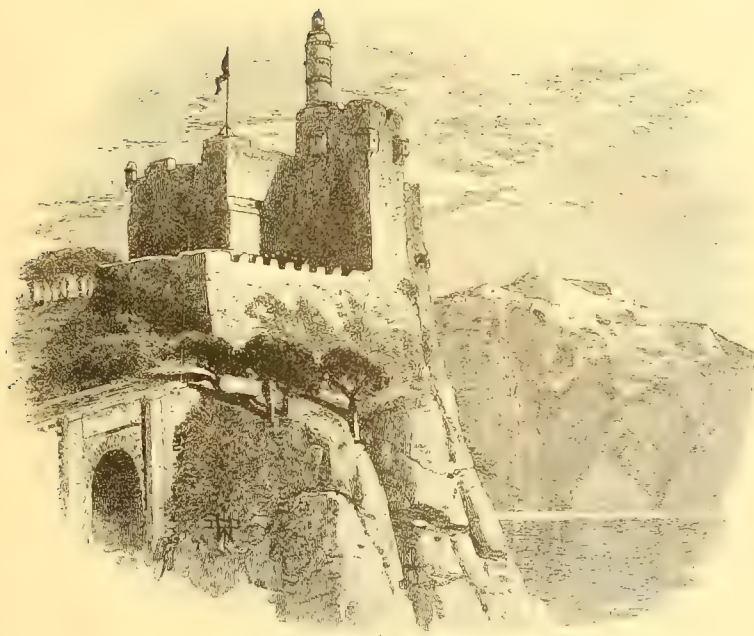
“The moon.

Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.”



J. D. WOODWARD.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SECOND.



"The splendor falls on castle walls"

DRAWN BY WOODWARD.

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild
echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying,
dying, dying."

MR. J. D. WOODWARD, of whose works we will speak in this paper, is one of our best-known painters and illustrators. Born in Middlesex County, Virginia, on July 12, 1842, and three years later moving to Kentucky with his parents, he commenced the study of art, at the age of fifteen, in the studio of Mr. F. C. Welsch, of Cincinnati, Ohio. But, being ambitious and anxious to rise in his chosen profession, and desiring better opportunities than it was possible to procure in Cincinnati, at that time, he went to New York in 1863, where he has

since resided. He studied at the National Academy of Design, and also at the Cooper Institute, at the same time making designs for books and magazines.

But it was not until 1872, when "Picturesque America" was published by D. Appleton & Co., that this able artist began to devote himself almost exclusively to illustrating. He visited almost every State in the Union, making special sketches for the publication, and, at its completion, was sent abroad by the same firm to make drawings for "Picturesque Europe," and afterwards he went to the East, travelling and sketching for "Picturesque Palestine, Sinai, and Egypt." Since the last publication of that series, Mr. Woodward has been devoting himself to landscape painting, principally; occasionally, however, making drawings for fine art works.

The first two illustrations in this article were made for Tennyson's "Bugle Song," and we are able to grasp immediately the spirit of the poem, so vividly has the artist portrayed its meaning. How the high cliffs stand out in the clear, cool, air; indeed, the atmosphere in Mr. Woodward's pictures is a strong point and a great charm, bringing out as it does every object free and strong, and appealing most acutely to our senses. One can almost hear the echoes,—



"O, love, they die in yon rich sky."

DRAWN BY WOODWARD.

"Oh hark, oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying."



THE DESOLATE CREEK.

DRAWN BY J. D. WOODWARD.



THE DYING SWAN. DRAWN BY WOODWARD.

And here we have the *Dying Swan*,—but the poem will best show us the beauties of this picture.

I.

“The plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful grey.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day;
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

II.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose
And white against the cold white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro’ the marish green and still
The tangled water courses slept,
Shot over with purple and green and yellow.

III.

The wild swan's death hymn took the soul
Of that waste place with joy

Hidden in sorrow; at first to the ear
The warble was low and full and clear;
And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar and sometimes anear;

But anon the awful jubilant voice,
With music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth as a carol free and bold;

As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms and with cymbals and harps of gold
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd,
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the souging reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish flower that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.



"I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers."

DRAWN BY WOODWARD

Two admirable and well-contrasted drawings are these which show succeeding phases in the life of a ship. In the first we have the prosaic side,—a grimy, noisy, smoky wharf where the vessel lies while her cargo is being stowed aboard; the second displays the poetry of her existence,—the breezy mouth of the harbor, with the ship about to cast off all ties which link her to the shore, and stand out for the open sea. Now you can almost hear the crew sing, as they “sheet home” the sails to the encouraging accompaniment of some sailor ditty, “Fare you well, I’m bound away,” or the like. An English poet has put the spirit of the scene into these lines:—



THE CITY WHARVES. DRAWN BY WOODWARD.

“Fare you well, sweethearts! Heave O, cheerly, men!
 Shore gambarado and sport!
 The good ship all ready,
 Each dog-vane is steady,
 The wind blowing dead out of port,
 Heave O!

AMERICAN ART

"Once in blue water — Heave O, cheerly, men!
 Blow it from North or from South;
 She'll stand to it tightly,
 And curtsy politely,
 And carry a bone in her mouth,
 Heave O!

"Short cruise or long cruise — Heave O, cheerly, men!
 Jolly Jack Tar thinks it one,
 No latitude dreads he
 Of White, Black, or Red Sea,
 Great icebergs, or tropical sun,
 Heave O!"



OUTWARD BOUND. DRAWN BY WOODWARD.

What a wonderful life the air seems to have! One can almost feel the fresh, cool wind, that fills the ship's sails, and carries it bounding over the sea.

Mr. Woodward is a regular exhibitor at the National Academy of Design, where his works are always well received, and hung to advantage.

In 1882, he revisited Europe, where he remained about two years, studying art in England and France. His home, however, as before stated, is in New York City, where he has acquired a brilliant reputation as a thorough artist.



THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

DRAWN BY E. D. WOODWARD

It is a charming picture of an old English church which the artist has given us in this illustration. How peacefully the river glides along beneath the stone arches of the bridge, waving the reeds in rhythmic motion as it flows past the churchyard wall! The sun is setting, and a last gleam lights up the white headstones that cluster about the gray tower of the ancient house of God, while the rooks circle around its ivy-covered top.

A fitting embellishment to such words as these from Gray's immortal "Elegy":—



THE VILLAGE CHURCH. DRAWN BY WOODWARD.

“Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

Or to Tennyson's lines where he speaks of the —

“Graves grass-green beside a gray church tower,
Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blossomed.”

Another very pleasing landscape due to the talent of Mr. Woodward is *A Glimpse of the River*:

"A glimpse of the river! it glimmers
Through the stems of the beeches;
Through the screen of the willows it shimmers
In long winding reaches,
Flowing so softly that scarcely
It seems to be flowing:
But the reeds of the low little islands
Are bent to its going;



A GLIMPSE OF THE RIVER. DRAWN BY WOODWARD

And soft as the breath of a sleeper
Its heaving and sighing
In the coves where the fleets of the lilies
At anchor are lying:
It looks as if fallen asleep
In the lap of the meadows, and smiling
Like a child in the grass, dreaming deep
Of the flowers and their golden beguiling."

The drawing entitled *The Shining Sea* also deserves high praise for its effective arrangement of light and shade. It would be a happy adjunct to Mrs. Craik's beautiful verses entitled "At the Seaside," which we will venture to quote entire:—

"Oh solitary, shining sea,
That ripples in the sun!
Oh gray and melancholy sea,
O'er which the shadows run!

"Oh many-voiced and angry sea,
Breaking with moan and strain!—
I, like a humble, chastened child,
Come back to thee again,



THE SHINING SEA. DRAWN BY WOODWARD.

And build child-castles, and dig moats
Upon the quiet sands,
And twist the cliff-convolvulus
Once more round idle hands,

"And look across that ocean line.
As o'er Life's summer sea,
Where many a hope went sailing once.
Full set, with canvas free.

"Strange, strange, to think how some of them
Their silver sails have furled;
And some have whitely glided down
Into the under world.

"And some, dismasted, tossed, and torn,
Put back in port once more,
Thankful to ride, with freight still safe,
At anchor near the shore.

"Strange it is to lie at ease
As now, with thoughts that fly
More light and wandering than seabirds
Between the waves and sky,

"To play child's play with shells and weeds,
And view the ocean grand
Sunk to one wave that may submerge
A baby house of sand, —

"And not once look, or look by chance,
With old dreams quite supprest,
Across that mystic wild sea-world
Of infinite unrest.

"Oh ever-solitary sea!
Of which we all have found
Somewhat to dream or say, the type
Of things without a bound, —

"Love long as life and strong as death;
Faith, humble as sublime;
Eternity, whose large depths hold
The wrecks of this small Time, —

"Unchanging, everlasting sea!
To spirits soothed and calm
Thy restless moan of other years
Becomes an endless psalm."

Readers of late issues of the "Century" cannot have failed to notice Mr. Woodward's excellent illustrations to some recent articles upon the Holy Land, which depict many of the places made so familiar to us by their association with the deeds and words of Our Lord. There is Bethany, Jericho, Jerusalem, the river Jordan, the Sea of Galilee, and the Garden of Gethsemane, all drawn with an admirable blending of force and delicacy. One may be pardoned for envying such an artist as Mr. Woodward, not only for his gifts as an illustrator, but for the opportunities of travel which he has enjoyed. It seems a delightful task—that of journeying over many lands in search of the picturesque, not alone on our own soil but in the countries of Europe and of Asia. To drink in the beauties of Nature abroad and at home, and appreciate them with the keen perceptions of the artist-soul, and then—on the spot, and while one's first impressions are fresh and vivid—to record them in speaking lines which are destined to be reproduced for the pleasure and profit of thousands, must be a congenial task, and one fraught with many charms. Yet we should err if we left this subject with an idea that such work is easy. Read what the eminent art-writer Hamerton says on painting from Nature, and we shall see some of the difficulties to be overcome, and what are some of the demands made upon the artist. The critic is speaking of painting mountains:

"The form of a mountain under changing light is the most unstable thing in the world, except that of a sea wave. *The perception of mountain form is entirely dependent on effect.* A great rough boss on the side of a mountain is its principal feature one minute, and the next you cannot find it,—seek as you will, you cannot find it any more than if the thing had been fairly chiselled away by the hand of a mighty sculptor. Rocks alter in apparent shape as the light changes. A wreath of mist creeps stealthily, and shows you a chasm you never suspected yesterday; a sunbeam falls, and a great crag leaps out to bask in it like an eagle from the copse, and, after a certain practical apprenticeship, the student at last discovers that the *only* truth of landscape painting is temporary, and that *real form belongs to sculpture alone*. . . . Painters who are not much accustomed to paint mountains from Nature are invariably defeated by the subtlety of the natural lines; the extreme refinement of form, so different from the vulgar exaggerations of many popular artists; the infinity of detail; and the impenetrable mystery which veils it all as with enchantment. Add to these difficulties the tremendous one of Nature's *changefulness*. Every day she offers some new effect to the student, some days she offers two or three hundred, any one of which, in its glorious and august presence, seems to him more noble and more worthy to be painted than the one he has already selected. The temptations of the new effects are to beginners quite irresistible. They alter their work to suit some effect seen more recently, and so ruin it. As for the recent effect being grander than the one first chosen, it is generally a mere delusion, for the comparison instituted by the painter cannot really be *between the two effects*, as they

occurred in Nature, but between his strong and vivid recollection of the effect of to-day, and his worn-out impression of the effect he saw a fortnight ago; and no wonder, if, after a comparison of this kind, the most recent effect should appear the more noble and beautiful. An experienced workman makes his choice of effect carefully, but once chosen he abides by it, and relies upon it, nor can all the enchantments of subsequent splendor turn him one instant from his purpose. A good way to guard oneself against this besetting temptation of recent effects is, to make memoranda of them all as they occur, even though it may interrupt the progress of the picture. These memoranda will always be valuable, and they serve to allay the instinctive desire to represent everything that moves and excites us.

"The impenetrable mystery of Nature is a great cause of defeat to young artists, who, even when they have skill enough to draw firmly and accurately, can so rarely attain that wonderful evanescence of execution which represents just so much of objects as we see of them in Nature, *and no more*. No object is ever well drawn that is completely drawn, nor can any picture ever have the look of reality, in which details, however numerous, are all brought out with perfect definition. It does not signify how much work there may be in a picture; where every detail is thoroughly defined, it will always look poor; and a rapid sketch by a real artist, if only mysterious enough, will have more power over the mind, and recall more mightily the infinity of Nature, than any quantity of perfectly definite labor. Now the difficulty of rendering the mystery of Nature is intimately associated with the other difficulty occasioned by her changefulness. She generally defines *something*; some fragment of the outline of an object comes out clearly for a moment, whilst a great part of the same outline lies in various degrees of semi-definition, and the rest of it is untraceable altogether. This for perhaps two seconds, but the third second the very part of the outline which was untraceable may have become the clearest and most definite, the part that was definite at first being now vague, or perhaps entirely invisible. Such changes occur incessantly in every detail of a great mountain's front, even in the serenest weather. Any attempt to paint such a detail by mere ocular copyism must therefore be futile, for a touch cannot be laid before it will become falsified by these minute changes; changes by ordinary eyes unnoticed and uncared for, but which cannot long be ignored by any practical student.

"To illustrate this, let us take a single instance of no extraordinary difficulty. The painter wants a faithful picture of Ben Cruachan. So he plants his easel as near to the mountain as he can get it, if he wishes to see it at all, which of course must be a few miles off. He sits down conscientiously to paint a portrait of Ben Cruachan from nature.

"The first day is the 10th of July. A good, plain, daylight effect is on the hill—not a difficult evanescent effect, but such plain daylight as an unimaginative copyist likes best.

"The picture cannot possibly be finished before the 10th of August.

"On the 10th of July, the water is a deep blue, the mountain a pale but rich olive-green, with a peculiar velvety texture, anything but easy to imitate.

"The next day the water is cold gray, almost white, and the mountain full of various new grays and deep purples, with an entirely new texture not at all velvety.

"Now the question is, whether the painter, in continuing to paint the effect of the 10th of July on the 11th, is painting from nature or from memory.

"He is painting from *memory*. It is self-deception on his part to fancy that he is painting from nature merely because he is working out of doors.

"And day after day there is a new and brilliant effect,—inconceivably more brilliant in its imposing presence than the painter's fast-fading recollection of what he saw on the 10th of July. If he is determined to finish the picture from nature, in the sense of direct copyism of the hues before him, there are only two ways of doing it. Either he may paint from nature day by day, and so make his picture intensely unnatural, by mixing together a hundred incompatible and contradictory effects, or he may paint whenever the chosen effect shall recur, which may be five or six times in a twelvemonth.

"Mountains in Nature are full of exquisite and refined *form*, needing most masterly skill in drawing for even an approximate rendering, such skill as only three or four men now alive possess,—such skill as the rest of us may humbly labor for and aspire to. How shall we follow the lines of their innumerable streams,—how render the roundings of their infinitely various surfaces, the delicate moulding of the swelling forms between the streams, the projections of the descending slopes, throwing all the sculpture of the great mountain front into intricate fore-shortening, full of difficult perspective? The very best of us can give but a sort of abstract of mountain. No man ever really drew a mountain front in its infinite fulness, and no man ever will draw one; for such work is beyond all human power. The most masterly mountain painting in the world is nothing but a well-selected abstract and abridgment, choosing the most expressive lines, but not rendering one line out of ten. And in those lines that we do render, how are we to approach the ineffable tenderness and subtlety of Nature?"

These thoughtful and incisive sentences have special appropriateness here, as Mr. Woodward has made many drawings of mountains, several of which are reproduced in some of the illustrations to this article.





ESTHER LYON.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

FREDERIC DIELMAN.

THIS portrait of Esther Lyon, showing her seated among the birch-trees as was her wont, is executed in Dielman's characteristic manner, and shows the depth of finish attainable in portraits of this class.

How easily we can connect with the charmingly undisturbed expression of her face George Eliot's words in "Felix Holt, the Radical," where she says:—

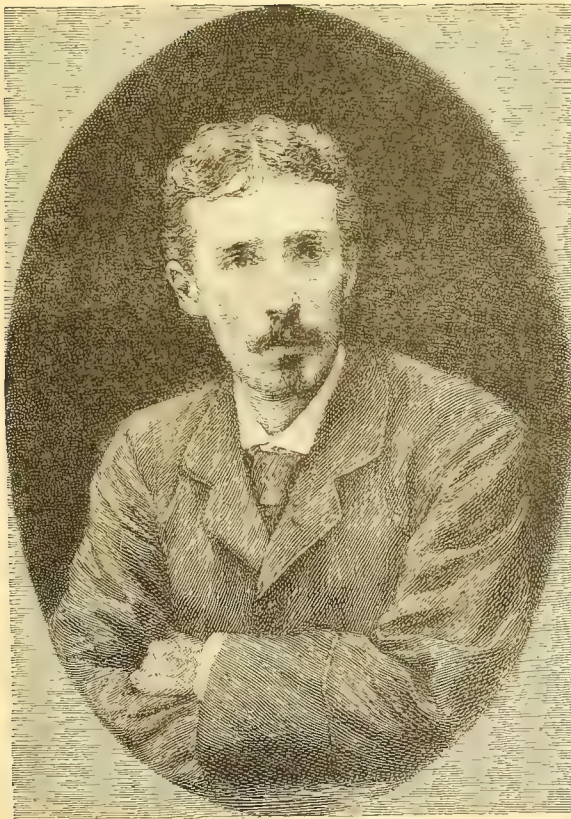
"She had one of those exceptional organizations which are quick and sensitive without being in the least morbid; she was alive to the finest shades of manner, to the nicest distinctions of tone and accent; she had a little code of her own about scents and colors, textures and behavior, by which she secretly condemned or sanctioned all things and persons."



STUDY OF A HEAD. DRAWN BY BECKWITH

J. CARROLL BECKWITH.

CHAPTER FIFTY-THIRD.



JAMES CARROLL BECKWITH.

JAMES CARROLL BECKWITH was born in Hannibal, Missouri, in 1852, but his family removing to Chicago, when he was a child, he grew up in that lacustrine city. After the great fire of 1871, he went to New York, and studied for a time at the schools of the National Academy of Design, but sailed for Europe in 1873, and became a pupil of Carolus Duran in Paris, also attending the evening drawing classes at the École des Beaux-Arts and receiving there several honorable mentions for his work. The clever young Westerner was chosen by his master to assist him by tracing his designs upon canvas, laying in backgrounds and painting draperies, and, with his fellow-pupil, John S. Sargent, now famous as a portrait painter, was allowed to aid in the completion of a ceiling of the Luxembourg Palace, which Carolus Duran had been commissioned to decorate. In this, Beckwith drew one of the most important figures, that of Fame, who is shown as trumpeting the renown of Marie de Medicis; and Sargent painted his master's portrait in a corner of the composition. In 1876, Beckwith set up a studio of his own, and the next year,

contributed his first picture—a portrait of an old man—to the Salon. In the Paris Exposition of 1878, he was represented by a portrait and his large picture of *The Falconer*. The same

year he returned to America, and settling in New York, was appointed one of the teachers at the Art Students' League. To the National Academy of 1879 he sent a *Lady in Red*; 1880 saw *Under the Lilacs*; 1881, *The Christian Martyr*; 1882, *Azalie*; 1886, *Mother and Child*;



STUDY OF A HEAD. DRAWN BY BECKWITH.

various portraits from his hand having hung on its walls in different years. He was elected an associate of the Academy in 1886; he is also a member of the Society of American Artists, to whose exhibitions he has contributed numerous paintings. His other works include a portrait of William M. Chase, *Cordelia*, *Judith*, *The Model's Breakfast*, *Summer*, and *Vivian*, the last named being the property of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. Beckwith's pastels rank among the best of those produced in America, and he paints also in water colors. His work is distinguished by a breadth of style, and an unerring grace which is rarely met with outside of Continental schools. As may be seen by the specimens given herewith, Beckwith's drawings are remarkable for their freedom, ease, and vigor, and bear witness to his complete command over his materials.

The late Edward Strahan, in an article on Beckwith, which he contributed to the "Art Amateur" some years ago, speaks thus of his work in black and white:—

"With the crayon, Beckwith simply luxuriates. His hand is inimitably supple, firm, and graceful in manipulating this implement. Whether sketching from an old master in a Venetian church, or picking up a graceful form or posture from the street, he draws with fine sweep and an unfailing sentiment of grace. It is not easy to understand what right he has to his magnificent hand, his sweeping touch at once broad and true, for there is nothing in his derivation or origin to make him a designer '*de race*.' To inherit such an implement one should be born in the shadow of the Parthenon and trained in the school of the Caracci, at least."

Beckwith, unlike many other American artists, appreciates the full importance, not only of good drawing, but of making preliminary studies for a picture before beginning to place it on canvas. Too many young painters are impatient of the time and labor required by this work and their productions often suffer in consequence. All will agree that to-day the ablest school of art in the world is to be found in France, and in no other country is so much attention given to drawing. The great masters of old made numberless studies for their masterpieces, and the names of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, and Holbein are those of men who thoroughly knew the value—one might say, in almost every case, the indispensableness—of such preparatory work. Raphael made hundreds of sketches and drawings in pen, pencil, and crayon, sepia and bistre, which are now preserved in the galleries of Europe. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the celebrated English portrait painter, gathered a matchless collection of Raphael's designs, one hundred and sixty in number, the greater part of which are now in the University Galleries at Oxford. Among the largest collections of drawings and studies by the old masters are those in the British Museum, the Louvre, the Uffizi at Florence, and the Albertina at Vienna, and there are many rich private collections, especially in England and France. The Duke of Devonshire possesses the "*Liber Veritatis*" of Claude Lorraine, which contains two hundred autograph drawings from his paintings; at Castle Howard are eighty-eight portraits in



THE FALCONER.

FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES CARROLL BECKWITH.

black and white chalk of persons eminent at the court of France in the sixteenth century, by François Clouet; and in the Royal Library at Windsor are eighty-three similar portrait-drawings, by Holbein, including the likenesses of such famous historical personages as the ill-fated Queen Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas More, Edward VI., and Sir Thomas Wyatt. These were lent by the Queen to the Exhibition of Portraits and Relics of the royal house of Tudor, which was held in London in 1890. The largest collection of drawings by the old masters in this country is that given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, by Cornelius Vanderbilt and the late Cephas G. Thompson, the artist; but at Bowdoin College may be seen a quantity of interesting studies, many of which bear great names, which were bequeathed by the Hon. James Bowdoin in 1811; and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts possesses a number of original drawings by Washington Allston, Copley, J. F. Millet, William Morris Hunt, and Dr. William Rimmer. Many of such drawings show the patient care which their makers gave to the correct delineation of anatomy



THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR. DRAWN BY BECKWITH, FROM HIS OWN PAINTING.

and of drapery, while not a few have more freedom and spontaneity than can be perceived in the finished work for which they served as the preliminary steps. Haydon said, "There is always something in a sketch which you can never get when your feelings are quiescent," and in the first sketch for the great work of some master-hand, hastily but vigorously put upon paper while the glow of the first conception thrilled his soul, we see closer the man himself and the idea he was striving to convey. Again, many famous paintings of the past, having perished or disappeared, are known only to us by the studies for them which still exist, or by copies. Such was Holbein's fresco of Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, Henry VIII., and Queen Jane Seymour, painted in 1537, in the Privy Chamber at Whitehall, and destroyed by fire in 1698, a large and most carefully finished cartoon of which, from the hand of the great portrait painter himself, is now in the possession of the Marquis of Hartington, and was by him lent to the Tudor exhi-

bition of 1890. Studies are often possessed of special interest also, because they show the changes from the original design — not always improvements — made by the artist in the finished work.

Beckwith's picture of *The Christian Martyr* when exhibited at the Academy was accompanied in the catalogue by the following note, which will be of interest to our readers: —

"In the explorations made by the Italian savant, Boldetti, through the catacombs at Rome in the early part of the last century, a tomb was found, on the stones of which were carved the words,

'CYRIACAE DULCISSIMÆ, DEPOSITÆ, IN PACE, VIXIT ANNOS XX., IDIBUS MARTIIS.'

(The sweet Cyriacae, deposited here in peace at the age of twenty, died on the ides of March.) Following these words were chiselled the palm branch, — emblem of victory in martyrdom, — and above the 'P.X.' for Christ, while at the left and right were the anchor and dove with the olive branch. Cyriacae is represented in the picture immediately after her death in the arena, when she is laid in the stone cell of the catacombs with freshly gathered palms in her hands, while the halo of immortality surrounds her head."

Paul Delaroche once painted a fine work having the same theme, and showing a lovely dead maiden floating on the darkening waters of the Tiber, whose nearer ripples are illuminated by a supernatural light which proceeds from the pure and halo-crowned face of the young martyr.

Turning to the artist's painting entitled *The Falconer*, some words as to the history of the particular branch of hunting, of which this pictured youth is so handsome an exponent, may be allowable.

The sport of hawking is of great antiquity. It was practised in China 2000 B. C., and was a favorite pastime in Assyria, Egypt, Persia, Syria, India, Japan, Arabia, and Turkey. A certain sultan is said to have kept at one time six thousand falconers. Allusions to the practice of falconry in Europe are found in the works of Aristotle, Martial, and Pliny. It seems to have been introduced into England about the year 860, and is said to have been made the subject of a treatise by Alfred the Great. Edward the Confessor, when not studying, spent his time in hunting or hawking, and the latter art was carried to great perfection by the early Normans. To appear with a hawk, was to be seen as a gentleman. The various kinds of hawks appertained to different ranks, and the grade of the bearer was known by the bird he bore. In the reign of Edward III., the Bishop of Ely revenged himself upon a sacrilegious thief who had stolen his hawk, by solemnly excommunicating him. The clergy were great lovers of—

"The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,
The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,
The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,"

and Chaucer said of them, —

"They ride coursers like knights,
With hawks and with hounds."

One authority says: "Of all the country sports appertaining to the upper classes during the Middle Ages, hawking may be fairly considered as the most distinctively aristocratic. In the course of centuries it became a semi-science," accumulated a language of its own, and entailed great expense upon its devotees. A knowledge of hawking was essential to a gentleman's education, and he rarely appeared in public without his hawk upon his wrist. A satirist of the fifteenth century thus inveighs against those who brought their birds to church: —

"Into the church there comes another sot,
Without devotion, strutting up and down,
For to be seen, and show his braided coat;
Upon his fist sits sparrow-hawk or falcon."

The gentler sex also were lovers of the sport. Dame Juliana Berners, who is said to be the earliest female writer in English, and who was celebrated for her beauty, spirit, and passion



STUDY.

DRAWN BY JAMES CARROLL BECEWITH.

for field sports, published in 1486 a "Treatise pertaining to hawking, hunting, and fishing with an angle," which is generally known as the "Book of St. Albans." In William Morris's poem of "The Sailing of the Sword," when the three knights were going away, each asked his ladylove what he should bring her on his return. One wished for a ruby, one for naught but her lover's safe return, and the third asked for a falcon.

"Sir Miles said, while the sails hung down,
 When the Sword went out to sea,
'Oh, Ursula! while I see the town,
 What shall I bring for thee?'
'Dear Knight, bring back a falcon brown':
 The Sword went out to sea.

"Sir Miles he bore a falcon brown,
 When the Sword came back from sea;
His arms went round Ursula's gown,—
 'What joy, O love, but thee?'
Let us be wed in the good town,
 Now the Sword is back from sea!'"



STUDY. DRAWN BY BECKWITH.

The heroine of Robert Browning's "Count Gismond" asks her husband, who comes as she finishes telling her friend the story of their love, —

"And have you brought my tercel back?
I was just telling Adela
How many birds it struck since May."

Henry VIII. was once nearly smothered in a ditch which his ungainly bulk fell into when following his bird; and "A Jewel for Gentry," published in 1614, represents King James I. in the costume of a falconer. Geffry Whitney's "Choice of Emblems and other Devises," Leyden, 1586, says apropos of the hawk's lure, which, when used as an emblem, typifies vain hopes, —

"The eager hawk, with sudden sight of lure,
Doth stoop, in hope to have her wished prey:
So many men do stoop to sights unsure,
And courteous speech doth keep them at the bay:
Let such beware, lest friendly looks be like
The lure, to which the soaring hawk did strike!"

Betting upon hawks was common, and Heywood's curious play entitled, "A Woman killed with Kindness," 1617, contains a scene with gentlemen making wagers on their birds. John Aubrey in 1678 wrote, "In the last age, every gentlemanlike man kept a sparrow-hawk, and a priest kept a bobby (a very small kind of hawk), as Dame Julian Berners teaches us; it was also a diversion for young gentlewomen, to man sparrow-hawks and merlins." About the middle of the seventeenth century hawking began to decline in England, to revive somewhat after the Restoration. The Merry Monarch kept hawks, as we see by the following advertisement which appeared in the "London Gazette" of 1667.

"A rare Ger Falcon of His Majesty, lost the 13th of August, who had one varvel of his keeper, Roger Higs, of Westminster, Gent. Whosoever hath taken her up and give notice to Sir Allan Apsley, Master of His Majesties Hawks at St. James's, shall be rewarded for his paines. *Back stairs in Whitehall.*"

The decline of falconry in England was owing to the improvement of guns for light fowling-pieces and the enclosing of waste lands and it did not recover, though it has never been even temporarily extinct and is successfully practised at the present day. The office of Grand Falconer of England is still in existence, being a hereditary one, and is held by the Duke of St. Albans, who draws from it nearly a thousand pounds per annum, though it has long been an absolute sinecure.

The falcon has often served the poet for a simile, and the painter for a subject. Shakspeare (whose crest, by the way, was a falcon holding a spear) makes Othello, when he first suspects Desdemona, say, —

"If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune."

A "haggard" is a wild hawk and "jesses" are the short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk by which she is held on the fist. Falconers let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with or down the wind, she seldom returns.

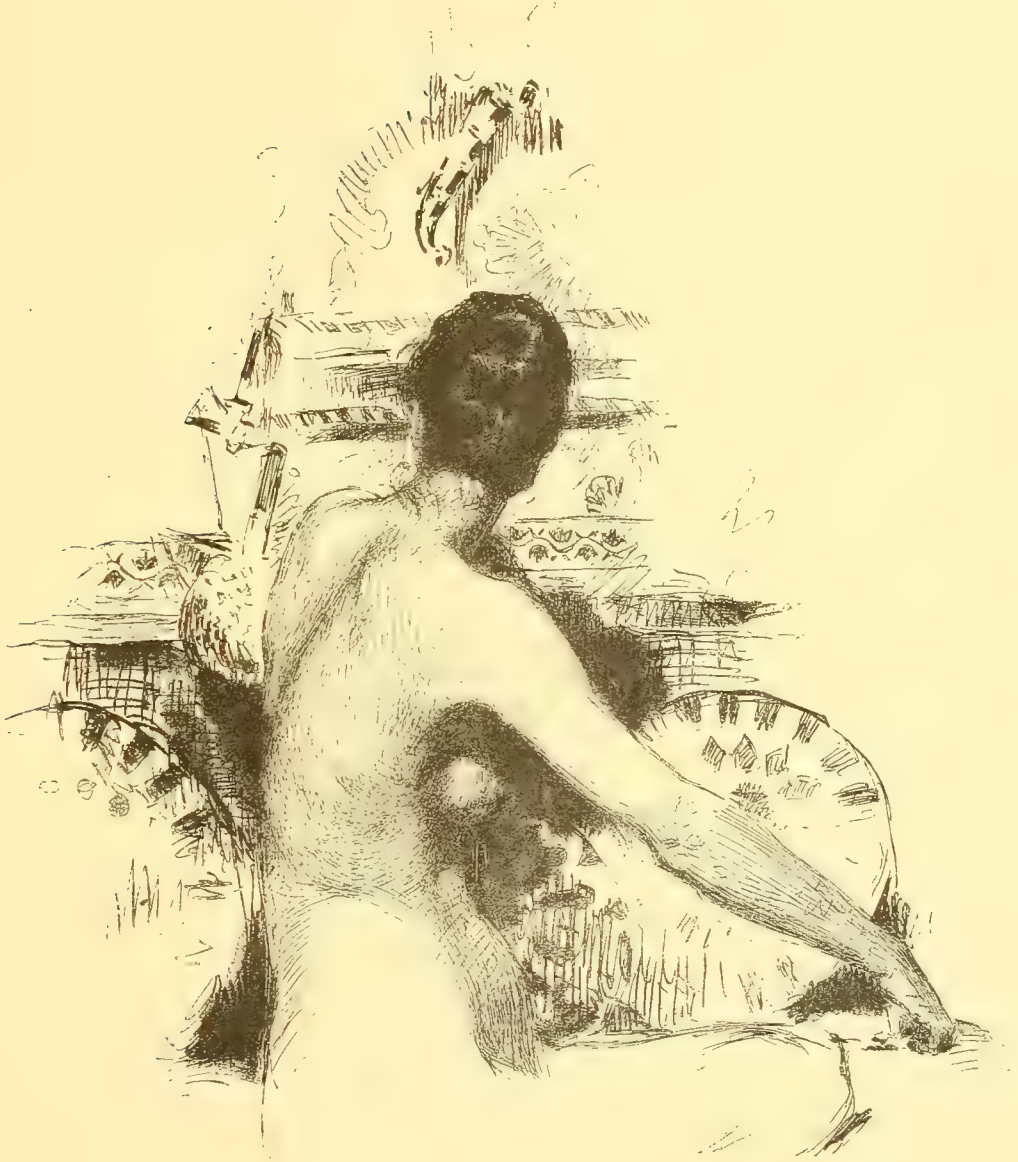
In the "Taming of the Shrew" Petruchio likens Katharine to a hawk when, commenting upon the results of his discipline, he says, —



STUDY.

DRAWN BY JAMES CARROLL BECKWITH.

"My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
 And, till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.
 Another way I have to man my haggard,
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
 That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient."



STUDY. DRAWN BY BECKWITH.

Shakspeare, who knew everything, was of course familiar with the language of falconry where to "man a haggard" means to tame a hawk, to "watch" or "wake" is one of the methods of taming by preventing sleep, and to "bate" is to flutter, In an old song book of the Elizabethan age, we find the following fanciful lines:—

"A sparrow-hawk proud did hold in wicked jail
 Music's sweet chorister, the nightingale,
 To whom with sighs she said, 'Oh set me free!
 And in my song, I'll praise no bird but thee.'
 The hawk replied, 'I will not lose my diet,
 To let a thousand such enjoy their quiet.'"

Here is a Tartar song about a falcon, translated by Richard Henry Stoddard:—

"I am a white falcon, hurrah!
 My home is the mountains so high;
 But away o'er the land and the waters,
 Wherever I please, I can fly.
 "I wander from city to city,
 I dart from the wave to the cloud;
 And when I am dead, I shall slumber,
 With my own white wings for a shroud!"

Browning sings,—

"Hark, the wind's on the heath at its game!
 Oh for a noble falcon-lanner
 To flap each broad wing like a banner,
 And turn with the wind, and dance like flame!"

Both Longfellow and Tennyson have used Boccaccio's story of the "Falcon," the former in a poem, and the latter in a play.

Tennyson's hero apostrophizes his bird thus:—

"My princess of the cloud, my plumed purveyor,
 My far-eyed queen of the wind—thou that canst soar
 Beyond the morning lark, and howsoever
 Thy quarry wind and wheel, swoop down upon him
 Eagle-like, lightning like—strike, make his feathers
 Glance in mid heaven."

In the Museum at the Hague is a magnificent portrait by Holbein, of Robert Cheseman, falconer to Henry VIII., holding a hooded hawk on his hand; at Buckingham Palace there is a fine portrait of a falconer by Rubens; the gallery at Brunswick possesses an admirable portrait of a man with a hawk standing on his hand, by Frans Floris; and many other painters, ancient and modern, have introduced this spirited bird into their pictures, among them Couture, who painted *A Falconer*; and the Russian artist Vereschaguine, who has depicted a *Kirghiz Falconer*, clad in an odd and cumbrous, but rich costume, lifting a splendid hawk on hand above his head.

A favorite subject of Fromentin's brush was the *Arab Falconer*, and of this he painted several slightly varying pictures, one of which is in the Powers Art Gallery at Rochester, N. Y. His splendid picture in the Luxembourg Gallery, entitled *A Falcon Hunt in Algeria: the Quarry*, is well known, not only from the admirably painted hunting-birds and their masters and attendants, but also because of the superb white horse which stands in the foreground and turns its beautiful head towards the eager falcons about to fasten on their prey. A finer steed it would be difficult to find in any painting, modern or ancient.

It may not be out of place to say a few words here about Mr. Johnson, who engraved *The Falconer* and some of the other wood-cuts in this work. Were our readers ignorant, as they surely are not, of the high merits of the wood-engravings which he has supplied for some years past to "The Century," this splendid piece of wood cutting would alone be sufficient evidence of his powers. Thomas Johnson was born in London in 1843, and learned the art of wood engraving in that city.

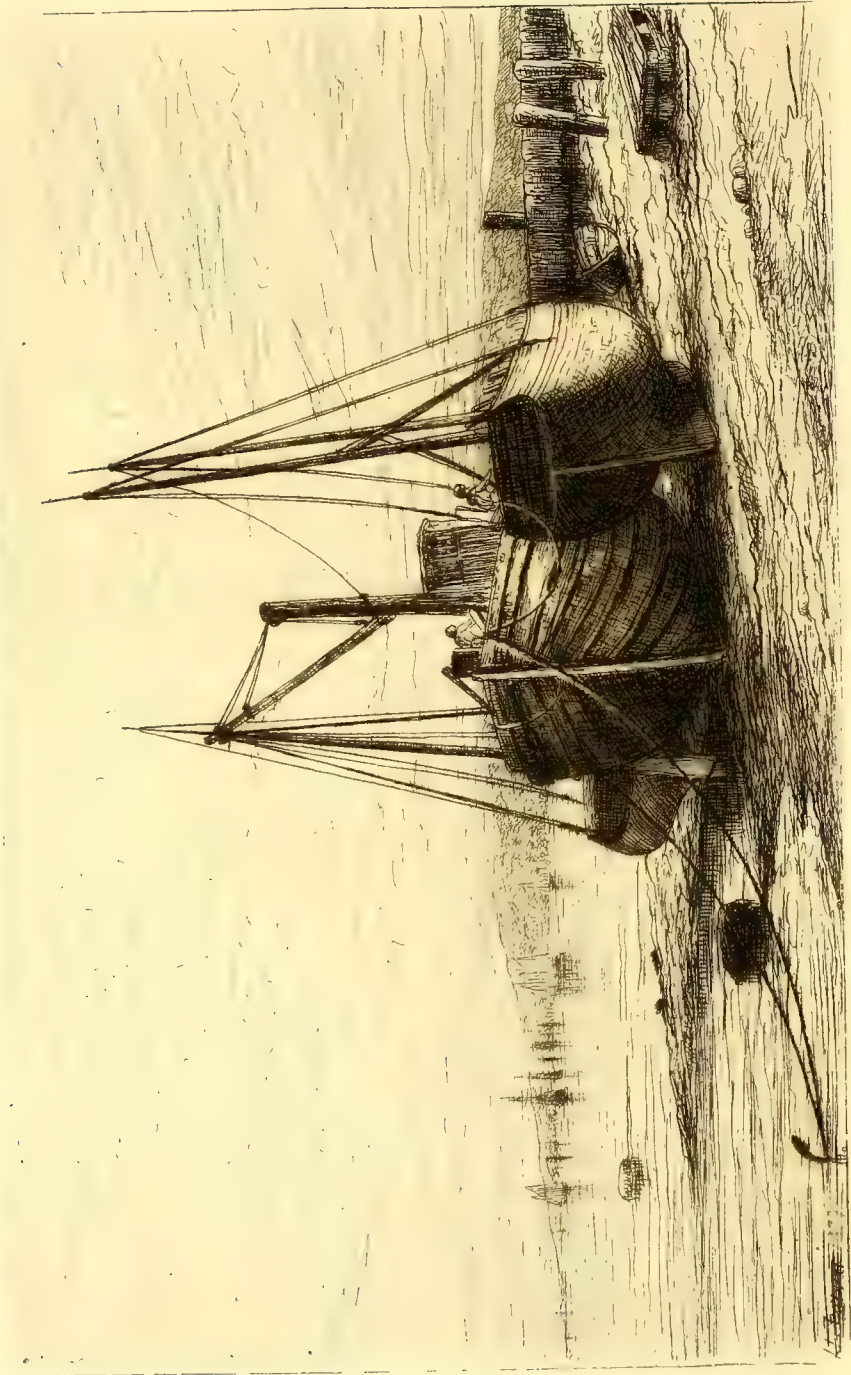


STUDY OF DRAPERY.

DRAWN BY JAMES CARROLL PECKWITH.

After working there both for other engravers and independently until he was some thirty years old, he heard that his occupation was well patronized in the United States and decided to repair thither. Arriving in New York in 1874, he first procured work at Frank Leslie's and later from the Harpers' and "Century." For the last named publication his finest cuts have been engraved, and they include such blocks as the masterly *Head of a Soldier*, after Rembrandt; the *Head of Æsop*, after Velasquez; Fortuny's *Spanish Lady*; and the portraits of Peter Cooper, Longfellow, Daudet, Count Tolstoi, Tennyson, Liszt, Ruskin, and Lincoln. As a portrait engraver on wood, Mr. Johnson is certainly the equal, and some would say the superior, of any one in America, and that is the same as to say the world, as far as this particular art is concerned.





ON NEW YORK BAY.

ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

HENRY FARRER.

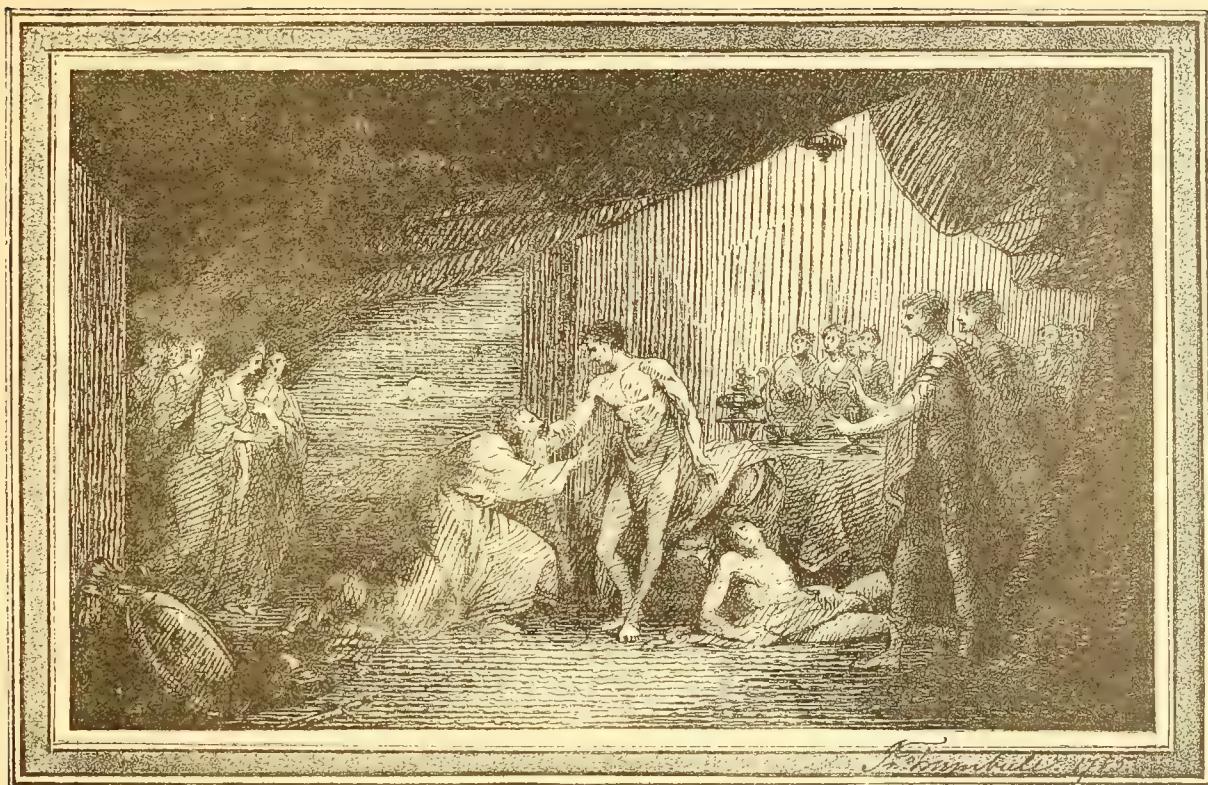
HENRY FARRER was born in London on the 23d of March, 1843, and came to America when he was nineteen years old. In the earlier part of his artistic career he was for some time an adherent of the so-called pre-Raphaelite school. At one time he had practically abandoned etching, when, under the stimulus of congenial fellowship, at the formation of the New York Etching Club, he became one of our most zealous and prolific etchers.

In his *On New York Bay* the dry-point, although still effectively used, steps into the background, and more reliance is placed on the etched line.



The above Head was sketched in 1780, from Sir Thomas Lawrence, with whom I was then intimate; and who did me the Favor to act as Model for my dying Spaniard; in the last picture I have lately been told by Mr. Robert Gilcher, that Sir Thomas informed him that He had never set for his portrait, except on this occasion to me:—this therefore may be regarded as an unique resemblance of the very eminent and estimable Man.

J. T.



PRIAM IN THE TENT OF ACHILLES.

FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY TRUMBULL, IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. B. SILLIMAN, NEW HAVEN.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

FIRST ARTICLE.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOURTH.

JOHN TRUMBULL, the subject of this article, was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6th, 1756. He records himself as of Scottish origin on his father's side, and of Puritan origin on his mother's. The father of Trumbull's mother, the Rev. John Robinson, was a man of strong will, which quality characterized both Trumbull's mother and himself. It is related of him, that, on being excommunicated for independent opinions, he refused to recognize the sentence, and, on the first Sabbath following its promulgation on which the communion was administered, took his own bread and wine to church, and celebrated the rite by himself.

Young Trumbull early showed a taste for drawing. He had two sisters, Faith and Mary, much older than himself, who had learned embroidery, a young lady's artistic accomplishment in those days, and whose samplers, together with "two heads and a landscape," painted by Miss Faith, hung on the walls of the sitting-room in their father's house. These designs their young brother imitated by scrawling them on the "nicely sanded floor," carpets being then unknown in Lebanon. He had also other tastes. "At the age of twelve," he says in his Memoirs, "I had read Eutropius, Cornelius Nepos, Virgil, Cicero, Horace, and Juvenal, in Latin, the Testament and Homer's *Iliad*, in Greek, and was thoroughly versed in geography, ancient and modern." At Harvard College, where he was graduated at seventeen, he added to his intellectual resources a knowledge of French, obtained from Père Robichaud, an exile, while at the same time he gratified his love of art by ransacking the College library for books on that subject. *Jesuit's Perspective made Easy*, by Brooke Taylor, and Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*,

seem to have been the most important works on the theory of art that fell into his hands, while historical authorities like Rollin familiarized him with the names and works of Pheidias, Praxiteles, Zeuxis, and Apelles. Besides the books he read, a few fine engravings, a set of Piranesi's drawings of Roman ruins, a call on John Singleton Copley, "dressed in fine maroon cloth, with gilt buttons," who was then a leading portrait-painter in Boston, and, above all, a sight of his works, determined young Trumbull to become a painter. Such were the stimulants to his genius. What more could be expected in those Colonial times? People's minds were absorbed with their own occupations. If they had time or thought for other matters, they were given to religion or politics. The highest aim of any one in the community was self-support, while proof of ability consisted in making one's self useful in church affairs or active at a town meeting. The only lucrative pursuits were commerce and the law. But there was no such thing as leisure or capital with which to indulge refining tastes. Apart from duty or business, other tastes, indeed, were held to be almost criminal. Opinions were rigid; free speculation and criticism were not intellectual habits; emotional life and that social intercourse growing out of natural and spontaneous sympathies, so indispensable for enlisting minds in the service of the ideal, were wholly wanting. The emotions on which art depends could not develop under theories which held that leisure and diversion were idleness, and emotion sinful. And yet the instinct for art was not dead; it is an instinct that can no more be stifled by neglect, opprobrium, and conventional standards of aspiration, than the religious sentiment can be killed out by persecution. People who had money to spend in gratification of their fancies did spend it for one or more portraits of those near and dear to them, or of men in public whom they admired. This was the sole manifestation of art feeling. Smybert, introduced to the New World by Dean Berkeley, "painted the magistrates and divines of New England and New York," while Copley subsequently painted others, and probably made portraiture fashionable.

The obstacles young Trumbull encountered in following his natural bent, and which, indeed, beset him throughout his career, not only furnish important biographical details, but fully illustrate the spirit of the age in relation to art. Jonathan Trumbull, father of Colonel Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut during the Revolutionary war, and the "Brother Jonathan" of Washington, was a man of sense. He knew that art was an exotic in this country, and was unwilling to see his son the victim of an unproductive pursuit. He desired to have him a lawyer, his mother wished him to become a clergyman, while other friends proposed commercial undertakings to him; but to all of these well-meant suggestions he turned a deaf ear. "My father again urged the law," says Trumbull, in his Memoirs. "My reply was, that, so far as I understood the question, law was rendered necessary by the vices of mankind,—that I had seen too much of them. In short, I pined for the arts, and again entered into an elaborate defence of my predilection, dwelling on the honors paid to artists in the glorious days of Greece and Athens. 'Give me leave to say,' replied my father, 'that you appear to have overlooked, or forgotten, one very important point in your case.' 'Pray, sir,' I rejoined, 'what is that?' 'You appear to forget, sir, that *Connecticut is not Athens*,'—and with this pithy remark he bowed and withdrew, and nevermore opened his lips on the subject." A further sign of his father's good sense is seen in his not interfering with his son's projects, but doing all he could to aid them when these became inevitable. The probability is that "Brother Jonathan" was proud of his son, as he had good reason to be, on account of his attainments, as well as for his firmness of character.

But all further discussion of pursuit in life was put an end to by the outbreak of the Revolutionary war. Young Trumbull now entered the military service of his country, in which he remained two years. In April, 1775, he was made Adjutant of the First Connecticut Regiment, and in August of that year, an Aid to General Washington, with the rank of Colonel. He witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill, took part in operations in Northern New York, and finally resigned his commission in 1777, on account of its not having been dated in accordance with



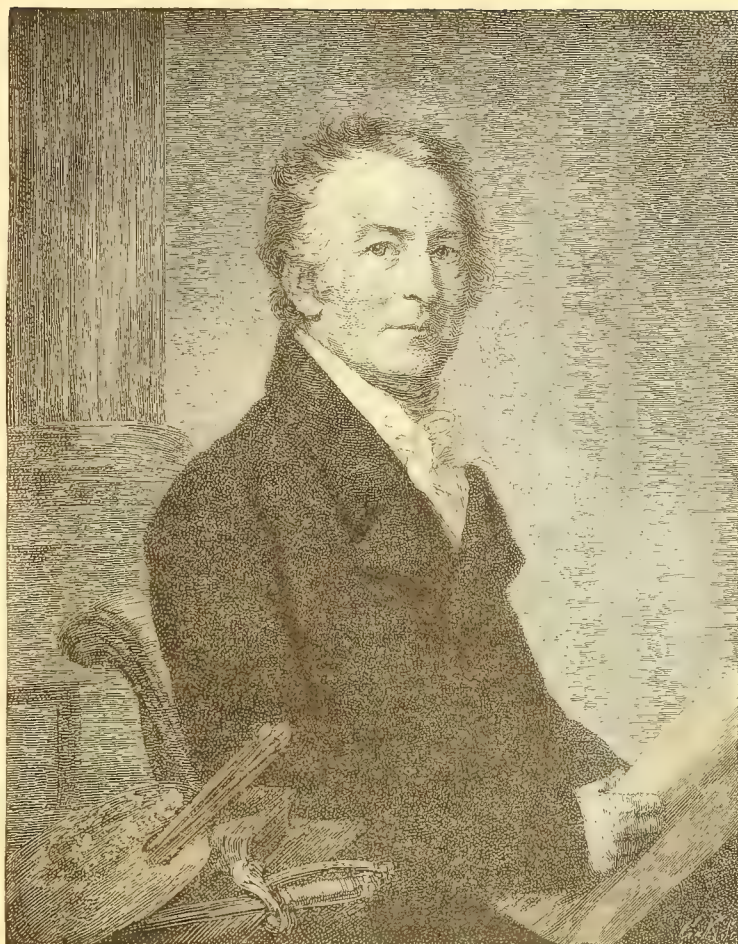
JOHN TRUMBULL, DEL.

W. W. L. P. R. SC.

DEATH OF GENL. WARREN AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL, 17th JUNE, 1775.

FROM THE ORIGINAL OF CAMPBELL KEITH IN POSSESSION OF THE MUSEUM OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL, NEW YORK.

his services. There was nothing for him to do but to resume painting. Returning to Boston, he occupied a studio built by Smybert, in which he made copies of various pictures after Van Dyck, Poussin, and Raphael, besides painting a few portraits. Up to this time his studies had consisted of copying the designs of engravings, to which he added color as he imagined it, while he at the same time composed subjects of his own, including landscapes and figures, now known as genre art, amounting in all—portraits, copies, and original productions of an ambitious sort—to sixty-eight works, before he had “received any instruction other than was obtained from books.” Some of these paintings are odd enough, but they nevertheless show the young painter’s talent. One of them, *Belisarius*, now in the possession of Professor Stickney, in New York, is, as Trumbull himself calls it, “good,” considering the circumstances under which it was painted. Another canvas, or rather piece of cloth, “a small whole-length” of his brother David



PORTRAIT OF COLONEL JOHN TRUMBULL.

PAINTED BY WALDO AND JEWETT. — ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL.

THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. B. SILLIMAN, NEW HAVEN

“standing in a landscape,” of which the trees are painted in blue color, owing to the impossibility of getting a proper supply of paint, is a quaint performance; it betokens energy, however, and is illustrative of his early ability and perseverance under difficulties. Portraits of his father and mother, in the possession of Professor Silliman, at New Haven, are also of this period.

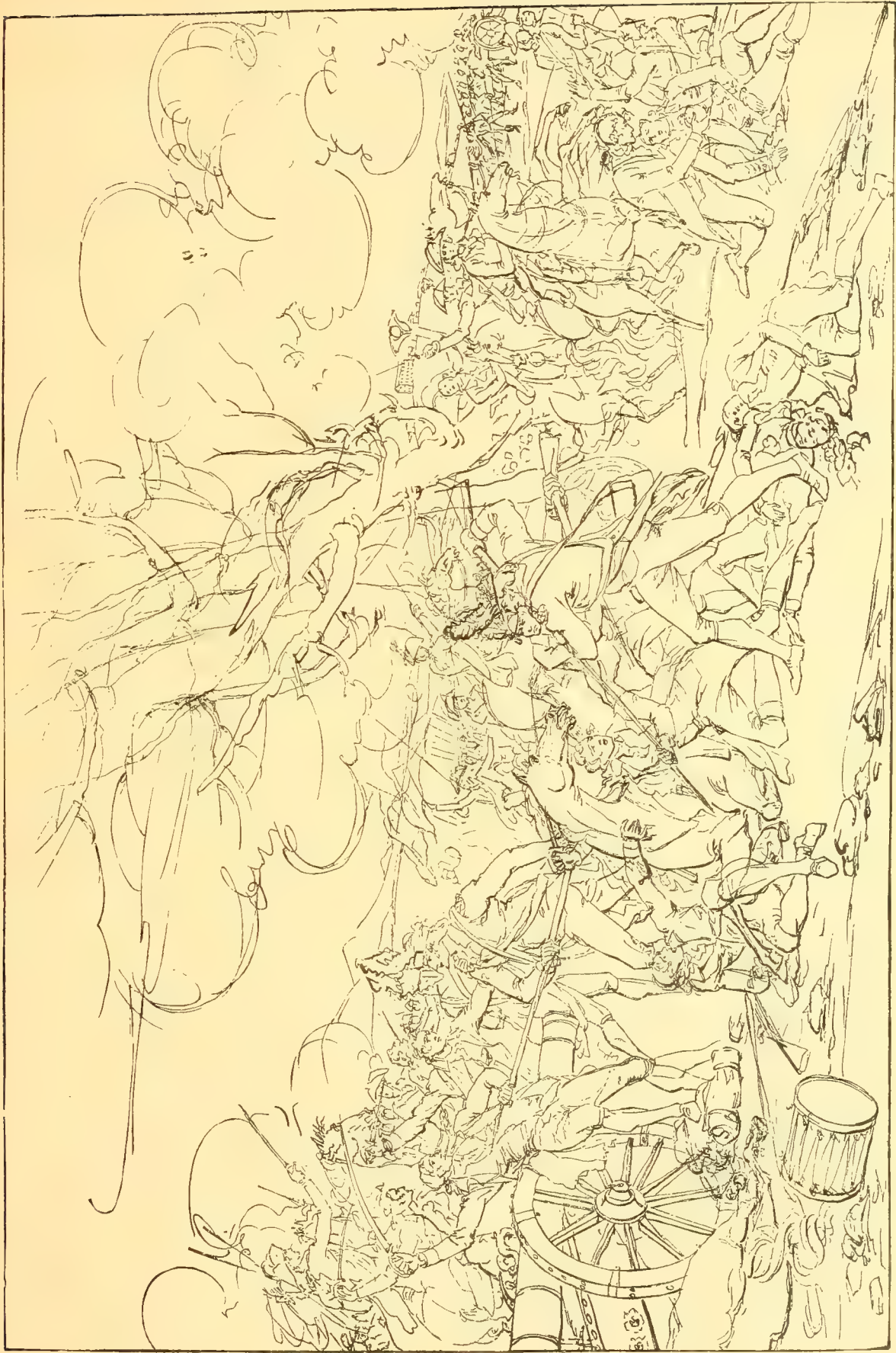
While thus engaged (1778), a plan was formed for the recovery of Rhode Island from the British. Colonel Trumbull offered his services to General Sullivan, as Aide-de-Camp, and they were accepted. The war would often disturb him, — “the sound of a drum frequently called an involuntary tear to my eye,” — and he was glad of an opportunity to distinguish himself. The enterprise ended honorably for Colonel Trumbull, but with an illness which forced him again to lay down the sword. This was of short duration, and on his recovery he resumed the brush. “My friends, however, were not satisfied with my pursuit, and at length succeeded in persuading me to undertake the management of a considerable speculation, which required a voyage to Europe, and promised (upon paper) good results.” To the experience of the soldier and the artist he was now to add that of a merchant. The consolation he experienced for thus complying with the wishes of his friends was found in the road being paved for a study of art abroad, in case the mercantile project failed, which, fortunately for him, happened to be the case. Trumbull sailed from New London for France in the spring of 1780, and landed at Nantes, after a voyage of about five weeks. There bad news met him: “Charleston, in South Carolina, was

taken, and the British were overrunning the Southern States almost without opposition. This news was a *coup de grâce* to my commercial projects, for my funds consisted in public securities of Congress, the value of which was annihilated by adversity." Before leaving America, Trumbull had been advised by a Mr. Temple, Consul-General of Great Britain in New York previous to the commencement of hostilities, and who, married to an American lady, was regarded as a neutral, to go to London to study art. This gentleman, moreover, as he was a man of influence in England, relieved him of any fears of being molested there on account of his having been a rebel officer. Accordingly, he proceeded at once to Paris, where he found Dr. Franklin, who gave him a letter to Benjamin West, in London, then in high favor with the Court and King, and to whom he soon delivered it. West received Trumbull kindly, and set him to work. He began with copying West's copy of Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola*, and Gilbert Stuart, then also a pupil of West, showed him how to mix and apply his colors. Perhaps this initiation into the mysteries of the palette was more useful to him than West's, for Stuart's instinct for color must have been worth more as a guide than any of their master's precepts. West was pleased with the copy. He pronounced Trumbull "intended for a painter," and "with this stimulant I devoted myself to art."

Trumbull, however, was not to remain tranquilly at work. About this time news arrived of the capture and death of Major André, which produced great excitement against Americans in England. He states in his Memoirs that the strongest feeling against him came from "Loyalists," that is to say, some of his own countrymen, "who had carefully watched my conduct from the day of my arrival, and now thought themselves certain of putting an end to my unintelligible security and protection." Through the agency of one of these, Sir Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, Trumbull was arrested and incarcerated. West, Copley, Charles James Fox, and other prominent men, interested themselves in the case, and finally, after an imprisonment of seven months, during which he copied a Correggio from a copy made by West (now in New Haven), he was released. His freedom was owing to the clemency and magnanimity of George III., through the good offices of Edmund Burke, on West and Copley becoming surety for him, coupled with the condition of leaving the kingdom in thirty days. After a short journey on the Continent, and a longer one on the sea, he reached his native land at the end of the year. There is no doubt that his bearing and language on being examined after his arrest had an effect in relation to his freedom. "I am an American. My name is Trumbull. I am a son of him whom you call the rebel Governor of Connecticut. I have served in the rebel American army. I have had the honor of being an Aide-de-Camp to him whom you call the rebel General Washington. These two always have in their power a greater number of your friends prisoners than you have of theirs. . . . I am entirely in your power; treat me as you please, always remembering that as I may be treated so will your friends in America be treated by mine."

Trumbull arrived home in January, 1782. But he was not yet sure of becoming an artist. For two years he was engaged in what he calls desultory pursuits. His brother was Commissary for the army on the North River in New York during the winter of 1782-83, and Trumbull assisted him, residing with the army to see that all the details of contracts were faithfully executed. Here he had much intercourse with Washington. At length peace was declared. The last effort Governor Trumbull made to dissuade his son from following the profession of an artist, in which he made his "pithy reply" above mentioned, occurred at this time. But Trumbull's mind was made up: his experience abroad had probably clenched the nail, and he accordingly returned to Europe, in 1784, never again to entertain doubts about his life's pursuit.

Trumbull, now twenty-eight years old, established himself in London, and applied himself closely to study. Fully to appreciate his subsequent works, their originality both in execution and treatment, we must know something of the method of art study then in vogue. This method may be characterized as the "old master" method. It consisted of drawing from the



THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

PHOTOGRAPH, REDUCTION OF A SKETCH BY JOHN TRUMBULL. THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. H. SULLIVAN, NEW HAVEN.

antique, and of copying pictures executed by the old masters, on the theory that such a course of study enabled a pupil to obtain proper notions of color and design, as well as superior conceptions of beauty and of the ideal. This theory in England was held to be orthodox. The practice of the Renaissance artists, together with a study of the forms of Greek art, was the right thing: natural currents of feeling, coupled with direct study of nature, through which feeling expressed itself, was not regarded as the true source of artistic development. Certain literary authorities, moreover, with minds more affected by erudition than by natural sensibility, better judges of the old wine of art than of the good qualities of the new, established a standard of criticism for the public and amateurs, until it got to be the fashion to consider all art that was not "high art" as not worth looking at. Such a theory suited aristocratic tastes. Hogarth was held to be vulgar, somewhat like Molière in the time of Louis XIV.; while Richard Wilson, who painted as admirable landscapes as the world has seen, had to paint signs, and finally serve as librarian in the Royal Academy, to keep himself alive. Winckelmann translated the Greek sentiment for art into certain lines and curves, which constituted ideal beauty, while Lessing held that the Greeks were averse to painful emotions in art, through an æsthetic instinct for repose. Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures are full of references to the way in which the old masters managed lights, shadows, folds of drapery, balance of composition, and other technical details. "I would chiefly recommend," he says, "an implicit obedience to the *Rules of Art*, as established by the practice of the great masters, . . . perfect and infallible guides, subjects for imitation, not for criticism." An appeal to nature for inspiration and expression, independently of such authorities, was, consequently, never thought of. The nature studied in those days consisted of a nude Academy model, serving as guide both for flesh and anatomy, while drawing was confined to casts of the antique. The style produced by this method of study is very properly known as the "Academic" or "Grand" style. Trumbull was "brought up," as the saying is, according to this old master method. Fortunately for him, as well as for Washington Allston, who pursued art under the same influences and at the same time, but who was less emancipated from its thralldom, they had genius, and were original in spite of the method. The drawings of Academy models which we reproduce show to some extent Trumbull's capacity to invest such subjects with ideal interest.

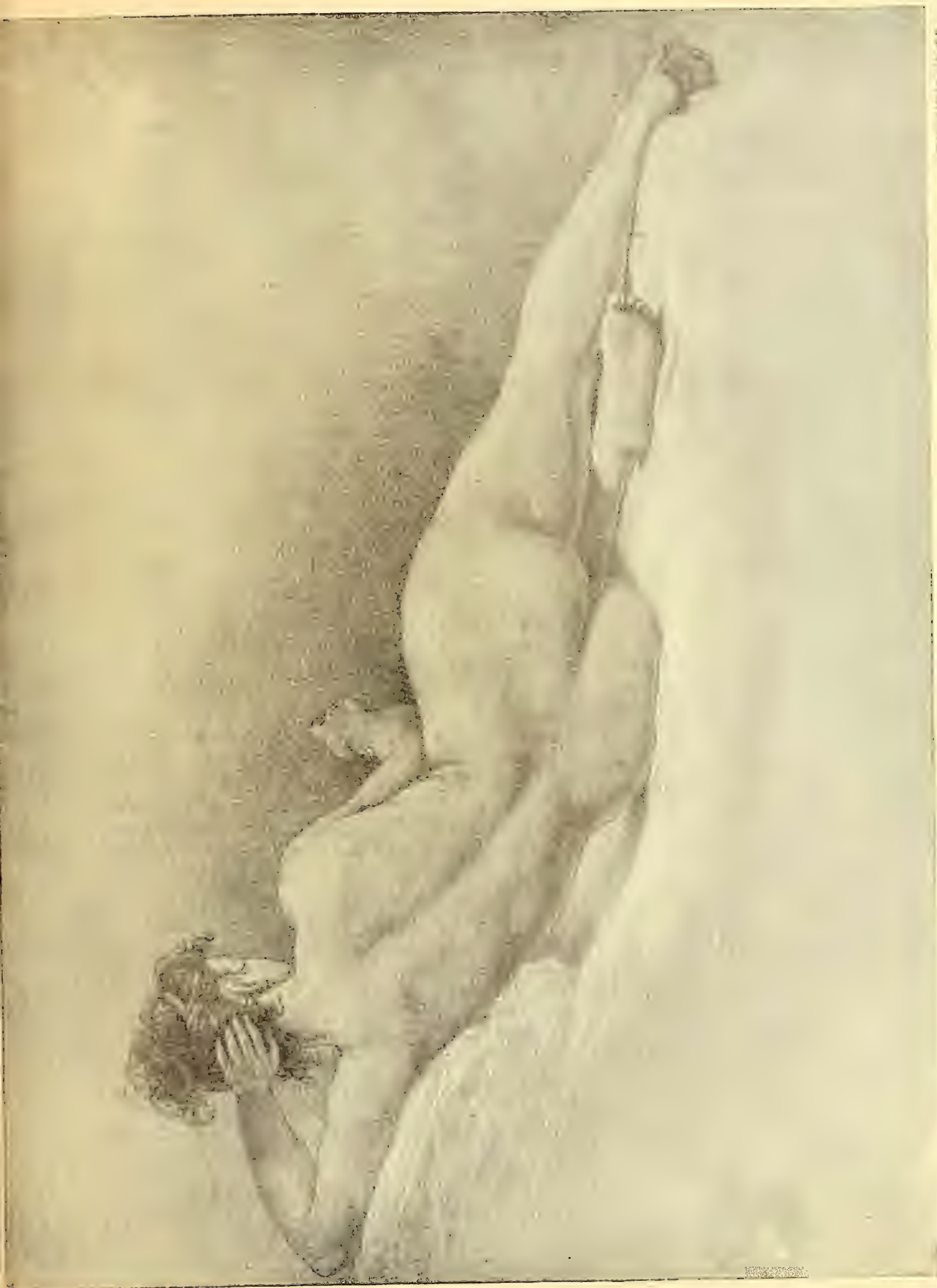
Methods and styles, indeed, become tyrannical in all epochs; they mystify alike artists, critics, and the public. Analogous fashions of our day help to make this point clearer. About thirty years ago, Decamps, Delacroix, and Couture, French artists of genius, so emphasized color in their compositions as to make color appear the chief excellence of artistic work. A crowd of imitators have followed the style of one or the other of these masters, and formed a "school," until "fine color," in inverse proportion to fine thought and delicate perceptions, has become the standard and criterion of excellence. Literature furnishes similar examples of the same tyranny. Those who are familiar with literary styles may comprehend this educational process in art, by supposing that a book or an editorial written in the brilliant language of Macaulay is good on that account, or, to come nearer home, that the numerous imitators of Emerson ever made a good idea better or a cheap thought more valuable by the sententious phraseology of the "sage of Concord." It is owing to this tyranny of style that Trumbull, Stuart, Allston, Vanderlyn, Sully, Cole, Mount, and the others who founded our American school, are now overlooked, and the imitators of foreign artists crowned with success.

To return to Colonel Trumbull. We now reach the important period of his artistic career, extending from 1789 to 1794,—that in which his mind worked with the greatest freedom, in which his enthusiasm was at its highest pitch, and his revenue equal to his necessities. His best creative work, the most original and the most natural, that by which his capacity is tested, belongs to this period. The sanction of his calling appears in the following extract from a letter written to Jefferson from London, June 11, 1789:—"The greatest motive I had or have for engaging in or continuing my pursuit of painting has been the wish of commemorating the

great events of our country's revolution. I am fully sensible that the profession, as it is generally practised, is frivolous, little useful to society, and unworthy a man who has talents for more serious pursuits. But to preserve and diffuse the memory of the noblest series of actions which have ever presented themselves in the history of man" is sufficient warrant for it. There is something of a Puritan view of the profession in this extract, but we may let that pass, considering Colonel Trumbull's experiences. He now set to work on national themes. Previous to doing so, however, he tried his hand in the "grand style." He made sketches like that of the *Deluge*, which he afterwards painted when near eighty, supposing that it was a fresh conception; and he produced, in color, *Priam returning to his Family with the Dead Body of Hector*, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. In this latter picture the figures are small and somewhat characteristic of his later work. The next work he produced is, by his own account, a soldier of the King's Horse Guards, for which one of Mr. West's hired models, who belonged to that corps, furnished person, costume, and horse, and which indicates a resort to nature and a style of his own.

Trumbull's representative works are the *Battle of Bunker Hill*, the *Death of Montgomery*, the *Sortie from Gibraltar*, the *Surrender of Cornwallis*, and the *Declaration of Independence*, all finished, or nearly so, before 1795. Added to these are a series of miniature portraits, a few portraits of the size of life, and two full-length portraits, *Washington* and *Alexander Hamilton*, executed likewise in this period.

The *Battle of Bunker Hill* was his first great effort. This picture represents the moment of British success, but the chief incident in it is the death of General Warren. Trumbull's description of the finished picture, which I abbreviate, states the artistic problem he had to work out. The principal group represents General Warren expiring. A soldier on his knees supports him, and with one hand wards off the bayonet of a British grenadier, who, in the heat and fury natural at such a moment, aims to revenge the death of a favorite officer, Colonel Abercrombie, who has just fallen at his feet. Colonel Small, another British officer, who had been intimately connected with General Warren before hostilities commenced, saw him fall, and flew to save him. He is represented seizing the musket of the grenadier to prevent the fatal blow. Near him, several Americans persist in an obstinate and desperate, but fruitless resistance. General Putnam, on the extreme left, is seen ordering the retreat of the American forces. Behind Colonel Small is seen Colonel Pitcairn, of the British marines, mortally wounded, and falling in the arms of his son. Under the feet of Colonel Small lies the dead body of Colonel Abercrombie. Generals Howe and Clinton, of the British forces, are seen beyond. On the right of the picture, relieving against the distant landscape, is seen a young American, wounded in the sword hand, who, as he retires from the field, attended by a negro, hesitates about remaining to save the life of his general. Variety of character, distinct personalities, each individual animated with a different impulse, every countenance expressing truthfully and powerfully the sentiment peculiar to each, the rush of an attacking force driving back through superior discipline a motley but equally courageous crowd of defenders, all blended together without confusion in the tumult and excitement of war, show a rare command of artistic resources and great dramatic ability. The leading idea is one of humanity,—the attempt of a British officer, Colonel Small, to save the life of General Warren, with whom he had been on friendly terms before war became inevitable. This incident, the energetic action of General Putnam on the left, ordering a retreat of the American forces, the sympathetic, eager expression of the old soldier who is supporting General Warren on his knees, and, lastly, the pallid features of the dying hero, form special examples of Colonel Trumbull's pictorial skill. This is the ideal he aimed at, an ideal which makes modern fine art explicable on the same theory as ancient art: while the latter displays a limited range of emotion, the former gives with "equal fidelity to nature a series of emotions which were never dreamt of by the ancients. As to composition, which term, applied to plastic art, means the logical value and disposition of forms to convey



ONE EIGHTY-SEVEN.

ADAM AND EVE.

THE FIRST ADAM AND EVE. THE FIRST ADAM.

THE FIRST ADAM.

ideas, the *Battle of Bunker Hill* is as masterly and original as any work of a similar kind extant. Its color is good, because locally true and harmonious. If ever "glaring," as an authority which is quoted further on has stated, time has removed that discord. Above all, one has to admire the remarkable miniature heads, a distinctive branch of Trumbull's skill, and which alone make his art unique. The young American on the right, in the foreground of the picture, appears a little theatrical in pose,



ACADEMICAL STUDY BY TRUMBULL.

DRAWN BY CHARLES METTAIN — FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. B. SILLIMAN, NEW HAVEN.

and somewhat romantic in costume and features, which is the only criticism I can offer. I give way to a verdict of Goethe, in a letter to Schiller, Aug. 30, 1797. Goethe saw the picture in the hands of Müller, who engraved it, and says: "I found Prof. Müller . . . busy with the death of a general, and that an American,—a young man who fell at Bunker Hill. The picture is by an American, Trumbull, and has merits of the artist and faults of the amateur. The merits are very characteristic,—admirably handled portrait faces; the faults,—disproportion between the different bodies and between their parts. It is composed relatively to the subject right well, and, for a picture in which there must be so many red uniforms, is very judiciously colored. Yet at first view it makes a glaring impression, until one gets reconciled to it on account of its merits." The sketch of the *Battle of Bunker Hill*, which is here reproduced, is one of his trial efforts of composition for this picture, and differs materially from the painting. As finally painted and described, it is universally known by Müller's engraving and other less meritorious reproductions.

Along with this picture Trumbull painted the *Death of Montgomery*, which is equally successful. Both pictures were painted in West's studio. In the *Death of Montgomery* "that part of the scene is chosen when General Montgomery commanded in person, and that moment when, by his unfortunate death, the plan of attack was entirely disconcerted. . . . The principal group represents the death of General Montgomery, who, together with his two aides-de-camp.

Major McPherson and Captain Cheesman, fell by a discharge of grape-shot. The General is represented as expiring, supported by two officers and surrounded by others, among whom is Colonel Campbell, on whom the command devolved, and by whose order a retreat was immediately begun. Grief and surprise mark the countenances of the various characters. The earth covered with snow, trees stripped of their foliage, the desolation of winter, and the gloom of night, heighten the melancholy character of the scene." Dramatic power and truth of expression characterize this composition, as well as the *Battle of Bunker Hill*, while in coloring it is superior. It, too, is well known by the large print by J. Hall.

Trumbull now began other works belonging to this series of national subjects. He painted the portraits of John Adams and others of the signers of the *Declaration of Independence* (1787), studied the composition of the *Surrender of Cornwallis*, and made sketches for the battles of Trenton and of Princeton. An outline sketch of the latter subject is here reproduced, showing how carefully the artist considered his compositions, before he settled upon their final form. These subjects, however, were set aside for his most important and largest work, the *Sortie from Gibraltar*. Pursuing his studies on English soil, he probably thought that a more ready appreciation of his talent would be secured by painting an English subject, especially as he had "given offence to some extra patriotic people in England" by painting subjects in that country commemorative of the American rebellion. In any event, an Italian artist named Poggi, who was an eyewitness of it, mentioned the incident of the sortie to him, and this so fired his imagination that he at once proceeded to put it on canvas. The main feature of the scene is the death of the Spanish commander, accompanied with a sentiment of humanity on the part of his victorious opponents. "The devoted heroism of the vanquished, the humanity of the victors, the darkness of night illuminated by an extensive conflagration, the hurry and tumult of the troops busy in the work of destruction, the quiet and the calm of the officers, the guiding spirits of the scene, offered unusual contrasts and scope of expression, and all this was embellished by the splendor and variety of military costume." Action, individual character, the proper subordination of inferior to superior truths, coloring,—the success of which is the more remarkable on account of so many red uniforms,—are all conspicuous merits in this picture. Academic training is evident in some of the details, but not to such an extent as to make one less sensible of a freedom from conventional theories and of an original grasp of the subject in all its technical requirements. The picture was exhibited in London, exciting great admiration, and especially from the officers who had taken part in the engagement.

Trumbull painted the *Sortie from Gibraltar* three times. The labor he bestowed on this work shows his method and conscientiousness. The first effort was "a small picture on a cloth fourteen inches by twenty-one, on which I carefully drew and painted my figures from nature." On completing this work, he presented it to Mr. West, in grateful acknowledgment of his liberal instruction. Finding that he had made a mistake in the color of the Spanish uniform, which he supposed to be white and red, he began the subject anew on a canvas twenty by thirty inches, the uniform being painted, as it should have been, blue and scarlet. This picture was purchased by Sir Francis Baring for five hundred guineas. Not long since this picture was in Rome, in the possession of a Mr. McPherson, having been brought there by Lady Ashburton, and exchanged for other works of art. It was sent back to England after the death of Mr. McPherson. Here again "I was not satisfied with the action and expression of my dying Spaniard. He seemed to retain too much strength and energy of action, and a vehement, almost ferocious expression." Accordingly, he repeated the subject once more, and this time on a large scale, nine feet by six, in which picture "I adopted, in some measure," he says, "the action of the Dying Gladiator for that of my Spanish hero. Sir Thomas Lawrence did me the favor to act as model for the head of my dying Spaniard." The *Sortie from Gibraltar*, thus perfected, is now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, while the fine engraving by Sharp makes it known elsewhere. The Boston Athenæum possesses the original sketches for



A DARING ACT.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

FRANK T. MERRILL.

THIS picture illustrates an episode which occurred during a celebrated naval engagement of the War of 1812.

The "Lawrence," — Commodore Perry's flagship — being an excellent sailer, had encountered the enemy before the other vessels of the American fleet were in position. Becoming rapidly disabled by the concentrated broadsides of her opponents, she was in no condition to continue the fight; and Perry, knowing that if the flagship surrendered, his entire fleet would follow, called away his boat and was rowed to the "Niagara," where hoisting his flag he returned to the conflict with renewed energy.

The result is told in Perry's laconic despatch to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."



J. TRUMBULL, DEL.

CHAS. METTALS, FAC-SIM.

ACADEMICAL STUDY.

THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. B. SILLIMAN, NEW HAVEN.

this picture, presented to it by Colonel Trumbull, including the drawing of Sir Thomas Lawrence above mentioned. It is not known what became of the painting presented to Mr. West. In after years West told Professor Silliman the elder that the *Sortie from Gibraltar* was "one of the great things of the age." To complete the above account of this masterpiece, I give the following note on technical



SKETCH BY TRUMBULL FOR A GROUP IN "PRIAM RETURNING TO HIS FAMILY," ETC.

THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. B. SILLIMAN, NEW HAVEN.

points, copied from Colonel Trumbull's manuscripts:—"Instead of white, the lights are of Jaune Minérale d'Antheaume (?), Rue d'Enfer, Paris. The universal shadow was Terra di Cassel; in the dark parts of the sky blue-black was used; and Lucas' copal varnish was freely employed throughout. No white was employed in the picture. These were dangerous experiments, but appeared to be successful when I last saw it."

The next work eminently illustrative of Colonel Trumbull's artistic powers, on account of the difficulty of the subject, is the *Declaration of Independence*. To paint an assemblage of forty-eight personages, all in the same costume, each a faithful likeness, and all animated by one stirring idea, with no positive action, without confusion in the grouping, without monotony or feebleness of effect, is no easy task. Whoever studies this work attentively will indorse the opinion of it expressed by Horatio Greenough:—"I admire in this composition the skill with which Trumbull has collected so many portraits in formal session, without theatrical effort in order to enliven it, and without falling into bald insipidity by adherence to trivial fact. These men are earnest, yet full of dignity; they are firm, yet cheerful; they are gentlemen, and you see at a glance that they meant something very serious in pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors." One charm of this work is the series of miniatures it contains. For expression, character, and animation they are unsurpassed. Dunlap—no friend of the artist—vouches for accuracy of likeness, "having known most of the originals." The portraits of Richard Henry Lee, George Clinton, Samuel Adams, Robert Morris, George Clymer (the smallest, and an inimitable head), with those of the group standing before Hancock,—John Adams, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston, Jefferson, and Franklin,—are comparable to the finest limning of Meissonier. Many were painted from life. The portrait of Benjamin Harrison, who died without leaving any portrait of himself, was painted from his son, who told Trumbull that his mother always said that he was the image of his father, a resemblance which was markedly preserved in their handwriting. The rest are copied from authentic portraits. Adams and Jefferson gave him sittings as early as 1788. Trumbull, in 1816, writes to Jefferson:—"Twenty-eight years have elapsed since, under the kind protection of your hospitable roof at

Chaillot [Jefferson being then in Paris], I painted your portrait in my picture of the *Declaration of Independence*, the composition of which had been planned two years before in your library." Others were painted in the United States between 1789 and 1794, except four or five, painted probably as late as 1816, when Trumbull was preparing to have the picture engraved. On comparing the heads of Lynch, Chase, Rush, and Stockton with those above mentioned, the difference in style is so plain as to make it evident, even to an unpractised eye, that the hand had lost its cunning. Thirteen of the signers, of whom he could procure no portraits, are unrepresented. Five persons are introduced into the picture who were not signers, but who took prominent part in the debates on the measure, and who voted on its acceptance.

It has been said that Franklin has a sanctimonious expression. If so, it is owing to the white of the eye not having become "toned down," as artists say, in accordance with the change of hue which time effects with the colors of a painting generally. On receding a few steps from the picture this uncharacteristic expression of Franklin disappears. Criticisms upon this work have been made in relation to awkwardness in the pose of John Adams, the drawing of Jefferson's arm, and the management of light in one or two minor points, which defects, trivial in relation to so much excellence, may be left to those who are curious in such matters. As to John Randolph's famous sarcasm of "shin piece," it merits no remark, except to characterize it as an outburst of malignity, and even treachery, for Randolph, ten years before, had not only warmly commended, but seconded, Trumbull's efforts to preserve his artistic mementos of Revolutionary events. Considering the signal good fortune of so many veritable portraits having been thus brought down to us, conveying such a vivid impression of this great historical incident, to say nothing of the rare skill with which the subject is treated, it is a misfortune that no Congress up to 1816 was sufficiently intelligent to purchase this painting at any price, and have it forever associated with the document the signing of which it commemorates.

The *Surrender of Cornwallis* is of the same order of excellence. The heads of Washington and of General Lincoln are inimitable. Most of the portraits of the French officers were painted from life in Paris in 1787. The *Battle of Princeton* belongs to the artist's late period, very little of it showing his strength. A sketch of this picture, which hangs with the others in the collection at New Haven, probably made in 1787, as above noted, is full of the inspiration of that period. The figures of this sketch, just drawn in and slightly colored, convey the spirit of the scene far better than the finished picture. In *Washington resigning his Commission* a few of the heads—Washington, Colonel Walker, and Colonel Humphreys—belong to the early period. In the *Capture of the Hessians* the same contrast between early and later work is observable, and likewise in the *Surrender of Burgoyne*.

Trumbull's next important productions, belonging to the early period, when he worked with most enthusiasm, are a series of cabinet portraits of distinguished persons of the Revolutionary epoch, forming a part of the collection of his works at New Haven. In these may be found whatever is beautiful and masterly in standard works of portraiture. General Moultrie (in frame No. 33), in modelling, color, and expression, is a masterpiece, equal to any of Stuart's heads on a larger scale, while Rufus Putnam and Jacob Reed (in frame No. 37), General Smallwood, Major Haskell, Colonel Morgan, Judge Benson, and Philip Schuyler (forming group No. 20), are scarcely less striking. Five heads of ladies, Eleanor Custis, Cornelia Schuyler, Mrs. Washington, Sophia Chew, and Harriet Chew (No. 35), delicately drawn and colored, stand every test of fine art in the portrayal of feminine dignity and refinement.

The portrait of General Washington by Trumbull, also in the New Haven collection, must be regarded as a standard portrait of the Father of his Country. No artist saw more of Washington under circumstances so favorable to a study of his person and character, and none was honored by him with more sittings. Trumbull knew Washington at the outbreak of the war, when he was about forty-five, in the prime of life, and he was with him, as we have seen, in 1782 and 1783, at New Windsor, on the North River, and it is said that he painted a portrait

of him from memory when he went to England. At all events, in 1790, Washington gave him sittings for two full-length life-size portraits, one in civil costume, now at Charleston, S. C., and the other in military uniform, now at New Haven. Washington, in his diary, records between February 12th and July 13th, 1790, eleven sittings "for Mr. John Trumbull, for the purpose of drawing my picture." Under date of March 1st, he says: "Exercised on horseback this forenoon, attended by Mr. John Trumbull, who wished to see me mounted." Trumbull's aim in painting Washington, he says in his *Memoirs*, was "to preserve the *military* character of the great original. . . . In the countenance of the hero the *likeness*, the mere map of his face, was not all that was attempted"; his object was to give "the *high resolve* stamping on the face and attitude the lofty purpose to conquer or to perish." Whether, in the effort to render ideal expression, Trumbull departed from that strict accuracy of feature which would satisfy the realist, is an open question. His Washington differs from Charles Willson Peale's two portraits, one painted while Washington was in the English service, before the Revolution, and the other during the war, and also from Stuart's portrait, painted during Washington's Presidential term, for which this artist had sittings five years later than Trumbull, in 1795. It is quite certain that Stuart tried to render the expression which, in the words of Mr. W. S. Baker, author of *The Engraved Portraits of Washington*, "he knew must accord with such features and such a man." Trumbull did the same thing in relation to an earlier stage of life. The following extract from Tuckerman's *Character and Portraits of Washington* bears witness to the quality of the likeness. "Ask an elderly Knickerbocker what picture will give you a good idea of Washington, and he will confidently refer you to Trumbull's portrait. When Lafayette first beheld a copy of this picture on his visit to this country, in 1824, a few years before his death, he uttered an exclamation of delight at its resemblance."

Another portrait painted about this time, that of *Alexander Hamilton*, now in the Chamber of Commerce, New York, must be cited as an equally fine work with the *Washington*. Color, expression, attitude, character, and, above all, the bearing of a gentleman, signalize this painting among works of its class.

JOHN DURAND.



SKETCH BY TRUMBULL.

THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. B. SULLIMAN, NEW HAVEN.



SKETCH FOR THE DEATH OF MISS MACCREA.

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY JOHN TRUMBULL, IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. B. SILLIMAN, NEW HAVEN.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIFTH.

WE have reached the second period of Trumbull's career,—that which is marked by the change of style previously alluded to. The interest we now take in him is of political and social, rather than professional importance. The change of style may be accounted for in two ways,—one by various interruptions to the practice of his profession through political and other pursuits, and the other by a visual defect, which will be mentioned and accounted for farther on. Regarding the former, it is merely necessary to describe his career after finishing the paintings above referred to.

In 1794, Trumbull returned to England in company with Mr. Jay, who was appointed Envoy from the United States to Great Britain, to settle certain difficulties between the two countries, and to whom Trumbull acted as secretary. Before his departure he had been engaged in procuring subscriptions for the engravings he was to publish, then in progress, the *Battle of Bunker Hill*, the *Death of Montgomery*, and the *Sortie from Gibraltar*. Owing, however, to the excitement in the United States caused by the French Revolution, which seems to have divided the country into two parties, absorbing people's minds, and which blasted his hopes, he met with but little success. Meanwhile he painted a few portraits and other subjects. In England, on his services as secretary to Mr. Jay being no longer required, he resorted to commercial speculations, the motives for which, as well as his mental state, are set forth in the following extract from a letter to Mr. Wadsworth, at Hartford:—"I feel at times not a little anxiety on the subject of *picture-making*. I have by no means money enough to live comfortably without business of some sort. I hate your nasty, squabbling politics: they disgust me. I know nothing of farming, little of trade, and I fear that I shall find that my countrymen care very little for the only thing which I pretend to understand. But my doubts will soon be solved by the experiment,

which, if favorable, will make me as happy a fellow as any in America. If otherwise, I must either turn hermit in my native woods, or wander in the wide world."

The experiment is the publication of the engravings after his pictures. The commercial speculations consisted of an investment in paintings, jointly with a Hamburg banker, named Le Brun, who furnished most of the capital, and of a similar speculation in brandy. The picture speculation proved unprofitable, owing to the pictures being damaged by water, while on board a lighter at the dock in London. "It was near low water, so the hands on board made the lighter fast with a chain to one of the posts for perfect security, and then went their way for a frolic. In the evening, when the tide came in, the bow of the boat being held down by the chain, she gradually filled, and my cases, being light, floated out. . . . I passed the remainder of the season in repairing, as well as I could, the damage they had sustained." The brandy speculation terminated about in the same fashion, owing to the wreck of the vessel on which a part of the venture was shipped, and to other commercial mishaps. In the mean time he visited Stuttgart, to look after the engraving of the *Battle of Bunker Hill*, then in the hands of Müller, as we see by Goethe's letter, and he passed some time in Paris on diplomatic business. In short, he was fighting the battle of life the best way he could. This brings us to 1796. That year Colonel Trumbull was appointed a United States Commissioner in London, to see to the execution of the treaty effected by Mr. Jay, which duty he performed with marked ability, the commission terminating in 1804. During this period he painted very little. In 1804 he returned home and resumed his brush. He now painted portraits, and again busied himself with obtaining subscriptions for the engravings and in completing the *Declaration of Independence*. In 1808 he returned to England, on account of political asperities which "threatened the entire destruction of commerce and the prosperity of those friends from whom I derived my subsistence." Here he pursued his profession for four years, under adverse circumstances. He executed a few large pictures, "also a number of portraits, for which good prices were paid, but not to an amount sufficient to defray expenses." The war of 1812 then broke out, which put an end to his professional career in England. Being an American, "the only indulgence I was able to obtain was permission to reside at Bath or Cheltenham, in preference to London." The three large pictures now to be seen in the collection at New Haven—*The Woman accused of Adultery*, *The Earl of Angus conferring Knighthood on De Wilton*, and *Our Saviour with Little Children*—were painted at this time. In 1816 he returned to his native land, never again to leave it. His last sojourn in England seems to have resulted in little more than trial, disappointment, and debt. Need one wonder that, with a mind harassed with cares and disturbed by other pursuits, his art underwent a change?

The visual defect which seems to account for the artistic decline so apparent in Trumbull's large works—the discrepancies of merit in these being so marked when compared with his small works—is purely physical. This is due to an accident at ten years of age, which made him almost blind in one eye. "The optic nerve," he says, "must have been severely injured, for although the eye recovered entirely its external appearance, yet vision was so nearly destroyed, that to this day (1835) I have never been able to read a single word with the left eye alone." Age, certainly, did not improve this infirmity. Trumbull by it was reduced to monocular vision, which disqualifies a man for seeing forms and proportions normally. The lack of an eye destroys an accurate perception of relief, preventing one from properly locating points in space; and a person with one eye cannot command as large a surface of canvas as one who has the use of both eyes.

However this may be, the inferiority of Trumbull's works after 1816, on his return home, is unmistakable. To this period belong the four large paintings in the Capitol at Washington by which Colonel Trumbull is generally estimated as an artist. These pictures, the *Declaration of Independence*, the *Surrender of Cornwallis*, the *Surrender of Burgoyne*, and *Washington resigning his Commission*,—the first and last being chosen from among his other national subjects because

significant of moral power, and the other two because the absolute triumph over the country's enemy denotes commanding military power, — are enlarged copies of the small originals at New Haven. No interest attaches to them as works of art. In connection with government patronage of art, however, as signs of the times, they point a moral.



THE DELUGE.

INDIA-INK SKETCH BY JOHN TRUMBULL. — ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF PROF. B. SILLIMAN, NEW HAVEN.

al. I give a summary of the debate in Congress which took place on the passage of the bill authorizing the commissioning of Colonel Trumbull to paint them.

The opponents of the measure, says the *National Intelligencer* of that day, deemed it questionable how far it was just or proper for the government of the United States to become the patron of the fine arts. It should not go to such expense until all its pecuniary obligations, every debt arising out of the war of the Revolution and of the war of 1812, had been paid. A nation should be just before it is generous. Congress might not like the paintings when they were done. Generally, in countries where painting and statuary in commemoration of liberty and great events had been brought to the highest perfection, this had no perceptible effect in preserving the liberty and independence of those nations, while rights and liberties depended on no such paltry conditions. In reply, it was argued that there was no idea of making the government the patron of the fine arts, otherwise than it already had been by employing artists to rebuild and embellish the Capitol (burnt by the British in the late war). The moral effect of these paintings would be of great value to the present and future generations, independent of their intrinsic worth, serving to recall to the attention of future legislators the events and principles of the Revolution, and to impel them to an imitation of the virtues of the men of those days. Now was the time, never to be found again, when a living artist of great ability, a compatriot of Revolutionary sages and heroes, could transmit accurate likenesses of them to posterity.

This last idea probably had weight. Whether or not sentiment prevailed over utilitarianism, it suffices to state that the measure was carried by a handsome majority. Fortunately for Colonel Trumbull, the leaders of both Houses were in his favor, while influential friends outside

of it, like Jefferson; men of sense and discretion, moving on a higher plane of intelligence, and able to control in those days the less developed understandings of their associates, ably seconded them. Had he been obliged to depend on his artistic deserts, to say nothing of his personal tact and energy, the enterprise would have failed. Thanks to Trumbull, a pioneer in developing government patronage of art in this country, the filling of the remaining panels in the Capitol became possible, twenty years later.

Colonel Trumbull was sorely tried by his country's legislators when endeavoring to procure subscriptions to the engraving of the *Declaration of Independence*. He then lived in New York, while his agent at Washington was a Mr. Dwight. He thus writes to him, under date of February 18th, 1818:—"I have written on the subject of your failure [to procure subscriptions] to Governor Barbour, Mr. King, and Mr. Fromentin, of the Senate, and to General Harrison, Governor Middleton, Mr. Hopkinson, and Mr. Pitkin, of the House of Representatives. . . . Wait on these gentlemen as soon as you receive this, and endeavor to engage their protection. Remember, this is a *logocracy*; you must talk. The Houses are now so numerous, and the tables of the members of both so constantly loaded with petitions, proposals, and applications of all sorts, that whatever is not supported by active and influential friends has no chance of success."

The following day he writes to David Daggett, Esq., Senate of the United States, as well as to each of the parties named in the above letter to Mr. Dwight. To Mr. Daggett he says:—"The utter failure of Mr. Dwight in the Senate . . . is inexplicable, unless it has arisen from my own want of precaution in not having furnished Mr. Dwight at first, soliciting their protection, letters to some gentlemen who, you know, *like to lead*. I did not expect every one to be a subscriber, but did expect some one would have followed the example of four Presidents; for to many of the Western and Southern members the price, or the advance required, can be no object. In truth, the work is offered at a lower price than any other publication in this country. The print will contain forty-seven portraits of our most eminent men, some of them whole-lengths, and will be executed in the finest style by the first engraver of the age,¹ so as to form within the frame an elegant monumental piece of furniture, at the average price of forty-two and a half cents for each head. . . . The heads of our junior naval and military heroes are published at from one to two and a half dollars each; and Binns is getting numerous subscribers for a mere verbal copy of the Declaration, at ten dollars, embellished, as he calls it, with flags, and State coat of arms, and four or five heads like the Christmas specimens of children of a writing school. I confess I do not yet understand my countrymen."

"I am not only mortified, but confounded," he adds in a letter of the same date to Rufus King. "In the year 1790 I pursued the same course here, and, although I was then comparatively unknown and the country relatively poor, I was honored in one day with the names of more than half the Senate, and in another, of more than half of the House of Representatives."

These items show what the artist had to contend with. At a later date a resolution was introduced into the House of Representatives to commission Colonel Trumbull to paint the capture of André, which was tabled.

Colonel Trumbull's artistic career may be considered as closed on the execution of these pictures for the Capitol. The *Battle of Bunker Hill*, the *Battle of Trenton*, the *Battle of Princeton*, and the *Death of Montgomery*, now in the Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford, on a smaller scale, also copies of the originals at New Haven, commenced in 1832 and finished in that decade, show a still greater decline of his powers. But one head, that of Colonel Clinton in the background of the *Battle of Bunker Hill*, exhibits any sign of his original spirit. These pictures, with occasional portraits painted from time to time, ending with that of *Mrs. Sigourney*, also in this collection, simply display the flickering flame of his genius.

¹ At this time he supposed that the plate, afterwards engraved by Mr. Durand, would be engraved by Heath in England, as he had authorized negotiations to be made with him for that purpose.

Wm. L. Lundy
R. R. L.

New York 26th Sept. 1828

Dear Sir

I have the honor to offer to the acceptance
of the Boston Athenaeum, a book containing what I ^{have} been
able to collect, of those which were made for the
picture of the Gibraltar: — together with a few observations
in writing, which I thought might at least gratify the
curiosity of picture artists — & perhaps be useful in enforcing
the necessity of unceasing study and labour, if they
aspire to eminence

I have the honor to be Dear Sir

With high Respect & Esteem

Your obliged & faithful friend & servant

W. Lundy

Colonel Trumbull as an artist can be thoroughly appreciated only through his works at New Haven. Fine portraits by him, however, other than those already mentioned, are found in the Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford (No. 132), and in the Historical Society building in New York. In the latter collection, *Bryan Rossiter*, Sergeant-at-Arms to the Cincinnati Society, painted in 1790, is a fine example of his early work, and *John Pintard*, one of his best friends, painted in 1816-17, is an admirable specimen of his later work. Two excellent portraits, one of his wife and one of *Christopher Gore*, the latter painted in 1804, hang in the New Haven gallery.

Colonel Trumbull painted rapidly, judging by a memorandum, found among his papers, of the portraits executed by him in New York, in 1806. According to this document, he produced twenty-four in five months, averaging five sittings to a head. His prices, which are given in this paper, were \$100 for the head alone, \$150 with the hands, and, in one case, portraits of father, mother, and two children on the same canvas, \$500. In this respect he stood on a par with Stuart. It is worth noting in this connection that Trumbull at first thought of settling in Boston, where he was well received on returning from Europe in 1804, but, finding that Stuart had been invited there from Washington, he came to the conclusion that Boston "did by no means offer an adequate field of success for two rival artists." He accordingly established himself in New York.

What remains to be recorded of Colonel Trumbull is purely biographical. At one time he busied himself with architecture, judging by a large number of architectural designs by him in the possession of Mr. A. J. Davis, New York. One of these is dated as early as 1775. The others appear to have been drawn in England, probably on his second visit. Edmund Burke, in 1784, strongly urged him to devote himself to architecture. "You belong to a young nation," he says to him, "which will soon want public buildings. These must be erected before the decorations of painting and sculpture will be required. . . . Qualify yourself to superintend their erection. Decorate them also, if you will." Trumbull had a hand in the reconstruction of the Capitol at Washington, after its destruction by the British in the war of 1812, as we see by his Memoirs, and also by the above-mentioned collection of architectural drawings, in which some of the plans he drew are preserved. He likewise planned the building for the American Academy of the Fine Arts, New York, which was built by his friend, Dr. Hosack.

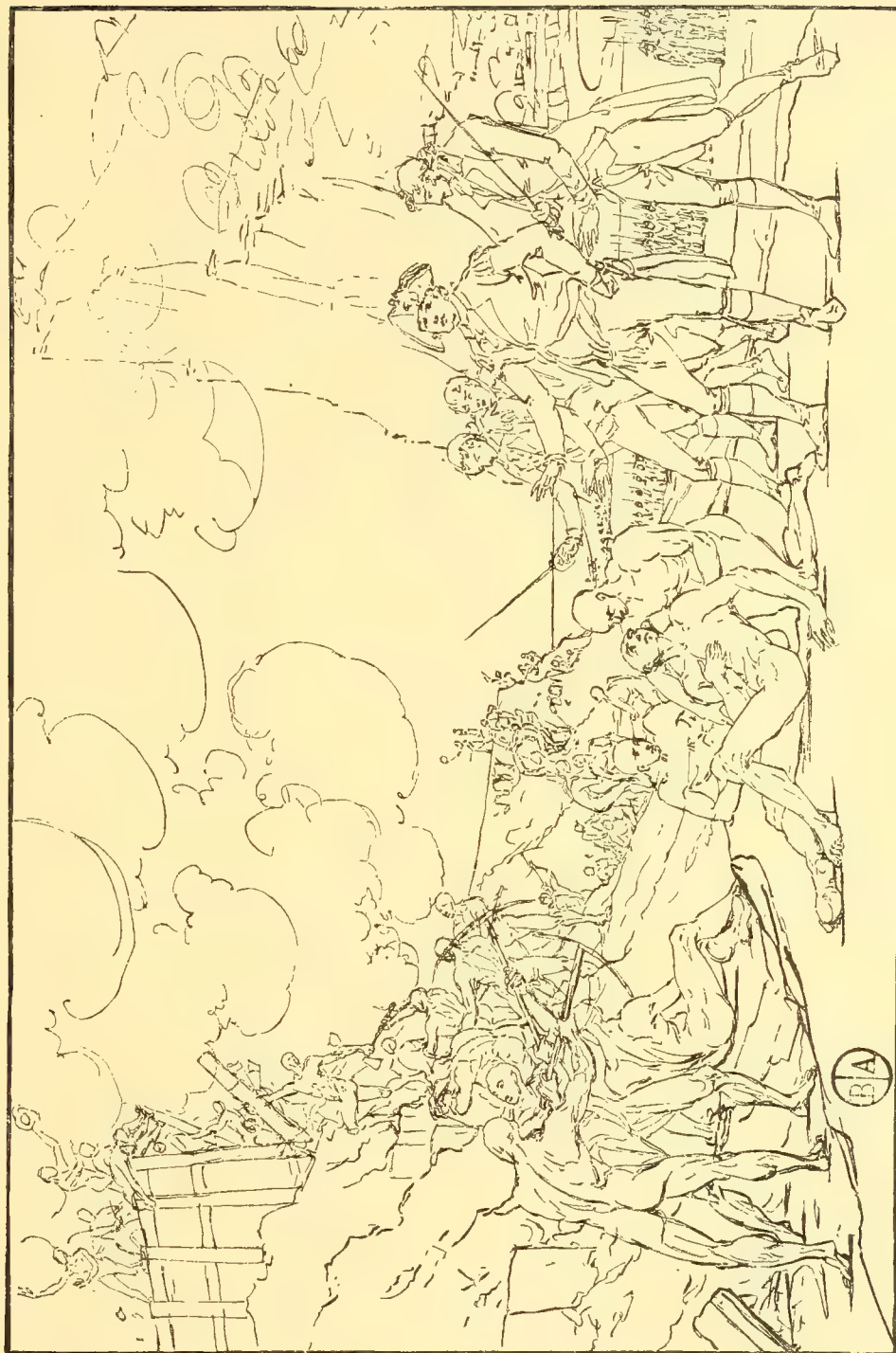
In the local history of art, Colonel Trumbull's connection with the American Academy of the Fine Arts, and the part he played in opposing the formation of the National Academy of Design, are of interest. Full particulars of the strife are given in Dunlap's *History of the Arts of Design*, and in the *Historic Annals of the National Academy of Design*, by T. S. Cummings. Both these writers were his antagonists. Dunlap, in his Life of Trumbull, carries his spite too far. It would pass for malice, were his statements not more amusing than convincing. In trying to convey the idea that Trumbull was ungrateful to his early friend and instructor, West, that he was more English than American at heart, and that in the treatment of his important battle subjects he was only commemorating the triumph of Great Britain, Dunlap overshot the mark. The truth is, that in his connection with the American Academy of the Fine Arts, of which he was one of the organizers and the President, Trumbull was trying to make water run up hill. The difficulty between him and the artists who seceded from that institution was not so much due to him as to a condition of things beyond his control. The plan of the American Academy comprised a permanent, as well as periodical exhibitions, lectures, schools, a library, and other agencies in art education, copied from a foreign model,—that of the not long established Royal Academy in England,—and not adapted to this country, or manageable by directors taken from the non-professional classes. The public of that time cared very little about art, there were few artists, and the judgment of stockholders, whose authority in the institution grew out of the money they paid for their shares, did not fulfil the same ends as the more intelligent patronage of a king and the support of a cultivated aristocracy. Colonel Trumbull was

familiar with the foreign condition of things, and the mistake he made was in supposing that a kindred institution could be at once established in an entirely new country. The American Academy of Fine Arts, accordingly, is simply a forerunner of similar attempts that have utterly failed, or proved abortive through a similar misconception of means in relation to ends.

It is much more agreeable to turn to Colonel Trumbull's generous and more judicious encouragement of art in his recognition of the ability of young artists. He saw and purchased one of the first pictures which Cole exhibited in New York, declaring that "this youth has done what all my life I have attempted in vain." The venerable Robert W. Weir informs me that one of his early works, exhibited in the window of Michael Paff, the well-known picture-dealer of that day, was bought by Colonel Trumbull, who at the same time sent for him to make his acquaintance. Another proof of his liberal encouragement of the arts and of young artists is found in the engraving of the *Declaration of Independence*. This work, which involved an outlay of capital and loss of time that would have been serious had the engraving not proved satisfactory, he intrusted to Mr. A. B. Durand, a young man of twenty-six. The only sanction there was for intrusting so large and important a work to him was Colonel Trumbull's perception of his ability. Mr. Durand gratefully attributes his reputation as an engraver to Colonel Trumbull. It does not follow that Colonel Trumbull thought it best for his young friends to pursue art. New York in 1820 had no more become an Athens than Connecticut in 1783,—the days of "Brother Jonathan." Mr. Weir informs me that Colonel Trumbull recommended him to make shoes rather than be a painter, while, according to Mr. Frederic Depeyster, he told Mr. Page, then a lad of marked talent for drawing, to "go and saw wood." His friend and executor, Professor Silliman the elder, says, in the manuscript reminiscences of Colonel Trumbull by his hand: "He did not in general encourage young artists with any flattering hopes of brilliant success. His pictures of the life of an artist were rather deeply shaded, for he thought that the profession of a painter afforded but an uncertain reliance, and that the man of the palette and pencil might languish in comparative poverty, while many a proficient in the mechanic arts might rise to competence, if not to wealth."

This advice and this reflection, due to Colonel Trumbull's experience, were natural enough. He had had a hard time of it. Only his indomitable will secured for him the success he met with. And even this was not all, for he was aided by friends and relatives of wealth and influence. None of his speculations proved profitable. We have seen the result of his commercial undertakings, and the same result attended his artistic enterprises. The engravings he published, to which he devoted so much time, money, and labor, were wholly uncompensating, while his ordinary professional gains were on the whole not equal to his necessities. The \$32,000 he received from the United States government for the paintings in the Capitol at Washington sufficed simply to discharge a long series of obligations. "I had passed," he says, "the term of threescore years and ten. My debts were paid, but I had the world before me to begin anew." In 1832, Colonel Trumbull procured a pension on account of his military services, which, with the annuity from Yale College, secured to him by that institution for the paintings now in New Haven, enabled him to pass the remainder of his life in comfort.

Colonel Trumbull died in New York, November 10th, 1843, aged eighty-seven years and five months. He was buried in New Haven, beneath the gallery which bore his name, erected during his life under his supervision, and in which were deposited and arranged by him the pictures he made over to Yale College in accordance with the conditions of his annuity. At one end of it hung his full-length portrait of Washington; under this hung his own portrait, painted by Waldo and Jewett,—placed there after his death,—with that of his wife, painted by himself; while in the ground, under the floor, reposed their bodies. His directions in relation to his interment were, "Place me at the feet of my great master." When the Yale School of the Fine Arts was erected, the entire collection of paintings, as well as the remains of Colonel Trumbull and his wife, was transferred to that edifice. In the old building the pictures were



THE SORTIE FROM GIBRALTAR.

PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF A PRELIMINARY PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

advantageously placed, each with ample space around it, and all, if I am not mistaken, on the line. What is now needed is a similar arrangement. The least that could be done in honor of the artist who selected this beautiful town for his final resting-place would be to devote a part of the new building solely to his finished works, his sketches and engravings, with every souvenir of him that would make the collection a yet more perfect representation of the genius of a truly national old master.

There are five portraits of Colonel Trumbull: — one painted by himself in 1833, and engraved for his *Memoirs*; two by Waldo and Jewett, one in the possession of Professor Silliman, which is here reproduced, and the other in the Yale School of the Fine Arts; a small full-length by Twibill, in the possession of the National Academy of Design, New York; and one by Gilbert Stuart, owned by Mr. William Forbes Morgan, of New York. The portrait now in the Yale School of the Fine Arts was engraved by Mr. A. B. Durand, for the *National Portrait Gallery*, published by James Herring. During the progress of the engraving, Mr. Durand corrected a proof of it from life. A miniature of Colonel Trumbull by Robertson exists somewhere in England. A bust of him by Ball Hughes is in the Yale School at New Haven, and there is a medal of him issued by the American Art Union.

Colonel Trumbull's will, courage, independence, self-reliance, and enterprise are fully apparent in the foregoing details of his career; something more is necessary to complete our idea of him as a man. While Colonel Trumbull was sensitive, proud, of perfect integrity, a man of honor in the highest sense of the term, it must be also admitted that he was of an excitable and even passionate temperament, which often rendered him arbitrary and dictatorial in certain public relations. Never, however, was he uncourteous or unforgiving with anybody. These traits, as well as his urbanity and benevolence, can be demonstrated by many who knew him and still survive. Of superior intelligence, wide experience, noble in aspiration, and conscientious, he would defer only to those whom he knew to surpass him in these qualities. The best idea which can be given of him in social relations is, as usual, that which can be derived from his own language. The following letter shows in a general way the tone of his mind and judgment on important matters. It is written to a nephew concerning a profession.

"HAMMERSMITH, NEAR LONDON, Oct. 20, 1801.

"You ask my advice with regard to the profession you ought to pursue. From your own observations I presume that you have not, as I always had, a very strong predilection for any particular pursuit, and the question, therefore, is to be decided by prudence alone.

"Of the three professions, I think that of a physician least desirable in every respect, and therefore not to be thought of but by those in whose minds nature has impressed a love for it. To a serious mind, which looks to futurity, which considers this life but as a journey, and the good things of the earth but as the accommodations of the inns on the road, the duties of a clergyman must have charms; and, if entered upon with such sentiments, undoubtedly that profession will be found to afford in its humble and tranquil enjoyments more real happiness than the politician can ever find in the tumult of intrigue, or the merchant in the bustle of wealth and business; but it must be entered upon with sentiments of real piety and from considerations of duty, — not with the base view of procuring a livelihood; such as go into the pulpit with such motives only, in my opinion profane the holy place. Unless, therefore, you feel yourself strongly impressed with a persuasion that your duty calls you to this sacred employment, avoid it.

"In our country, and in all societies constituted on similar principles, the law is a sure road to honor and emolument for those who to talents add integrity and industry. The only objection I know to the profession is that it forces the mind upon a continual observation of the vices and follies of human nature. But there are two sides to every question; and the lawyer who studies as much as possible to defend innocence and to detect and punish crimes is certainly a most estimable and important member of society, while he who perverts his talents and his knowledge to the purposes of chicane and the protection of roguery is most pestilent. If you feel in yourself no aversion to the study of the law, if in your studies you have discovered any talent for public speaking and for composition, I would certainly, of the three learned professions, recommend the law. It is honorable: a virtuous man will render it very useful to society, and to an honest man it may with the purest integrity be rendered lucrative. Such are my sentiments, but judge for yourself, without suffering my opinions to control you. It is



IN THE SWING.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

H. WINTHROP PEIRCE.

THIS is a charming example of Mr. Peirce's talent as applied to juvenile illustration. Graceful and pretty as the little girl is, the scene reminds one of the "Swinging Song."

"Swinging, swinging, little Bettine,
Prettiest lassie that ever was seen ;
Swinging, swinging,
Up where the long, lithe branches blow,
Down where the white, swaying lilies grow ;
Swinging, swinging, little Bettine,
Under the larches cool and green."



JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIXTH.

“OF making many books there is no end.” So said the wise old king,—and still the work goes on; to quote our modern poet, Wordsworth,—

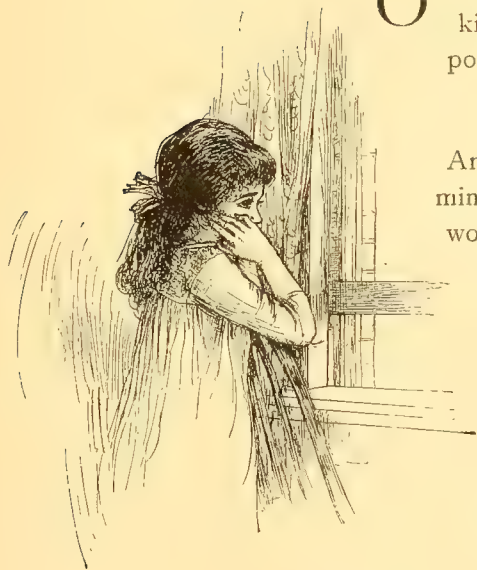
“Dreams, books, each are a world.”

And what a vast train of thought that line awakens in our minds. Think of the countless books that help to make the worlds for those who read and ponder; and then think of the many countless more who, unable to read,—“words, words, words,”—yet find a thrilling tale or a tender story in the many illustrations that each season help to adorn and beautify our books and magazines.

Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd, the subject of this article, says: “I loved to illustrate stories that I read; I have devoted myself from first to last telling stories in black-and-white pictures. I think it is the grandest branch of art, on account of its wide application, to draw for reproduction. A painting is seen

by the few who come to it, but a reproduction goes to the ends of the earth.”

“To the ends of the earth.” Stop for a moment and think. Think how far and to what strange places these books and magazines, which surround us daily, and which we handle so carelessly, and sometimes value so lightly, travel,—waited and watched for with what eagerness,—making, as they undoubtedly often do, the life and sunshine of many desolate homes. Even in the wilds of Siberia they have found their way; and many an illustration from the periodicals is cut out and pinned on the walls of the dreary esquimaux huts, and sometimes, it is said, the pictures are worshipped by the natives as representing some saint,—



so widespread and far-reaching has the artist's and engraver's talent travelled. Tales of joy and sorrow, of riches and poverty, war and peace, high life and low, follow one another on these ever-varied pages; and as we look we each read the story for ourselves, and are sometimes led to dreaming and wondering about the artist whose clever pencil has portrayed the vivid picture-stories that haunt the brain.

From her earliest childhood, Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd (née Curtis) evinced a talent for drawing. As a child her love for picture-books was absorbing. She says, "They seemed alive to me; and I can remember stabbing some wolves, and pretending to live in some picture-castles." Her first drawing-book was her slate at school, and at the early age of eleven she had fully resolved to become an artist.



THE EMPTY BIRD'S NEST. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

Born in the city of New York, where her parents were also born and educated, Jessie Curtis began her artistic career at the New York School of Design for Women when about fourteen years of age. At that time the School of Design had few good teachers and no method, which may, perhaps, somewhat account for the unevenness of this artist's work. Miss Curtis, however, struggled bravely on in her chosen profession, and even when young and incompetent, drew designs for the publishers of magazines and periodicals.



HIDE AND SEEK. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

She learned a great deal of the art of illustrating and drawing for wood-engraving from Mr. William J. Linton, her first good work being made under his instruction for "The Gates Ajar."



CAUGHT. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

Mr. Linton after a few years gave up his teaching, and Miss Jessie Curtis then studied with Doctor Rimmer, but finally went to the Academy of Design to work under the supervision of Mr. Wilmarth.



A MOTHER'S ADVICE. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

On marrying, Miss Curtis added Shepherd to a name that had already acquired some reputation, and she still continues to make use of her talents, drawing mostly for Harper and Brothers' periodicals, — the "Magazine," "Bazar," "Weekly," and "Young People." She had



"ROUND THE CARPET HERE WE STAND." DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

also made illustrations for "Our Little Ones," "Wide Awake," "The Youth's Companion," "St. Nicholas," and other magazines. As will be seen by the illustrations that accompany this article, the artist's work, as we have before remarked, shows great unevenness. At times



"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand
that rules the world."

DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

the lines will be strong and true, and we are charmed with the spirit of the picture; then again the drawing will be so different that we wonder how the same hand can have limned it.

Mrs. Shepherd executed a very touching drawing to illustrate that part of Elizabeth Akers Allen's inspired poem, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," where it says:—

"No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours ;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain ;
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep, —
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."



"ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER." DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

All through this artist's work we find much to admire and enjoy, even if at times we meet with some pictures that seem almost too indifferent to have found their way into print. The *Sea Fairies*, drawn for Tennyson's poem, represent quite another side of Mrs. Shepherd's work. The shadowy figures of the sea-nymphs appeal most keenly to our imagination, and



FAIRYLAND, DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.



"WHERE HAVE THE BIRDIES GONE?" DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

conjure up in our minds endless tales of shipwrecked mariners, who, like the Greek heroes returning from the siege of Troy, have lost their bearings, and forgotten their duties in listening to the dulcet tones of the alluring mermaids. As they touch the strings of their golden harps, one can hear them chant with sweet, low voices, —



A HAPPY FAMILY. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

"Whither away, whither away, whither away, fly no more;
Whither away, from the high, green field and the happy, blossoming shore?
Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;
Down shower the gambolling water-falls
From wandering over the lea;

Out of the live-green heart of the dells
 They freshen the silvery crimson shells;
 And thick with white bells the clover hill swells
 High over the full-toned sea.
 O hither, come hither, and furl your sails,
 Come hither to me and to me;
 Hither, come hither, and frolic, and play;



A CAREFUL LITTLE MOTHER. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

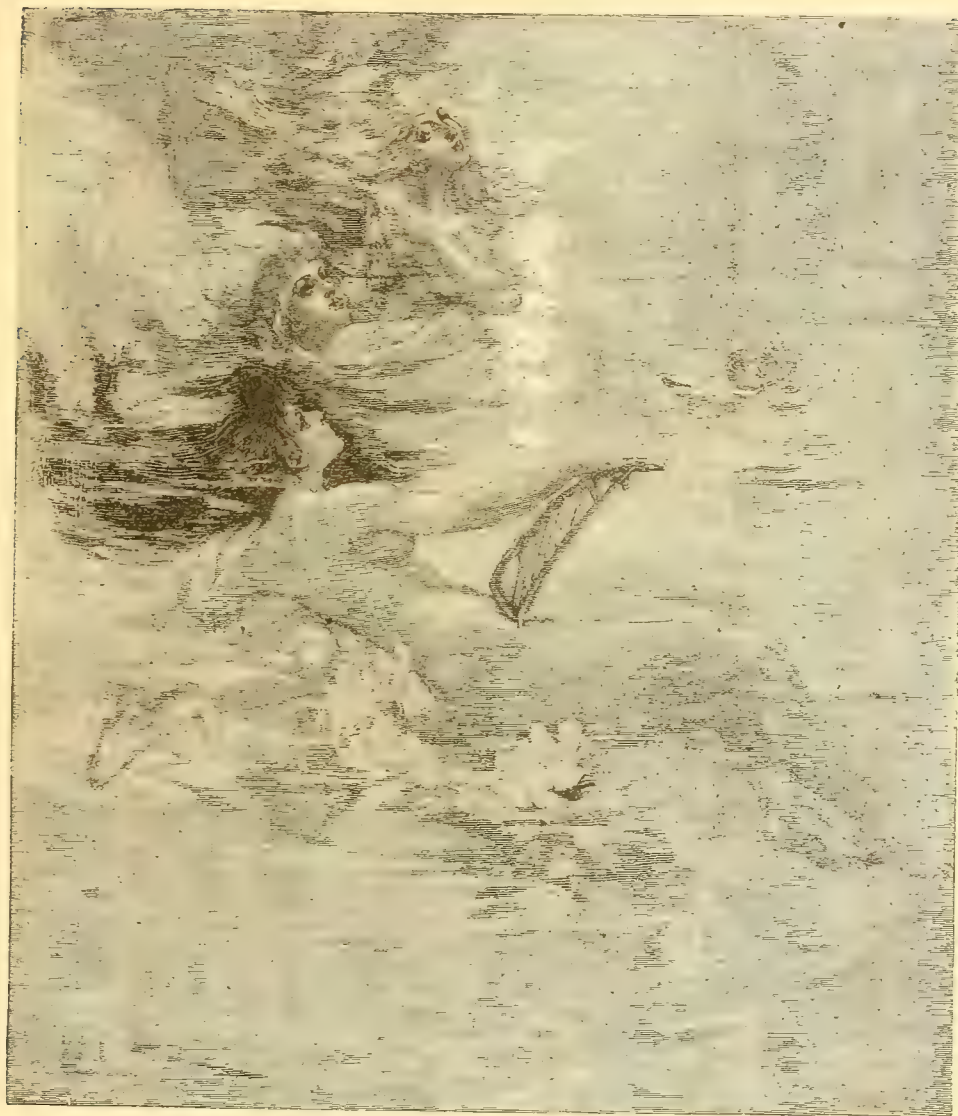
Here it is only the mew that wails,
 We will sing to you all the day:
 Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
 For here are the blissful downs and dales,
 And merrily, merrily, carol the gales,
 And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
 And the rainbow forms and flies on the land,
 Over the islands free;
 And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
 Hither, come hither, and see;



A MOTHER'S KISSES.

DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
 And sweet is the color of cove and cave,
 And sweet shall your welcome be ;
 Hither, come hither, and be our lords,
 For merry brides are we ;
 We will kiss sweet kisses and speak sweet words :
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten



SEA FAIRIES. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

With pleasure and love and jubilee :
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
 When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
 Runs up the ridged sea.
 Who can light on as happy a shore,
 All the world o'er — all the world o'er ?
 Whither away ? listen and stay ; mariner, mariner, fly no more."

What a homelike picture we have in the full-page illustration where the mother is ever ready with

“ Kisses for the lovely dimples,
 Two wee lily-cups are they ;
 Kisses for the mouth so precious,
 Sweeter than the new mown hay ;

Kisses for the eyes so merry,
 Violets all dipped in dew ;
 Kisses for the pink white fingers,
 Prettier the earth ne'er knew ;

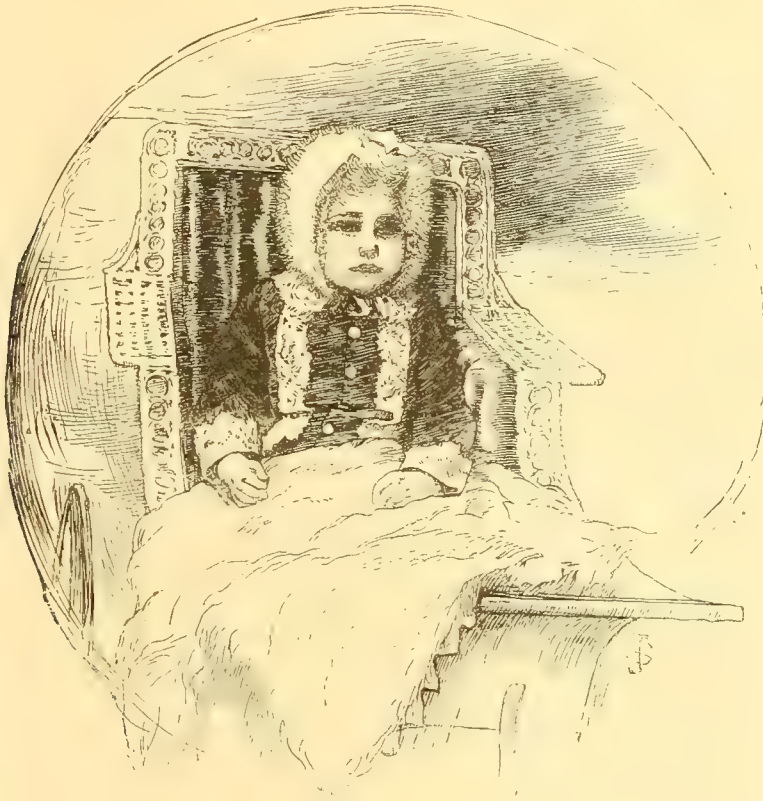


THE LITTLE SOMNAMBULIST. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

Kisses for the head so siken,
 With its little birdlike ways ;
 Kisses for the brow so snowy,
 Where a shadow never strays ;

Kisses. — one wide world of kisses !
 Could I have enough, dear, say,
 Though I kissed you, kissed you, kissed you,
 Yes, forever and a day !”

Mrs. Shepherd's forte is certainly in depicting children,—those little ones who in many a day of sorrow and discontentment ease the troubles of this world by a sight of their bright, happy faces.



READY FOR A RIDE. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

“A truthful page is childhood's lovely face,
Whereon sweet Innocence has record made, —
An outward semblance of the young heart's grace,
Where truth, and love, and trust are all portrayed.”



AN INQUISITIVE CHILD. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

How well she has shown us their variable temperaments in the many illustrations that she has made for the current children's magazines, and how many a mother has conjured up the face of a dear departed one, while looking at Mrs. Shepherd's delicate creations.

Look at this picture of *The Naughty Little Girl*, where —



THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

"All among the dewy roses
Stands our little rosebud weeping.
Mother whispers: 'Fie! for shame!
Every one will know your name;
See the baby roses peeping!'

"Gone the pouting, gone the sighing;
Baby sees the roses pearly.
'Mamma, have they all been crying?
Have they, too, been bad so early?'"

See this characteristic drawing, *Six Years Old*, where the little girl, overwhelmed with the responsibilities that come with each birthday, thus addresses her new doll: —



SIX YEARS OLD. DRAWN BY MRS. SHEPHERD.

“What do you think, Doll Rosa?
 Look sharp at me, and say,
 What do you think has happened?
 I ’m six years old to-day!
 Yes, this is why my dear mamma
 Has dressed you up so gay,
 And brought you here to visit me, —
 I ’m six years old to-day!

“You see how fast I ’m growing?
 Oh, I forgot, you know,
 That you had only met me
 An hour or two ago.
 I ’ve grown a year since yesterday,
 My papa told me so.
 I ’m sure I did n’t feel so tall
 A day or two ago!”

To refer once again to that wise old king; — perhaps could he have seen and enjoyed the illustrated books that adorn our age, he might have refrained from that bored remark with which this article is headed.

Art and art-books are ever on the increase; and we hail with delight, and are ever ready to cheer and encourage all those who in any way add to their value. Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd's work may not be of the highest order, but it gives pleasure to many, and is evidently the work of a gifted and conscientious artist.





THE CARIBOU HUNTER.

PHOTO-ETCHING

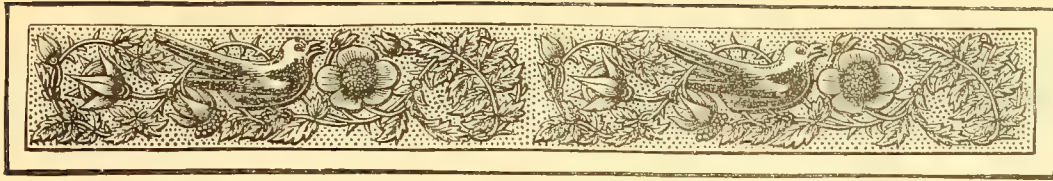
FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

W. L. TAYLOR.

THIS is one of Taylor's excellent real-life paintings, showing such a scene as will at once excite in the beholder not only interest, but a deep concern.

The hardy huntsman, in his typical backwoods outfit, stands, with his gun still smoking, viewing the successful effect of his long-distance shot. The caribou, while straining all his energies in the attempt to distance his pursuers, presumably failed to see the danger that confronted him until the bullet pierced his breast, when with a convulsive plunge he threw himself into the air, realizing that his last chance to escape was gone.

It appears to be a question to the debating hunter as to who will derive the benefit from the death of the noble animal, and his chances seem poor indeed as he views the ferocious pack of wolves that are only too eager to devour the caribou in his dying agonies.



SANFORD R. GIFFORD.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVENTH.



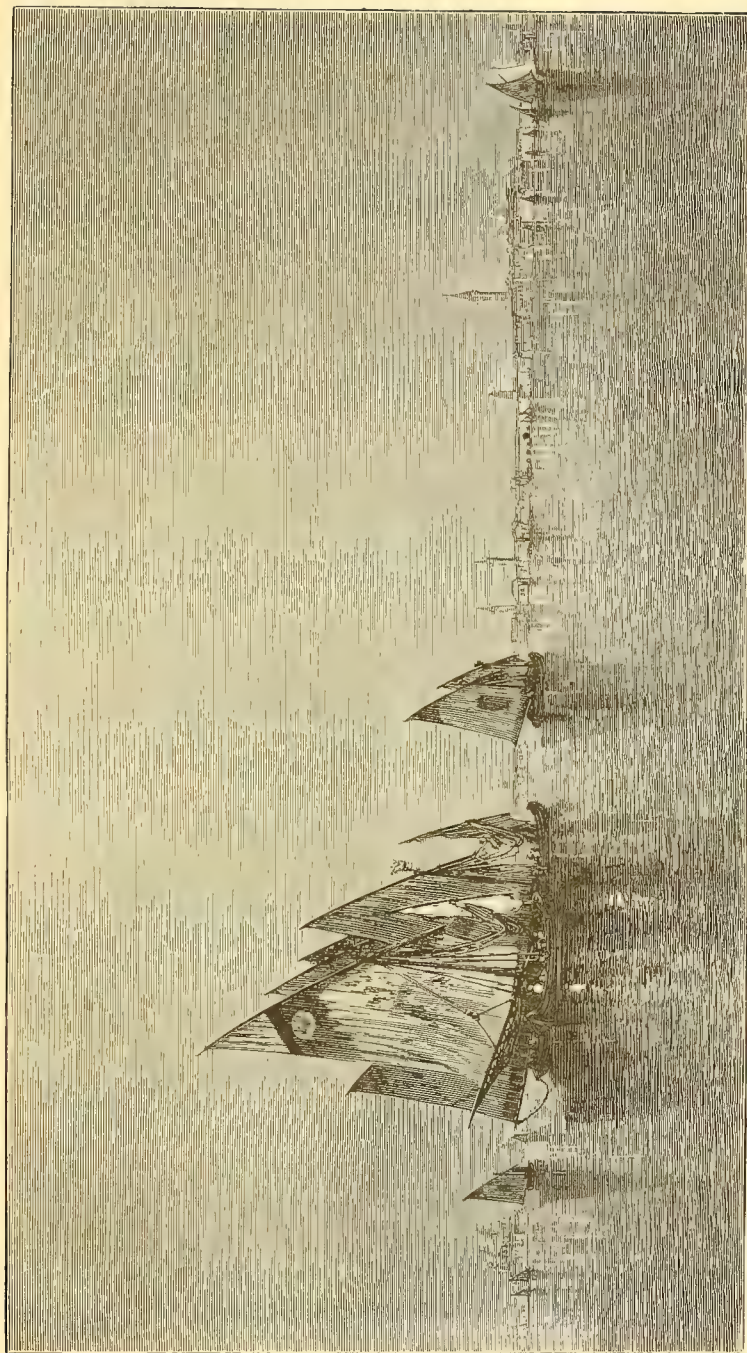
SANFORD R. GIFFORD was born in Greenfield, Saratoga Co., N. Y., in 1823. His boyhood was spent at Hudson in the same State. He was greatly influenced by the landscapes of Thomas Cole. His principal teacher in the technics of painting was the late John R. Smith, of New York City. In 1854 he became a member of the National Academy of Design. He was a soldier in the War for the Union; and one of his best pictures, *The Camp of the Seventh Regiment*, was sketched while he was with that famous organization of volunteers. To one who knows him well, his success seems natural enough. In his opinion, an artist is simply a poet. Both work from the same principles and aim at the same result; namely, to reproduce the impressions which they have received from beautiful things in Nature,—the poet reproducing them when they can be reproduced by words; the painter, when they are so subtle as to elude the grasp of words.

Take, for instance, the impression made upon one by an Indian-summer afternoon, when not only the foliage but the very atmosphere itself, owing to its density, is suffused with color, so that the natural color of the leaves is heightened by the colored light upon and through and around them. Everybody feels the influence and responds to the charm of such a day. But who shall so describe the scene that the impression of it shall be reproduced by words? One might as well try to describe all the colors of the sunset. The artist alone has the means whereby we shall be made to feel just as he felt when he saw the scene, and just as we ourselves should have felt had we seen it. Nay, more: by the secrets of his art, he can even emphasize the impression which the natural scene would have made upon us. He can direct our attention to its salient features, can remove from our attention unimportant features, can make new and finer combinations than Nature herself ever made, and can so arrange matters that our imaginations shall be more easily stimulated. In one sense, therefore, he can really improve upon Nature. Accordingly, when Mr. Gifford finds himself particularly impressed by any natural scene, and determined to make a picture, the first question that arises is, "What causes all this beauty?"—for if there is not beauty in it, he does not wish to paint it. The grand distinction between an artist and another person of equal sensibility to natural beauty who is not an artist is that the former can penetrate into the causes of that beauty, and can make use of those causes, while the latter cannot do either. With Mr. Gifford landscape-painting is air-painting; and his endeavor is to imitate the color of the air, to use the oppositions of light and dark and color that he sees before him. If the forms are represented as they are in Nature under atmospheric conditions of light, dark, and color, these forms will look as they look in Nature, and will produce the same effect. Thus much, perhaps, Mr. Gifford believes in common with every educated artist. But every artist has his own particular method

of work, and, in the case of a successful artist, this particular method is always an interesting thing to know. Mr. Gifford's method is this: When he sees anything which vividly impresses him, and which therefore he wishes to reproduce, he makes a little sketch of it in pencil on a card about as large as an ordinary visiting-card. It takes him, say, half a minute to make it; but there is the idea of the future picture fixed as firmly if not as fully as in the completed work itself. While travelling, he can in this way lay up a good stock of material for future use. The next step is to make a larger sketch, this time in oil, where what has already been done in black-and-white is repeated in color. To this sketch, which is about twelve inches by eight, he devotes an hour or two. It serves the purpose of defining to him just what he wants to do, and of fixing it in enduring material. Sometimes the sketch is not successful, and is thrown aside to make room for another. It helps him, also, to decide what he does not want to do. He experiments with it; puts in or leaves out, according as he finds that he can increase or perfect his idea. When satisfactorily finished, it is a model in miniature of what he proposes to do.

He is now ready to paint the picture itself. All that he asks for is a favorable day on which to begin. To Mr. Gifford, this first day is the great day. He waits for it; he prepares for it. He wishes to be in the best possible physical condition. He is careful about his food; he is careful to husband his resources. When the day comes, he begins work just after sunrise, and continues until just before sunset. Ten, eleven, twelve, consecutive hours, according to the season of the year, are occupied in the first great effort to put the scene on the canvas. He feels fresh and eager. His studio-door is locked. Nothing is allowed to interrupt him. His luncheon, taken in his studio, consists of a cup of coffee and a piece of bread. His inspiration is at fever-heat; every faculty is stretched to its utmost; his brush moves rapidly, almost carelessly. He does not stop to criticise his work. The divine afflatus is within him, and he does unquestioningly whatever it tells him to do, while his pigments are wet and in movable condition. No day is ever long enough for this first day's work; and very often, at the end of it, the picture looks finished, even to the eye of an artist. First of all, on this first day he removes the glaring white of his canvas by staining it with a solution of turpentine and burnt sienna; the reason being that a surface of pure white causes the colors laid upon it to look more brilliant than they will when the canvas is entirely covered with pigments. Then he takes a white-chalk crayon and makes a drawing of the picture he expects to paint. After that is done, he sets his palette, placing small quantities of white, cadmium, vermilion, madder-lake, raw sienna, burnt sienna, caledonia brown, and permanent blue, one after another along the upper rim, in the order just enumerated. These are all the manufactured pigments that he uses; they consist of the fundamental red, yellow, and brown, with their lights and darks. Just below this row of pigments he puts another row, consisting of three or four tints of mixed white and cadmium, three or four tints of orange (obtained by mixing the former tints with red), and three or four tints of green (if foliage is to be painted). Along the lower rim of the palette he arranges, one after another, several tints of blue. The palette is then ready. The workshop—the battle-ground, if we please—is in the centre, between these tints of blue and the tints of orange. Here are created all the thousand special tints soon to be seen in the picture.

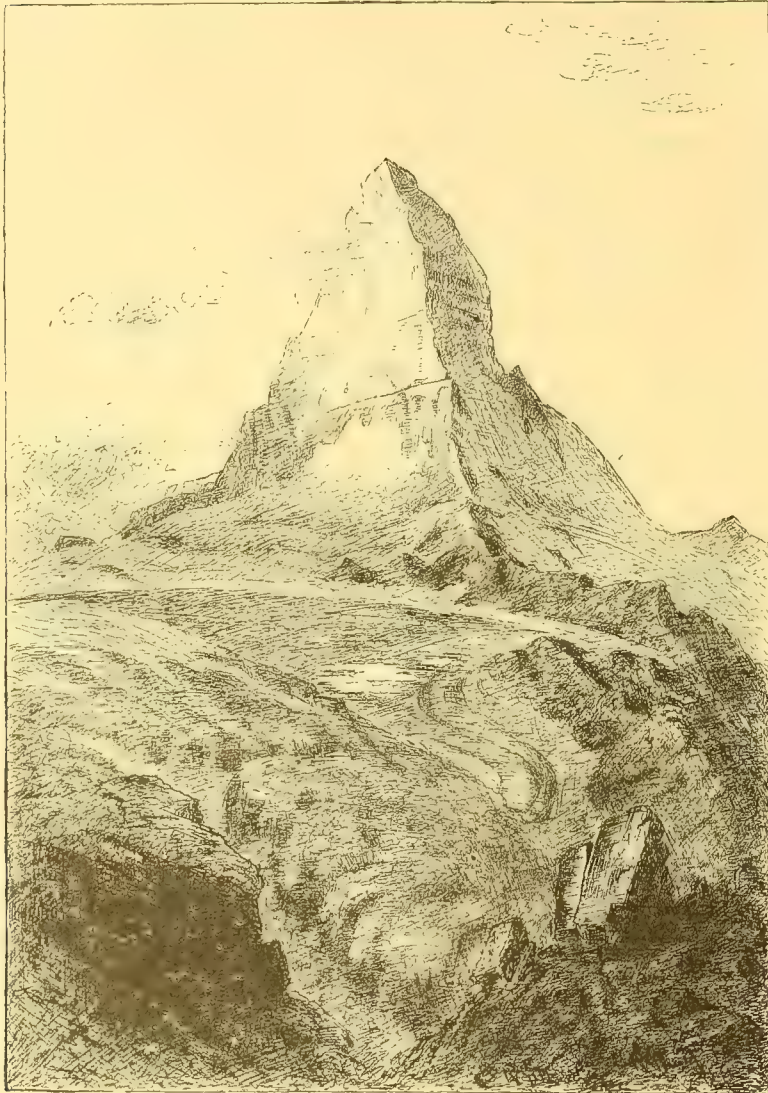
The first thing that Mr. Gifford paints, when producing a landscape, is the horizon of the sky; and his reason for doing so is, that in landscape-painting the color of the sky is the key-note of the picture,—that is to say, it governs the impression, determining whether the impression shall be gay or grave, lively or severe; so much so, indeed, that landscape-painting may be called (what we have already said Mr. Gifford calls it) air-painting. Different conditions of the air produce different impressions upon the mind, making us feel sad, or glad, or awed, or what not. Hence the condition—that is, the color—of the air is the one essential thing to be attended to in landscape-painting. If the painter misses that, he



VENICE.

FROM A PAINTING BY SANFORD R. GIFFORD.

misses everything. Now, the color of the sky at the horizon is the key-note of the color of the air. Mr. Gifford, therefore, begins with the horizon. When the long day is finished, and the picture is produced, the work of criticism, of correction, of completion, is in place. Mr. Gifford does this work slowly. He likes to keep his picture in his studio as long as possible. He believes in the Horatian maxim of the seven years' fixing of a poem. Sometimes he does not touch the canvas for months after his first criticisms have been executed. Then, suddenly,



THE MATTERHORN AT SUNRISE. DRAWN BY GIFFORD.

he sees something that will help it along. I remember hearing him say one day, in his studio: "I thought that picture was done half a dozen times. It certainly might have been called finished six months ago. I was working at it all day yesterday." But one limitation should be noted here. Mr. Gifford does not experiment with his paintings. He does not make a change in one of them unless he knows precisely what he wishes to do. He does not put in a cow, a tree, a figure, and then take it out again. I once heard a landscape-painter laughingly remark: "Do you see the grass in that picture? I have buried twelve cows there!" But the turf was as smiling as ever. When Mr. Gifford is done, he stops. And he knows when he is done. Yet, on the other hand, he would rather take the risk of destroying a picture than to feel the slightest doubt respecting any part of it. The moment of his keenest pleasure is not when his work is satisfactorily completed, but when, long beforehand, he feels that he is going to be successful with it.

Mr. Gifford varnishes the finished picture so many times with boiled oil, or some other semi-transparent or translucent substance, that a veil is made between the canvas and the spectator's eye,—a veil which corresponds to the natural veil of the atmosphere. The farther off an object is in Nature the denser is the veil through which we see it; so that the object itself is of secondary importance. The really important thing is the veil or medium through which we see it. And this veil is different at different times. One day we go out in the morning, and looking up and down the street, take no note of the sight. We are not impressed. Another day there is a slight change in the density or the clarity of the atmosphere, and lo! what before was a commonplace view has become exquisitely beautiful. It was the change in the air that made the change in the object; and especially when finishing his picture does the artist bear in mind this fact. Moreover, as the spectator looks through this



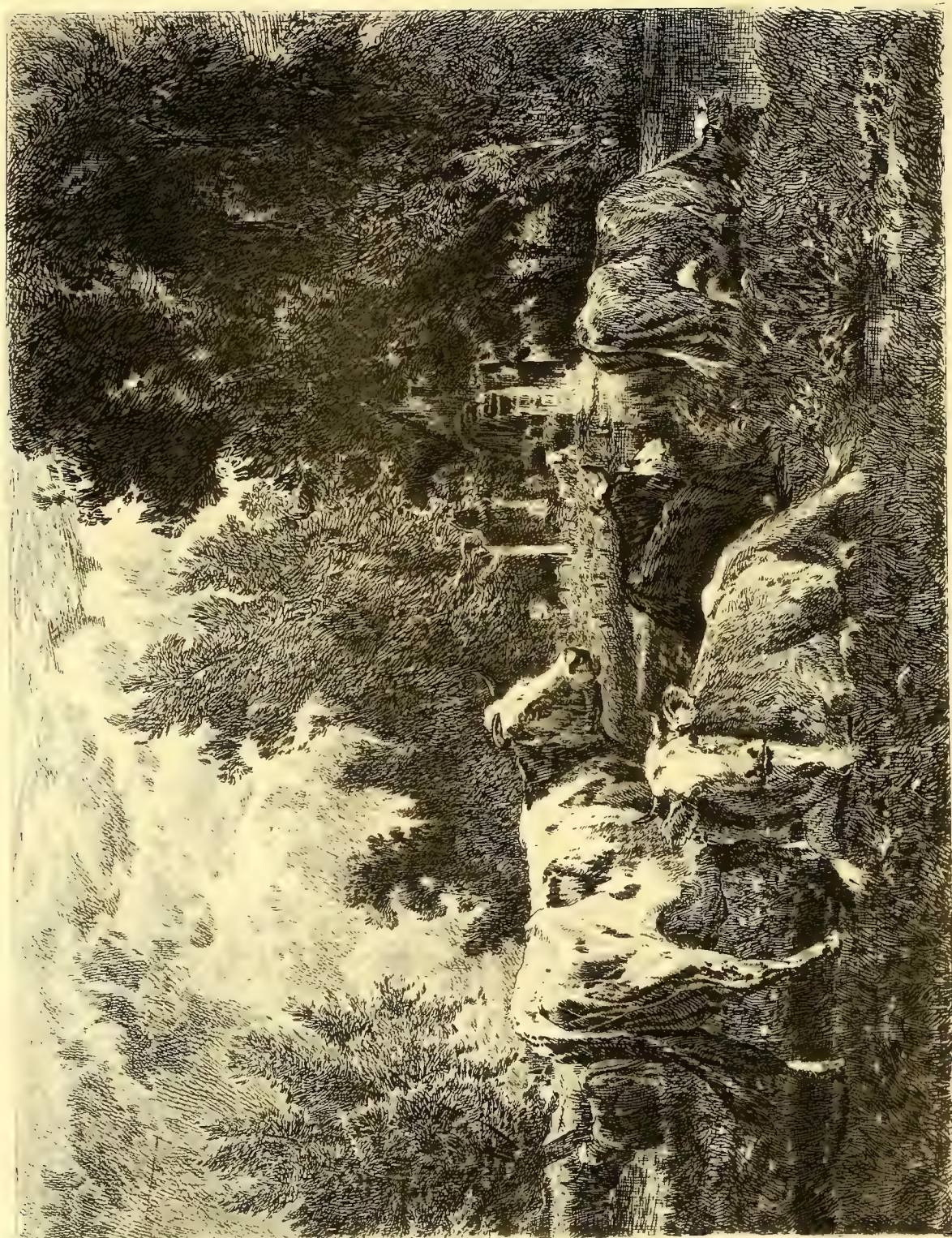
SUNSET IN THE ADIRONDACKS.
FROM A PAINTING BY SANFORD R. GIFFORD.

veil of varnish, the light is reflected and refracted just as it is through the atmosphere, — reflections and refractions which though unseen, are nevertheless felt. The surface of the picture, therefore, ceases to be opaque; it becomes transparent, and we look through it upon and into the scene beyond. In a word, the process of the artist is the process of Nature.

Mr. Gifford's industry often leads him to make a dozen sketches of the same scene. The first sketch, indeed, contains the essence, but day after day he visits the place, corrects the first sketch, qualifies it, establishes the relations of one part to another, and fixes the varied gradations of color. His portfolios are heavy with studies of rocks, of trees, of fallen leaves, of streams, of ocean-waves. Some painters think that, if they reproduce such objects exactly, they lose some of the poetry of natural facts. Mr. Gifford does not think so. He believes in Nature, and is not ashamed laboriously to imitate her. An artist like Corot offends him by slovenliness. To him one of Corot's finished landscapes is scarcely more than a sketch. He gets from it nothing more than he would get from a drawing. "The best thing by Corot that I ever saw," said Mr. Gifford one day, "was a lithograph after one of his pictures." On the other hand, every critic knows that Mr. Gifford does not elaborate unnecessarily, or so as to draw attention to the mechanism of the work, simply as mechanism. That were a fault almost as bad as the worst. Nor is Mr. Gifford disposed wantonly to sport with color, to show it off merely as color and nothing else.

Some of Mr. Gifford's best-known pictures are *Home in the Wilderness*, painted in 1856, and owned by Mr. J. M. Hartshorne; *Hunter Mountain, Twilight*, also painted in 1856, and owned by Mr. J. W. Pinchot; *Kauterskill Cove, Twilight*, painted in 1861, and owned by ex-Mayor Brown, of Portland, Maine; *Twilight in the Adirondacks*, 1864, owned by Mr. C. H. Ludington; *Palanza, Lake Maggiore*, 1869, owned by Mr. John H. Caswell; *Fishing-Boats of the Adriatic*, 1870, owned by Mr. Charles Stuart Smith; *Tivoli*, 1870, owned by Mr. Robert Gordon; *Santa Maria della Salute*, 1871, owned by Mrs. Salisbury; *Monte Ferro, Lake Maggiore*, 1871, owned by Mr. J. B. Colgate; *Golden Horn*, 1873, owned by Mr. W. I. Peake; *Venetian Sails*, 1873, owned by Mr. John Jacob Astor; and *Brindisi*, 1875, formerly in the collection of Mr. John Taylor Johnston. Mr. J. H. Sherwood bought his *Column of Saint Mark*; Mr. Robert Hoe, his *Sunrise on the Seashore*; Mr. E. F. Hall, his *Schloss Rheinstein*; Mr. Joseph Harrison, his *Mansfield Mountain*; and Mr. J. M. Fiske, his *Shrewsbury River, Sandy Hook*. The two works which we have engraved are in his best style, displaying the fineness of his handling, and the refinement of his feeling for beauty. Perhaps no painter in this country has achieved a better mastery of the light-giving properties of the sky.





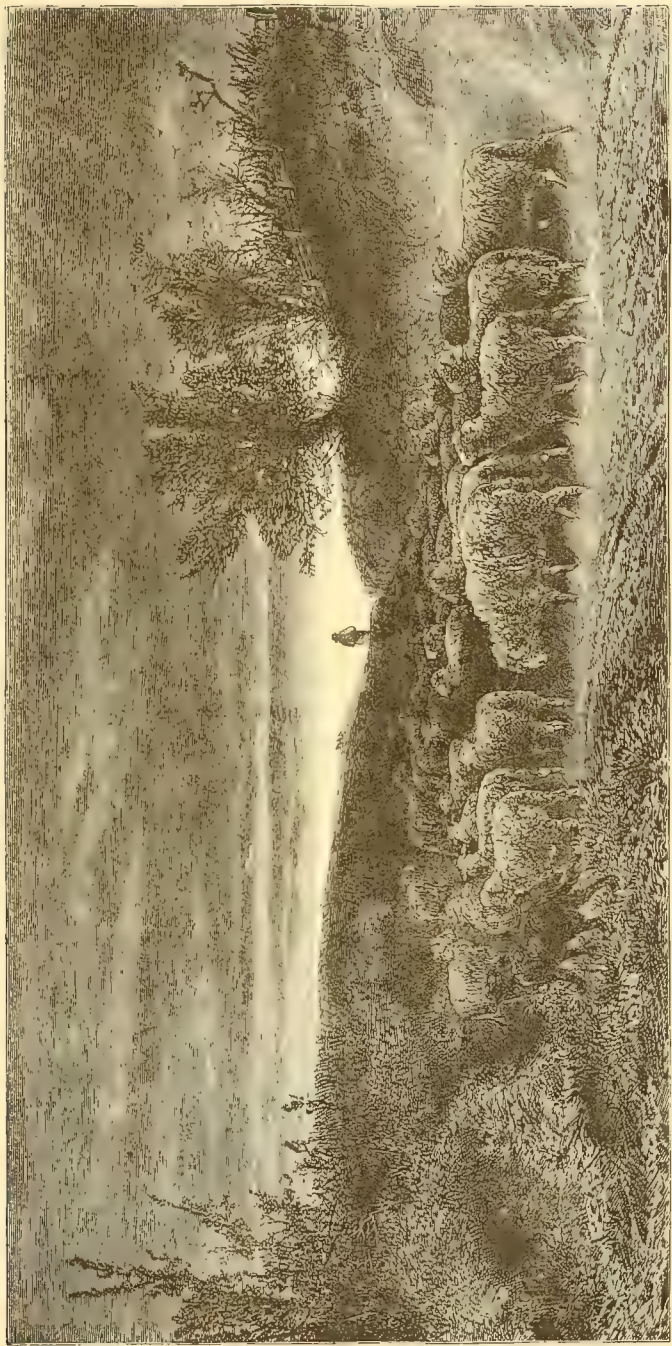
LANDSCAPE AND CATTLE.

ETCHED BY

PETER MORAN.

From a Painting by Van Marcke in the Gibson Collection.

THE strength and the bold simplicity of Mr. Moran's point is self-apparent from the example here given ; the marvellous fidelity with which he has rendered the original can only be appreciated by those familiar with it. Van Marcke is the acknowledged leader of all cattle painters, and he is well represented in this pastoral scene.



TWILIGHT.

FROM A PAINTING BY PETER MORAN.



PETER MORAN.

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHTH.



MUCH younger man than either Mr. Church, Mr. Sanford Gifford, or Mr. Bristol, is Mr. Peter Moran, of Philadelphia, whose talents have won for him an early and hearty recognition. He was born in the town of Bolton, Lancashire, England, on the 4th of March, 1842. Three years afterwards he was brought to America by his parents, and at sixteen years of age he was apprenticed by his father to learn the trade of lithographic printing in the establishment of Messrs. Herline & Hersel, of Philadelphia. Lithographic printing is, doubtless, a very excellent and useful occupation; but Moran did not admire it. He worried along for a few months, as miserable as possible, until he succeeded in picking a very serious quarrel with his employers, and in getting his indenture cancelled. He was free and seventeen years old. A lad who would not learn so excellent and useful a trade as that of lithographic printing did not meet with much encouragement from his matter-of-fact relatives; nor when he told them that he had long cherished the aspiration of becoming an artist, did their estimate of his sagacity and stability increase. His father had taken the measure of his son's capacity, and had chosen for him the lot of a skilled and honest craftsman. His friends, too, interested themselves in him so far as to second his father's plans, and to discourage his liking for the palette. But to no purpose. It chanced that his brothers Thomas and Edward were pleasantly ensconced in a studio, and in a short time we find Peter in that place as their pupil, working with assiduity in the departments of landscape and marine painting, which Thomas and Edward were successfully cultivating. Thomas painted landscapes, and Peter sequestered all of Thomas's learning and method that he could lay hands upon. Edward painted marines, and whatever could be gotten from him was seized and taken possession of in like manner. So far, so good. But one day Peter, seeing a landscape by Lambinet, was greatly impressed by the presence of the spirit of Nature in that lamented artist's work, by the freshness, dewiness, transparency, and breadth of his representation, and led to a serious study of the winning Frenchman. Wherever he could gain access to a Lambinet, it was his pleasure and desire to go. Under the influence of this new first love, he painted a little canvas, which soon found a buyer in Mr. Samuel Fales, of Philadelphia; and it is that gentleman whom Mr. Moran might call his professional godfather.

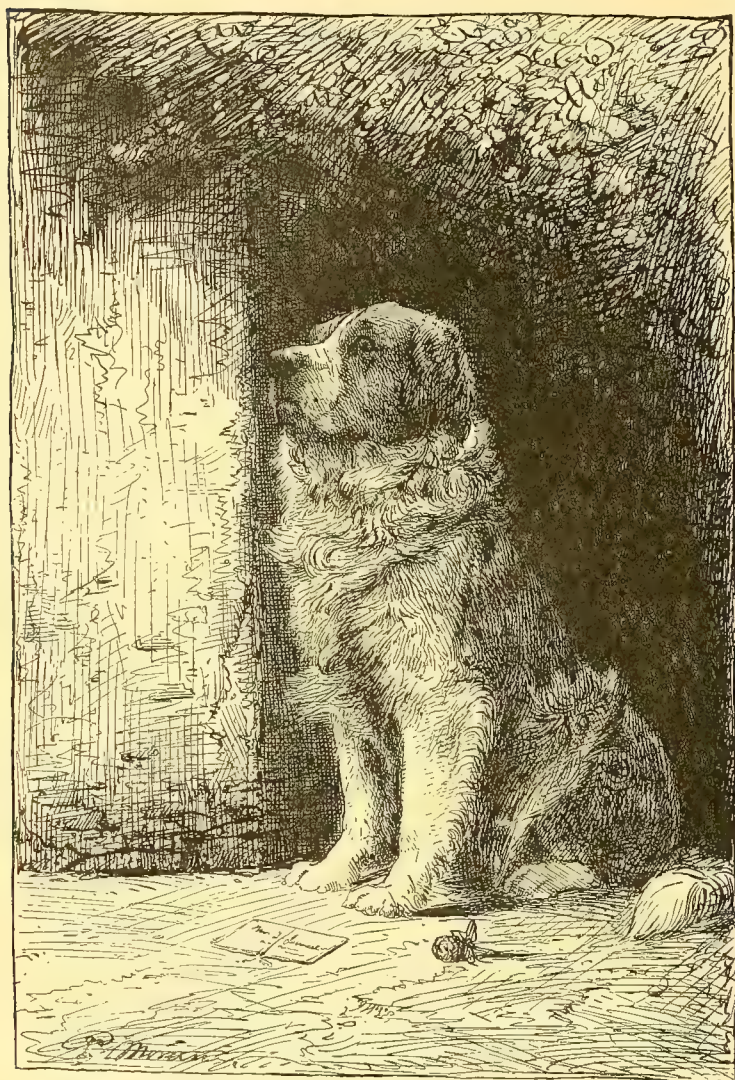
To be off with the old love and on with the new is not always a reprehensible or unpromising condition; and when Mr. Moran began to associate with Troyon and Rosa Bonheur, who were not strangers in Philadelphia, and to find that he cared more for them than for Lambinet, his conscience acquiesced in the change. Cows and sheep thenceforth invited his



THE RETURN OF THE HERD.

FROM A PAINTING BY PETER MORAN.

attention, and secured his sympathy. Not cows and sheep alone, but also the landscapes which they graced or enriched. Troyon's pictures, especially, took hold of him, and have kept hold ever since. It is as an animal-painter that Moran has gotten his success, and that, doubtless, he will continue to be known. In order to study Landseer to advantage, he went to London in 1863, being then twenty-one years old. But Landseer and the English artists in general disappointed him. Landseer, no doubt, was a masterly interpreter of animal character, both



MY LADY'S FRIEND. DRAWN BY MORAN.

from its pathetic and humorous side; but his love of popularity, or some other cause, led him not seldom to the delineation of vulgarity, to excessive caricature, and to an overweening fondness for the literary and the dramatic. The next year Mr. Moran returned home, and produced a large animal-painting, which he sent to the Philadelphia Academy Exhibition, where, before the public opening, it was bought by Mr. Matthew Baldwin of that city. He then set himself to the delineation of Pennsylvania farm-life, — particularly of barn-interiors and domestic animals. In 1873 he painted *The Thunder-storm*, which is owned by Mr. Harris, of Newark, New Jersey; in 1874, *A Fog on the Seashore*, which is owned in Brooklyn, and *Troublesome Models*, which is owned by Mr. Z. H. Johnson, of New York; in 1875, *The Settled Rain*, now in a New York gallery, and *The Return of the Herd*, which received a medal in the Centennial Exhibition. This is undoubtedly his best work. *The Return from Market* followed in 1876, and was bought by the late Mr. Matthew Baird, of Philadelphia. In 1877 his principal works were *Spring*, which

is in the collection of Mrs. C. W. Rowland, of Philadelphia; and *Twilight*, which was bought by Mr. W. H. Whitney, also of Philadelphia.

This picture we have engraved. The heaviest clouds are a dark-yellow gray; those nearer the horizon are warmer in tone with strong reflected light, the color of which is white, gradationed into yellow and blue. The sheep are gray, and the general tone of the dark ground against the sky is brown, running to a gray-green in the foreground. The tone of the painting, as a whole, is olive. Evidences of fine and sensitive observation occur in this representation, and the sentiment of the twilight hour is tenderly and lovingly expressed. The other picture engraved is *The Return of the Herd* during the approach of a thunder-storm. Already the fierce rain has overtaken the group of cattle in the distance, but the white cow and her yellowish-red calf in the bright yellow-gray foreground are enveloped in light. The

bull is dark-brown and black, and a noble specimen of his race. Mr. Moran's aim in this canvas and elsewhere, is to give the best natural representation of his subject, in a broad and general manner.

To the exhibition of the American Water-Color Society, in 1877, Mr. Moran contributed several etchings on copper, and also paintings in water-colors, entitled *The Noonday Rest*, *The Stable-Door*, and *A Mist on the Seashore*. They are substantial and effective works. In addition to his other prize, he received an award of a medal from the judges at the Centennial Exhibition for a set of fifteen etchings. He is persistently industrious, and his future is promising.





WINSLOW HOMER.

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINTH.



IN the spring of 1878 Mr. Winslow Homer exhibited in a Boston auction-room a collection of fifty or more sketches in pencil and in water-colors which possessed unusual interest. In composition they were not remarkable,—few of Mr. Homer's productions are noteworthy in that respect; he does not seem to care greatly for it; but, in their ability to make the spectator feel their subjects at once, they were very strong. Some of them were exceedingly simple,—a girl swinging in a hammock, another standing in the fields, a third playing checkers or chess,—yet from almost all of them there came a sense of freshness and pleasurableness. The handling of the figures was easy and decisive; you said to yourself that the pictures had been made quickly and without effort, and you felt that in most instances, at least, they were true to Nature. When the sale took place they provoked considerable competition, but did not fetch a great deal of money, partly because of the stringency of the times, partly because of the lateness of the season, and partly because of their fragmentary character. They widened and strengthened the artist's reputation, however, displaying his genius to much better advantage than do many of his finished works.

Mr. Homer is, perhaps, as much respected by intelligent lovers of art as is any other painter in this country. He was born in Boston, February 24, 1836. When six years old he went with his parents to Cambridge, and acquired a lasting liking for out-door country-life. The ponds, the meadows, and the fishing became his delight. To this day there is no recreation that he prefers to an excursion into the country. Like most artists, he was fond of drawing sketches in his boyhood. He has a pile of crayon reproductions of all sorts of things, made as early as 1847, each picture being supplemented by his full name and the exact date, in careful juvenile fashion. His father encouraged his leaning toward art, and, on one occasion, when on a visit to London, sent him a complete set of lithographs by Julian—representations of heads, ears, noses, eyes, faces, trees, houses, everything that a young draughtsman might fancy trying his hand at—and also lithographs of animals by Victor Adam, which the son hastened to make profitable use of. At school he drew maps and illustrated text-books, stealthily but systematically. When the time came for him to choose a business or profession, his parents never once thought of his becoming an artist, and, of course, did not recognize the fact that he was already one. It chanced on a certain morning that his father, while reading a newspaper, caught sight of the following brief advertisement: "Boy wanted; apply to Bufford, lithographer. Must have a taste for drawing. No other wanted." Now, Bufford was a friend of the elder Homer, and a member of the fire company of which the latter was the foreman,—in those days the fire department in New England towns was conducted



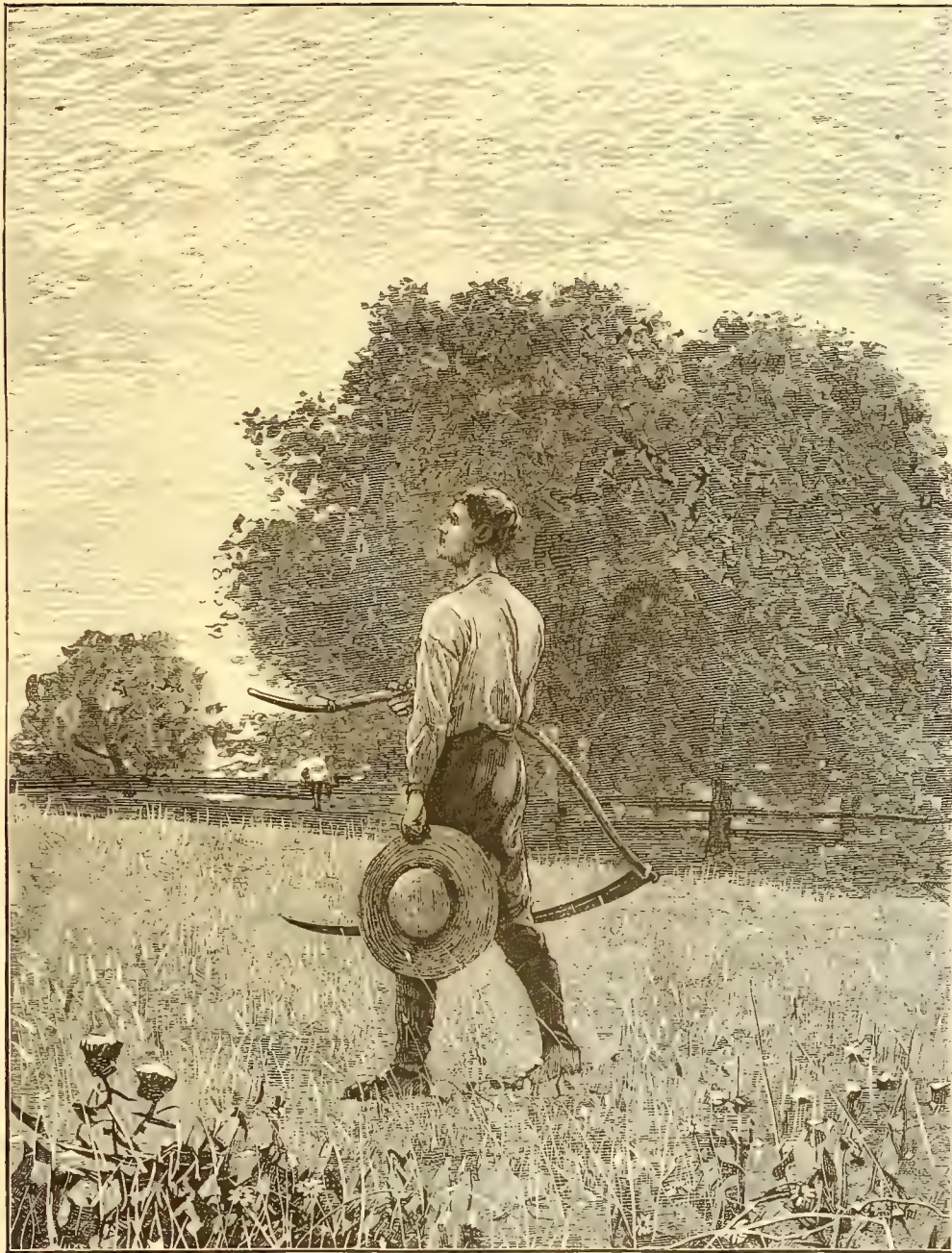
WATERMELON - EATERS.

FROM A PAINTING BY WINSLOW HOMER.

by gentlemen, "There's a chance for Winslow!" exclaimed the author of Winslow's being. Application was made forthwith to Bufford; and the furnishing-store across the way, where were sold dickeys, etc., and where, at one time, it was seriously thought that Winslow had better begin life as clerk, was abandoned for the headquarters of Cambridge lithography. The boy was accepted on trial for two weeks. He suited and stayed for two years, or until he was twenty-one. He suited so well, indeed, that his employer relinquished the bonus of three hundred dollars usually demanded of apprentices in consideration of their being taught a trade. His first work was designing titlepages for sheet-music, ordered by Oliver Ditson, of Boston,—*Katy Darling* and *Oh, whistle and I'll come to You, my Lad*, being the subjects of his initial efforts in this direction. Bufford assigned to him the more interesting kinds of pictorial decoration, leaving such avocations as card-printing to the other apprentices. His most important triumph at the lithographer's was the designing on stone of the portraits of the entire Senate of Massachusetts. But his sojourn there was a treadmill existence. Two years at that grindstone unfitted him for further bondage; and, since the day he left it, he has called no man master. He determined to be an artist; took a room in the "Ballou's Pictorial" Building, in Winter Street, Boston, and made drawings, occasionally, for that periodical. His first production there was a sketch of a street-scene in Boston,—some horses rearing in lively fashion, and several pedestrians promenading on the sidewalk. In a year or two he began to send sketches to Harper & Brothers, of New York, who invariably accepted them. Some of these early works were a series entitled *Life in Harvard College*, including a foot-ball game on the campus. He knew the students well, and had cultivated them a good deal. Next he drew cartoons of the muster at Concord, in 1857 or 1858, also for the Harpers. Soon he spent a winter in New York, attended a drawing-school in Brooklyn, and visited the old Düsseldorf Gallery on Broadway, where he saw and was deeply impressed by Page's *Venus*. "What I remember best," says Mr. Homer, "is the smell of paint; I used to love it in a picture gallery." The Harpers sent for him, and made him a generous offer to enter their establishment and work regularly as an artist. "I declined it," says Homer, "because I had had a taste of freedom. The slavery at Bufford's was too fresh in my recollection to let me care to bind myself again. From the time that I took my nose off that lithographic stone, I have had no master, and never shall have any."

It was in 1859 that he came to New York. For two years he occupied a studio in Nassau Street, and lived in Sixteenth Street. Gradually he got acquainted with the artists, and in 1861 he moved to the University Building on Washington Square, where several of them had rooms. He attended the night-school of the Academy of Design, then in Thirteenth Street, under Professor Cummings's tuition, and in 1861 determined to paint. For a month, in the old Dodworth Building near Grace Church, he took lessons in painting of Rondel, an artist from Boston, who, once a week, on Saturdays, taught him how to handle his brush, set his palette, etc. The next summer he bought a tin box, containing pigments, oils, and various equipments, and started out into the country to paint from Nature. Funds being scarce, he got an appointment from the Harpers as artist-correspondent at the seat of war, and went to Washington, where he drew sketches of Lincoln's inauguration, and afterward to the front with the first batch of soldier-volunteers. Twice again he made a trip to the Army of the Potomac, these times independently of the publishers. His first oil-paintings were pictures of war-scenes; for example, *Home, Sweet Home*, which represents homesick soldiers listening to the playing of a regimental band; *The Last Goose at Yorktown*, now owned by Mr. Dean, of Waverley Place, New York; and *Zouaves pitching Quoits*. In 1865 he painted his *Prisoners to the Front*, recently in Mr. John Taylor Johnston's collection,—a work which soon gave him reputation.

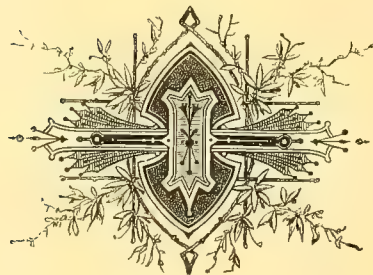
One of his latest productions is the *Cotton-Pickers*, two stalwart negro women in a cotton-field, which now has a home in London. His *A Fair Wind* and *Over the Hills* are in New



IN THE FIELDS.

FROM A PAINTING BY WINSLOW HOMER.

York, in Mr. Charles Smith's gallery. Mr. Homer is not wholly a master of *technique*, but he understands the nature and the aims of art; he can see and lay hold of the essentials of character, and he paints his own thoughts,—not other persons'. It is not strange, therefore, that, almost from the outset of his career as a painter, his works have compelled the attention of the public, and have invested themselves with earnest admiration. The praise they have earned is honest praise. They reveal on the part of the artist an ability to grasp dominant characteristics and to reproduce specific expressions of scenes and sitters; and for this reason it is that no two of Mr. Homer's pictures look alike. Every canvas with his name attached bears the reflex of a distinct artistic impression. His style is large and free, realistic and straightforward, broad and bold; and many of his finished works have somewhat of the charm of open-air sketches,—were, indeed, painted outdoors in the sunlight, in the immediate presence of Nature; while in the best of them may always be recognized a certain noble simplicity, quietude, and sobriety, that one feels grateful for in an age of gilded spread-eagleism, together with an abundance of free touches made in inspired unconsciousness of rules, and sometimes fine enough almost to atone for insufficiency of textures and feebleness of relation of color to sentiment. His negro studies recently brought from Virginia, are in several respects—in their total freedom from conventionalism and mannerism, in their strong look of life, and in their sensitive feeling for character—the most successful things of the kind that this country has yet produced. One of them, *Eating Watermelons*, we have engraved. It is a chapter in the life of an American boy. His *Snap the Whip* and *Village School*, in Mr. John H. Sherwood's collection, are other chapters. His fame as a painter was founded upon his original and happy treatment of just such subjects as these. *In the Fields* shows us a stalwart young farmer stopping to listen to the song of a lark. *The Song of the Lark* was its title on the occasion of its first exhibition in 1877 in the gallery of the Century Club.





A BONNIE LASS.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

K. L. LANGDON.

THIS dainty little creature, so quaintly earnest in her expression, is one of the best of Mr. Langdon's faithful and successful endeavors to portray children as we think of them when we read Longfellow's lines, —

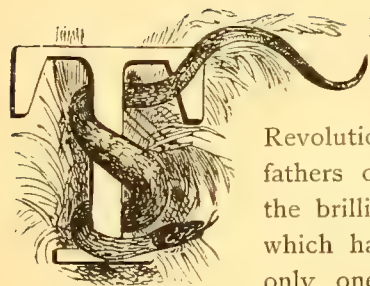
“Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more;
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.”



STUDY OF A HEAD. DRAWN BY ALLSTON.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

CHAPTER SIXTIETH.



THE three great names in early American art are those of Copley, Stuart, and Allston. Many years ago Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote: "The courtly grace and bearing of our ancestors before the Revolution survive in the forms that fill the ample canvas of Copley; the fathers of our Republic and the first race of her citizens are recalled in the brilliant life that flowed from the pencil of Stuart; and, if the century which has given their names to immortality shall complete its tribute with only one other name,—but that the brightest and noblest of all,—its offering to the arts has been worthy of what may be hereafter called the heroic age of the country." But few more years than those of a century cover the lives of this illustrious trio, the first being born in 1737, and the last dying in 1843. Their careers touched also at different points, for Stuart painted Copley's portrait (this was in England, before 1792), and was the friend of Allston, who accepted his criticisms upon the *Belshazzar's Feast* and radically changed the picture to accord with the experienced judgment of the older artist, on whom he wrote a noble eulogy at his death. We do not know whether Allston ever met Copley, but it would seem certain that he must have done so; for when he first visited London in 1801, he was the recipient of much kindness and assistance from West, who was an intimate friend of Copley. All three gained both friends and success in England. Copley spent the greatest part of a long life and died there, Stuart was a fashionable portrait painter there for some years, and Allston there enjoyed the friendship of Wordsworth, Coleridge (whom he first met in Rome), Lamb, Southey, and Sir George Beaumont, and of the artists Fuseli, Flaxman, Chantrey, Lawrence, Martin, Collins, and Leslie among others. Although living in London during the war of 1812, Allston suffered from no abatement of the love and appreciation of his English friends, some of his most important works being purchased by eminent noblemen, and soon after his return to America in 1818, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and later would have been made a full member, were it not for the rule of that institution which forbade the admission of a non-resident to that honor. Though

gifted with higher imaginative powers and moved by loftier aims, Allston lacked the well-directed industry of Copley, and the more practical vigor, both of mind and body, possessed by Stuart. The earlier painter amassed a competence, and Stuart could have done so, were



STUDY FOR HEAD OF ASTROLOGER IN "BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST." DRAWN BY ALLSTON.

it not for his improvident habits; but Allston, who painted few portraits, and whose energies were mainly consumed in producing pecuniarily unprofitable ideal works, was generally more or less hampered by want of means, from the time when, a young man, he unwisely sold his share of the family estate for a fraction of its real value, until his second marriage thirty years after. Unlike his two brother artists, Allston had the advantages of a college education, graduating at Harvard in 1800, among his classmates being such men as Joseph S. Buckminster, afterwards a celebrated Unitarian divine, Chief Justice Shaw, and Charles Lowell, the father of James Russell Lowell. He had always a strong literary bent,—among the exercises at Harvard College, upon the death of Washington in December, 1799, was included "An Elegiac Poem in English, by Washington Allston, a Senior Sophister,"—and this in after years resulted in the production of both prose and poetical works of considerable value, though it doubtless had an unfortunate effect on his achievements as a painter.

Allston was born of excellent family in the mansion house of Brook Green, in the district of Waccamaw, South Carolina, on Nov. 5, 1779. From his earliest years he appears to have shown artistic tastes, combined with a love for the marvellous and poetic. His constitution was a delicate one and, at the age of seven years, by advice of the family physician, he was sent North that he might profit by a more bracing air. To Newport, R. I., then one of the wealthiest and most cultured communities in the United States, its foremost naval station, and the seat of a flourishing commerce, came the young Allston to be educated, and here he grew up, forming a lifelong friendship with two other remarkable boys, William Ellery Channing and his cousin, Richard H. Dana, and receiving some instruction in drawing and much kindly advice from a Mr. King, who made quadrants and compasses, and occasionally painted portraits. A flavor of art, unusual for those days, could be discerned in Newport, whither the painter Smybert had accompanied Bishop Berkeley upon his



STUDY FOR THE FIGURE OF BELSHAZZAR. DRAWN BY ALLSTON.

mission fifty years before, and where Blackburn, Cosmo Alexander, Feke, and Gilbert Stuart had painted portraits. Malbone, a native of the town and a youth but little older than Allston, was then in Newport, and a friendship began between them, which was renewed when they met in Boston, where Malbone was painting miniatures while Allston was studying at Harvard, and which ripened in after years. Malbone was a singularly congenial spirit for Allston, who received from him much of lasting value, and who has left generous testimony to his genius and worth. At the University Allston's leisure time was mainly spent in drawing and he has recorded how his first ideas of color were received from an old landscape, either Italian or Spanish, belonging to a friend in Cambridge; from the pictures by Robert Edge Pine in the old Columbian Museum in Boston; and from a copy, then in the college library, by Smybert, of the head of Van Dyck's portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio. This copy, which is still in the possession of Harvard College, now hangs in the Memorial Hall of the University. One of Allston's first oil paintings was a portrait of his teacher King, the earliest, it is claimed, being one of the oldest son of Professor Waterhouse. About this time he is said to have painted four portraits of members of the Channing family, including his friend William Ellery. Upon graduating, Allston returned to his native State, and found Malbone already established in Charleston, and working with much success in painting miniatures of the Southern aristocracy. Here Allston made some good friends, but does not



URIEL. DRAWN BY ALLSTON.

appear to have produced much work. At this time he was fond of painting banditti, with occasionally a comic subject, and says, "I well remember one of these, where I thought I had happily succeeded in cutting a throat!" As before mentioned, Allston now parted with his ancestral acres, having no wish for the life of a Carolina planter, and, with his heart yearning for a sight of the artistic glories of the old world, he set sail for England in May, 1801, with Malbone. The latter remained in London a few months, studying the paintings to be seen there, and executing his masterpiece of *The Hours*, and then returned to the South. Allston never saw him again, for he died an early death at Savannah in 1807.

Allston obtained permission to draw at the Royal Academy, and was received by its President, Benjamin West, with great kindness. He was delighted with the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and much admired Fuseli's pictures. When he told the latter artist that he had come to London to become an historical painter, Fuseli said, "Then you have come *a great way* to starve, sir." Allston was a welcome visitor to the best literary and artistic circles, and was also a great favorite with his brother artists. Rembrandt Peale about this time entered the studio of West as a pupil, and was introduced to Allston and Lawrence. In 1802, Allston sent three pictures to the Royal Academy, among which was *A Rocky Coast with Banditti*; and, in 1803, he accompanied Vanderlyn on a visit to the Low Countries and to Paris where he remained some months and painted several pictures, also copying one of Rubens's works in the Luxembourg and Paul Veronese's *Marriage at Cana*. At this time the Louvre con-

tained an absolutely matchless collection of the masterpieces of art, transported thither by Napoleon, who had ravaged the Continent to gather them. Among these gems the young artists roamed for a long time, spellbound. Here Allston fell under the charm of the great Venetian colorists, which held him to the end of his life, and thus wrote of their effect upon him: "Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese absolutely enchanted me, for they took away all sense of subject. When I stood before the *Peter Martyr*, the *Miracle of the Slave*, and the *Marriage at Cana*, I thought of nothing but of the *gorgeous concert of colors*, or rather of the indefinite forms (I cannot call them sensations) of pleasure with which they filled the imagination. It was the poetry of color which I felt, procreative in its nature, giving birth to a thousand things which the eye cannot see, and distinct from their cause. I did not, however, stop to analyze my feelings,—perhaps at that time I could not have done it. I was content



STUDY OF A HEAD. DRAWN BY ALLSTON.

with my pleasure without seeking the cause. But I now understand it, and *think* I understand *why* so many great colorists, especially Tintoret and Paul Veronese, gave so little heed to the ostensible *stories* of their compositions. In some of them, the *Marriage at Cana* for instance, there is not the slightest clew given by which the spectator can guess at the subject. They addressed themselves, not to the senses merely, as some have supposed, but rather through them to that region (if I may so speak) of the imagination which is supposed to be under the exclusive dominion of music, and which, by similar excitement, they caused to teem with visions that 'lap the soul in Elysium.' In other words, they leave the subject to be made by the spectator, provided he possesses the imaginative faculty—otherwise they will have little more meaning to him than a calico counterpane." Leaving Paris he journeyed through Switzerland to Italy, viewing its grand scenery with the greatest delight, and bearing testimony

to the poetic truth of Turner's Swiss subjects. He says: "By the by, I was particularly struck in this journey with the truth of Turner's Swiss scenes,—the poetic truth, which none before or since have given, with the exception of my friend Brokedon's magnificent work on the passes of the Alps. I passed a night, and saw the sun rise, on the Lake Maggiore. Such a sunrise! The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds, and, putting on their crowns of gold, to send up a hallelujah almost audible." After a visit to Florence and Venice, Allston entered Rome in March, 1805, and, later in the year, was rejoined by Vanderlyn, these two being the only American art-students then in the Eternal City. Here he made a stay of four years, studying drawing, painting, anatomy, and modelling with an association of young artists, and reverently contemplating the works of classic and modern art and the beauties of Italian landscape. Here are some of his impressions of the old masters. "It is needless to say how I was affected by Raphael, the greatest master of the affections in our art. In beauty he has often been surpassed, but in grace,—the native grace of character, in the expression of intellect, and above all, sanctity, he has no equal. . . . Of Michael Angelo I know not how to speak in adequate terms of reverence. With all his faults (but who is without them?) even Raphael bows before him." Allston described a picture by one of the Carracci thus: "The subject was the body of the Virgin borne for interment by four apostles. The figures are colossal; the tone dark and of tremendous color. It seemed, as I looked at it, as if the ground shook at their tread, and the air were darkened by their grief." He met and was intimate with many famous men,—Thorwaldsen, Cornelius, Hans Christian Andersen,



ANGELS FROM "JACOB'S DREAM."

DRAWN BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Shelley, Keats, Byron, John Gibson, Turner, the Humboldts, Sismondi, and the Schlegels,—and, among his own countrymen, Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving, all of whom held him in much esteem. The latter was especially won by his cultured mind and personal charm, which he has well depicted. Irving wrote: "There was something to me inexpressibly fascinating in the appearance and manners of Allston. I do not think I have ever been more completely captivated on a first acquaintance. He was of a light and graceful form, with large blue eyes, and black, silken hair, waving and curling round a pale, expressive countenance. Everything about him spoke the man of intellect and refinement. His conversation was copious, animated, and highly graphic, warmed by a genial sensibility and benevolence, and enlivened at times by a chaste and gentle humor." "He was exquisitely sensitive to the graceful and the beautiful, and took great delight in paintings which excelled in color; yet he was strongly moved and roused by objects of grandeur. I well recollect the admiration with which he



PEN-DRAWING BY ALLSTON.

contemplated the sublime statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, and his mute awe and reverence on entering the stupendous pile of St. Peter's. Indeed, the sentiment of veneration, so characteristic of the elevated and poetic mind, was continually manifested by him. His eyes would dilate, his pale countenance would flush, he would breathe quick, and almost gasp in expressing his feelings, when excited by any object of grandeur and sublimity." Our gentle humorist even thought of staying at Rome and becoming himself an artist, an idea which Allston warmly commended, but, as Irving says, his lot in life was differently cast, and he finally "gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston, and turning painter." Allston's coloring was much admired, and when another American painter, Robert W. Weir, was studying in Rome twenty years after, the Italian artists inquired about a countryman of his, whose name they could not recall, but whom they had entitled the "American Titian." Allston had especially studied the color effects of the great Venetian, and was thought by

his enthusiastic friends and admirers to have nearly, if not quite, rivalled them. At last he left Italy, and returned to America which he reached in 1809, and, remaining in Boston for two years, married Miss Ann Channing, the sister of his friend, to whom he had been sometime engaged. He had a studio in the city, where he painted landscapes, and some portraits, and became the adviser of the youthful studies of S. F. B. Morse, whose first efforts were towards art, but who afterwards won world-wide fame as the inventor of the electric telegraph. In 1811, Allston returned to London with his wife and Morse, whom he introduced to West, and who studied with the young Leslie, under the eye of Allston and his fellow artist, Charles B. King, of Newport. At this time, Allston received many courtesies from our historical painter, John Trumbull, who was occupying a diplomatic post in London, and renewed his acquaintance with the brilliant young American actor and dramatist, John Howard Payne, then playing a highly successful engagement at Drury Lane. By the advice of Wordsworth, Sir George Beaumont, a liberal patron and friend of artists, visited Allston, with whom he became very intimate. Sir George desired the artist to paint a composition for the new church at Ashby de la Zouch, and offered him two hundred pounds for it. The result of the commission, upon which Allston worked for six months, was *The Angel delivering Saint Peter from Prison*, with which his noble customer was much pleased. The figures in this picture are above life-size, and the head of the angel is a portrait of Mrs. Allston. It was afterwards replaced by a stained glass window, and removed to the Beaumont mansion, from whence it was purchased by an American admirer, Doctor Hooper, who took it to Boston and subsequently presented it to the chapel of the Massachusetts Insane Asylum at Worcester. During a severe illness which attacked Allston soon after the execution of the *Saint Peter*, Coleridge was indefatigable in his attentions, and as soon as the artist could be moved, he was taken to Clifton, a beautiful suburb of Bristol, where he gradually recovered, occupying himself during the long weeks of his convalescence, by composing several poems, which were soon after issued in London under the title of "The Sylphs of the Seasons," and then republished in Boston. When sufficiently improved in health, Allston returned to the metropolis, and finished his large picture of *The Dead Man revived by Elisha's Bones*, which was shown at the British Institution in 1814, and gained the first prize of two hundred guineas, being afterwards bought by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts for thirty-five hundred dollars. In the autumn of this year he returned to Bristol, and painted the portrait of Coleridge, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery. Allston said that to no other man did he owe so much intellectually as to Coleridge; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, reviewing in the "North American Review" for April, 1840, the Allston exhibition of the previous summer, suggestively remarks, "We have sometimes wondered, when we have thought of *Christabel* the sweet Unfinished, and *Belshazzar* the great Unseen, if the fastidiousness, not to say caprice of the poet, may not have unconsciously mingled with the instruction for which the painter is so grateful." He now sustained a severe affliction in the loss of his wife, whose health had been impaired, and who died within a few days after their return to London and entrance into a new house, which they had taken and fitted up. The pictures painted during this sojourn in England comprise a *Mother and Child*, *Diana*, a Head of West and a Portrait of Southey, *Rebecca at the Well*, *Morning in Italy*, *Donna Mencia in the Robber's Cave* (a scene from "Gil Blas"), *Clytie*, *Hermia and Helena*, and *Falstaff and his ragged Recruits*, some of which were done with great rapidity. *Elijah in the Desert*, another work of this epoch, Allston brought to America with him. It was bought for fifteen hundred dollars by an English traveller, the Hon. Mr. Labouchere, M. P. (afterwards Lord Taunton), who carried it home; but was repurchased in 1870, for four thousand dollars by Mrs. Hooper of Boston, who presented it to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The *Angel Uriel in the Sun*, from which the positive colors of red, blue, and yellow were omitted, and in which the angel's figure is colossal, was finished in 1817, and the British Institution awarded the artist a prize of one hundred and fifty guineas for it. It was bought by the Marquis

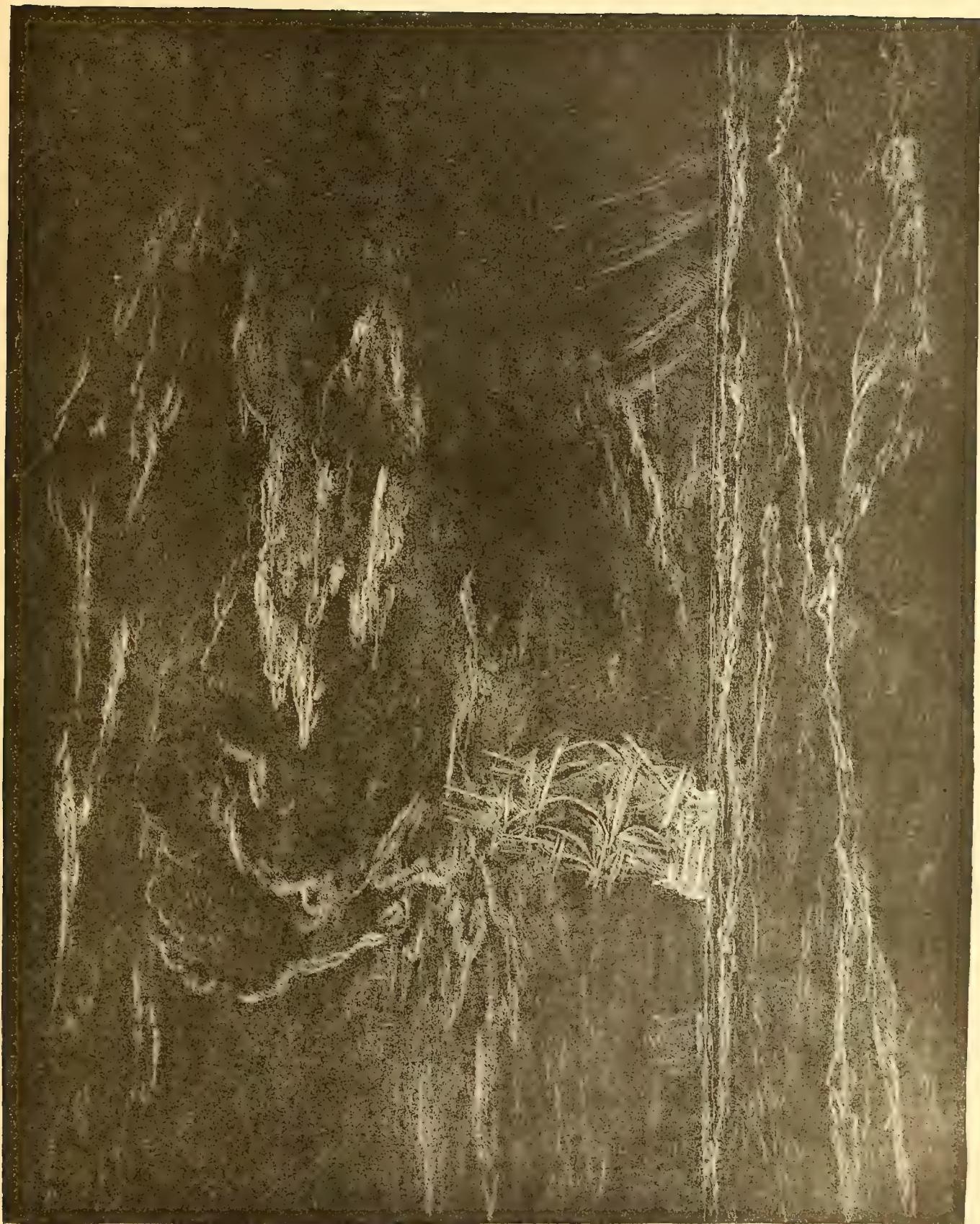
of Stafford, who called at the artist's studio, and asked him to name a price for it. Allston declined, saying that he had often done so, and found none who would give it. "Would four hundred pounds be an adequate sum?" asked the visitor, and when the astonished painter said that that was more than he had ever asked, he gladly took the picture at that price. It is now owned by the Duke of Sutherland. Allston's large painting of *Jacob's Dream* was also completed about this time, and purchased by Lord Egremont, who placed it in the gallery at Petworth, where it now is. It differs from most representations of this subject in depicting heaven as "unmeasurable flights of steps, with platform above platform, rising and extending into space immeasurable," and shows a vast multitude of angels. The *Belshazzar's Feast*, "that colossal rock of offence," was sketched out sometime before April, 1817, and Irving, with many other friends, urged him to remain and finish it in England. They believed that he would be able to produce greater works there than he could in America, where he would



PEN-DRAWING BY ALLSTON.

miss much of the stimulating environment which he found in Europe. But the painter's decision was made, and taking an affectionate leave of his many friends, he sailed for Boston on the good ship "Galen" in 1818, arriving home in the October of that year. He had a stormy passage, and, during one of the worst gales which they encountered, Allston remained on deck, calmly engaged in arguing with the captain as to whether two thirds of the vessel's keel was not thrown clear of the sea at one time. He sketched the "Galen" as he supposed that she appeared in the heaviest seas, and this sketch is still preserved in Boston.

As Allston himself has written, it was a severe attack of homesickness that brought him back to his native land, which he never afterwards quitted. Establishing his studio in the large barn on the estate of John Prince on Pearl Street, now one of the busy ways of commerce, but then graced by the stately mansions of some of Boston's best families, Allston remained there many years, producing numerous pictures and assisting with his advice and instruction the sculptor Horatio Greenough, the artist brothers, George W. and Jared B. Flagg, and



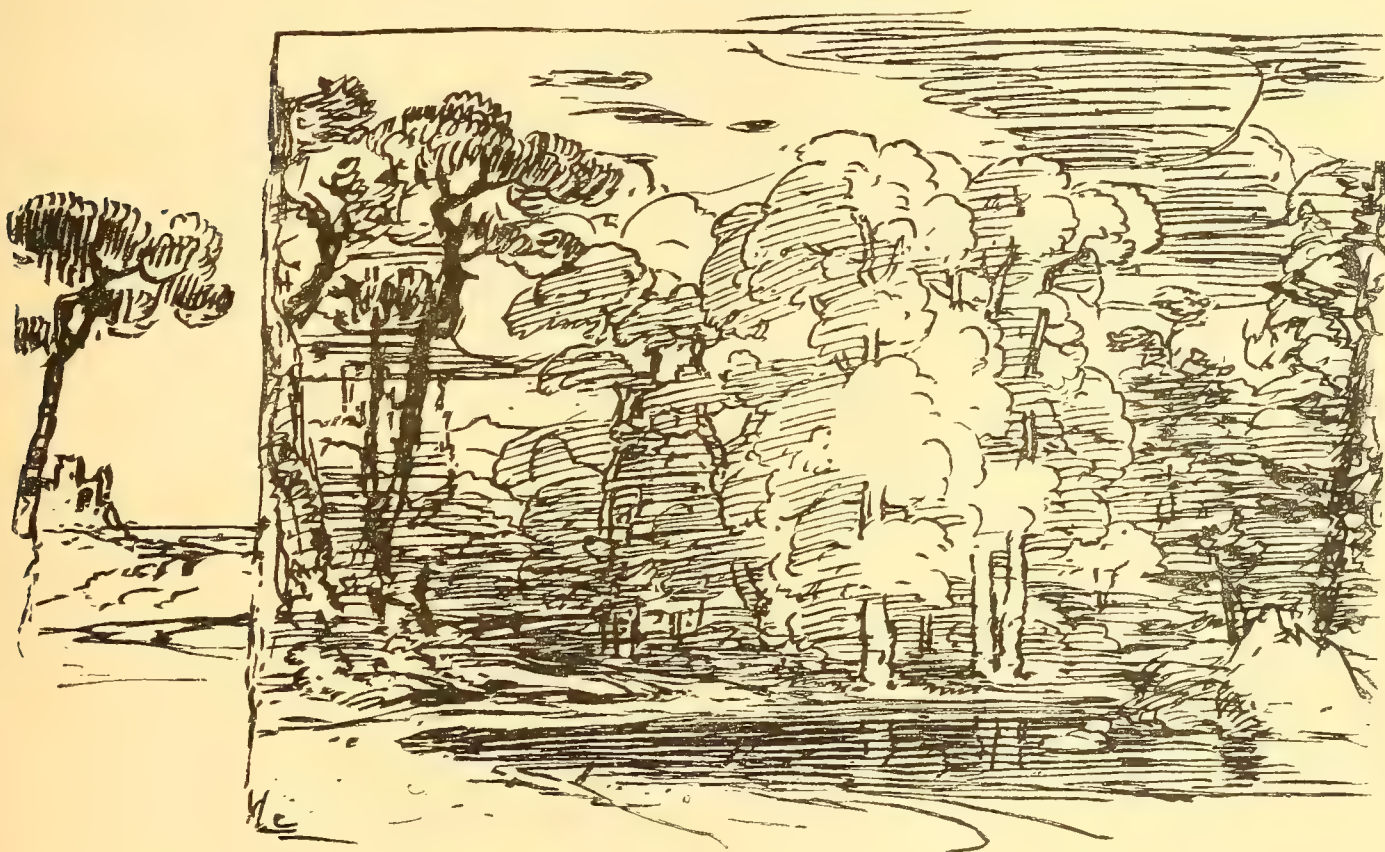
SHIP AT SEA.

FROM A CHALK-DRAWING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

the miniature painter, Richard M. Staigg. At this time he worked much upon the *Belshazzar's Feast*, which, however, he was destined never to complete. At the first exhibition of pictures held by the Boston Athenæum, in 1827, he exhibited several paintings, including some of his most notable productions, and Miss Clark says that "this occasion made known his genius to his fellow citizens." In 1830, Allston married again, his second wife (a cousin of the first) being the sister of his friend Richard H. Dana the poet, and the next year removed to Cambridgeport, where he built himself a new painting room. His house was at the corner of Magazine and Auburn streets, and the studio was close at hand, and here he led a life of much seclusion. This was from choice and not necessity, for Allston never lacked true friends and sincere admirers. Here, as elsewhere, his charms of heart and intellect caused him to be sought by some of the best minds of his day, among whom were Sumner, Judge Story, Hillard, George Ticknor, Longfellow, Prescott, and Charles Eliot Norton; and the list of his distinguished visitors from abroad included the names of Mrs. Jameson, Lord Morpeth, and Charles Dickens. Numerous tributes exist to the singular fascination of Allston's speech and personality. Charles Sumner said, "As he spoke, in that voice of gentlest utterance, all were charmed to listen; and the airy-footed hours often tripped on far towards the gates of morning before his friends could break from his spell." Professor Felton said: "Mr. Allston's conversation was singularly attractive. The Graces, seeking a shrine, certainly chose his soul for their temple. His peculiar and striking personal appearance can never be forgotten. His tall and slender figure, his pale countenance, the towering pile of his forehead, his regular and pleasing features, his large hazel eye, the venerable locks that waved in the solemn beauty of silvered age from his shapely head, formed in their combination an image which he who has once seen, sees forever. His manners were mild, sincere, urbane, and warm, expressing all the blended softness, grace, and dignity of his character. His voice was the gentlest utterance that ever mortal spoke in." James Russell Lowell wrote, "You would have at once classed him with those individuals, rarer than great captains and almost as rare as great poets, whom Nature sends into the world to fill the arduous office of Gentleman." And in the younger Dana's diary, written nine years after the master's death, we find these lines: "The exquisite moral sense, the true spirituality, the kindness and courtesy of heart as well as of manner, the corresponding external elegance, the elevation above the world, and the men and things of it,—where have these ever been so combined before?"

His former pupil and life-long friend, Morse, never ceased to regard him with the deepest love and reverence, and when President of the National Academy, after returning from a visit to him said, "I go to Allston as a comet goes to the sun, not to add to his material, but to imbibe light from him." Dr. J. Huntington, in a review of the exhibition of Allston's pictures in 1839, which appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," thus describes the master. "I had a highly interesting interview with Allston, to whom I had a letter from Mr. Morse. His personal appearance would strike any one as remarkable and characteristic. He is above the middle height, slender, with brilliant, prominent eyes, and a high, pale forehead, shaded with silver hair. The expression of his face in repose is gentle, feminine, not effeminate; but when conversing, the play of his features is extremely animated." The "Knickerbocker" article was published in the form of "a letter to an American artist, travelling abroad," and this artist was the writer's brother, Daniel Huntington, now President of our National Academy, to whom Allston sent these words of advice. "Tell him not to be satisfied with being *one thing*. The old masters did everything. They were sculptors and architects as well as painters,—nay, they were poets and philosophers, as Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. They painted also all sorts of pictures, and succeeded in all. Titian, the best portrait, was also the best landscape painter; at least he was inferior only to Claude." It is of interest to know that Allston first modelled the principal figures in his large compositions. At one time Allston was commissioned by the Government to paint the panels for the decoration of the Rotunda

in the Capitol, but he declined, and advised that the appointment be given to Morse. In 1839, an exhibition of forty-five of Allston's pictures was held in Harding's Gallery on School Street in Boston, and made a great impression. The collection embraced *The Dead Man restored to Life*; *Feremiah*; *Saul and the Witch of Endor*; *Miriam*; *Rosalie*; *Beatrice*; *The Sisters*; *The Valentine*; and other well-known works. Margaret Fuller wrote an article upon the collection, in the first number of the "Dial," which was issued the next year, and anticipated the views of later critics by censuring the historical compositions, and awarding the palm to the works of a less ambitious nature. She said of the *Dead Man*, "There was a want of artist's judgment in the very choice of the subject," and calls the main figure "offensive to the sensual eye, thus violating one principal condition of art." The *Feremiah* she



PEN-DRAWING BY ALLSTON.

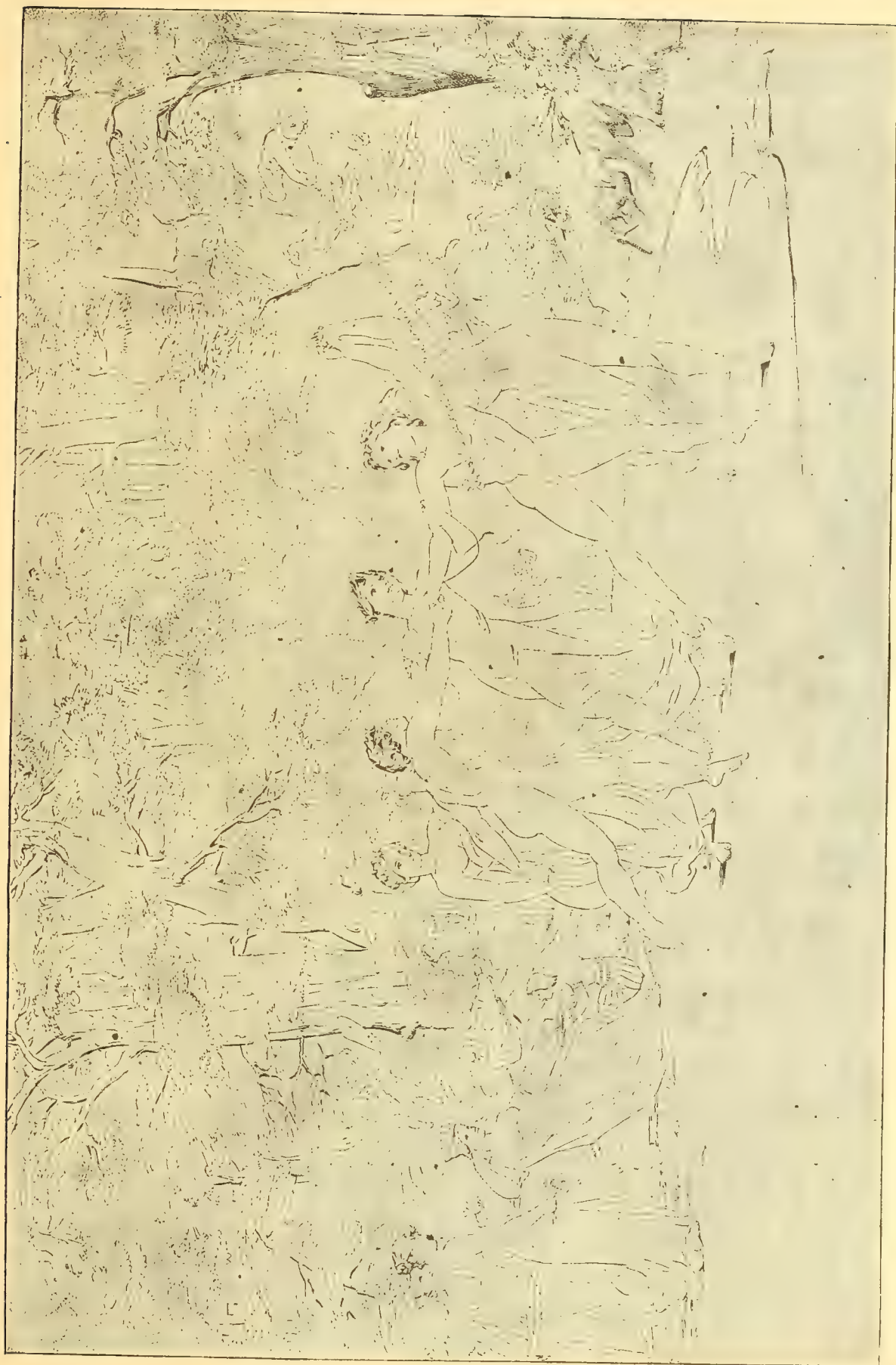
called, "not the mournfully indignant bard, but the robust and stately Jew, angry that men will not mark his word and go his way." The *Miriam* she characterized as "inadequate," and said that it failed to satisfy the highest requisitions; while *The Witch of Endor* had "no distinct expression," and was to her "wholly unsatisfactory." Her conclusion, in which she will doubtless be upheld by the final judgment of posterity, was: "In fine, the more I have looked at these pictures, the more I have been satisfied that the grand historical style did not afford the scope most proper to Mr. Allston's genius." The Prophets and Sibyls are for the Michael Angelos. The beautiful is Mr. Allston's dominion. There he rules as a genius, but in attempts such as I have been considering, can only show his appreciation of the stern and sublime thoughts he wants force to reproduce." Miss Sarah Clarke, a pupil of Allston and sister of James Freeman Clarke, wrote in the "Atlantic Monthly" many years

later, of Allston's female conceptions: "No classic contours, no languishing attitudes, no asking for admiration, but a severe and chaste restraint, a modest sweetness, a slumbering, intellectual atmosphere, a graceful self-possession, eyes so sincere and pure that Heaven's light shines through them, and beyond all, a hovering, spiritual life that makes each form a presence." Mrs. Jameson, who thought the *Witch of Endor*, "beautifully painted, but I did not like the conception," was enraptured with the *Rosalie*, and wrote: "I thought I had never beheld such a *countenance*, except in some of the female heads of Titian or Palma;" and the eminent art writer of to-day, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, finds in such works as this, in *The Sisters*, *Amy Robsart*, *The Valentine*, and similar pictures, "something of the true Venetian breadth and suavity and charm" of color, "a handling which, although it also lacks in strength, falls neither into the sin of emptiness, nor into that of hardness, nor yet into that of 'niggling' over-elaboration, but is broad, and simple-seeming, adequate, pleasing, and truly painter-like; and, finally, a sentiment which is very charming, and quite peculiar to this artist only." There was much that was feminine in Allston's nature, and most women were ardent admirers of his genius. A young lady who was visiting in Boston at the time of the exhibition of his pictures in 1839, wrote thus in her journal: "Have visited the Allston gallery and seen *Rosalie* for the last time before going home. I could not have believed that I should feel such a pang at parting from a picture. I forgot the presence of everybody else, and sat for an hour before *Rosalie* without moving." Here is a sonnet, one of two which Margaret Fuller appended to her review of the Allston exhibition:—

"Weary and slow and faint with heavy toil,
The fainting traveller pursues his way
O'er dry Arabian sands the long, long day,
Where at each step floats up the dusty soil;
And when he finds a green and gladsome isle,
And flowing water in that plain of care,
And in the midst a marble fountain fair
To tell that others suffered too erewhile,
And then appeased their thirst and made this fount,
To them a sad remembrance, but a joy
To all who follow, — his tired spirits mount
At such dim-visioned company. So I
Drink of thy marble source, and do not count
Weary the way in which thou hast gone by."

Never robust, and with a frame enfeebled by previous illness, and doubtless also from his exhausting labors upon the *Belshazzar*, Allston began to fail in health, and at last died — suddenly but without pain — on July 9, 1843. But a few hours before his death he had been at work on the *Belshazzar*, which now hangs in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, a melancholy monument in its fragmentary and decaying condition, to the genius of Washington Allston. He was buried by lantern light in the Dana tomb, in the old Town Burying-Ground at Cambridge, opposite Harvard College, where the dust of many of its presidents and professors mingles with that of the learned divines and local magnates of colonial days. A monument would have been erected to his memory, but was abandoned for the time because of the opposition of Mrs. Allston, and his grave, like that of Stuart, is still unmarked. It is a reproach to Americans that this should be so.

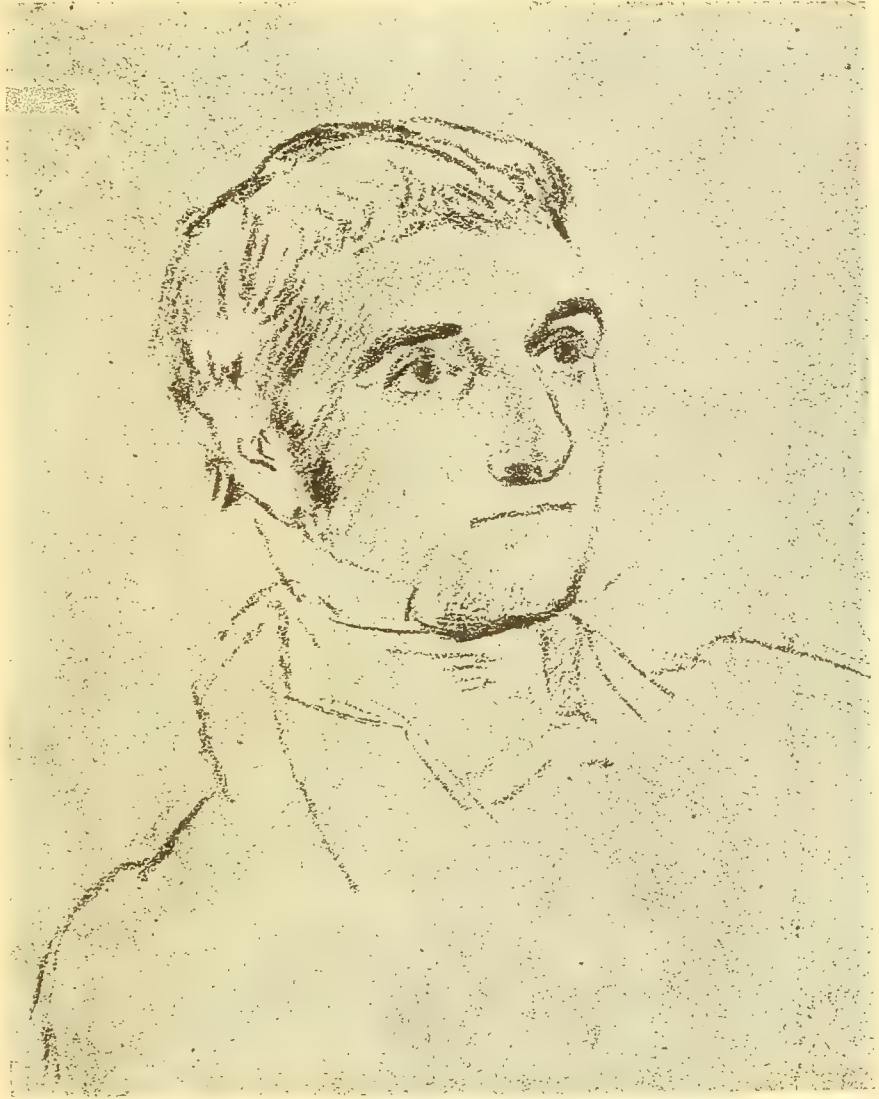
The largest number of Allston's works in any public collection are to be found in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where his name has been given to one of the galleries, and where may be seen (in addition to those previously mentioned as being there) his portrait of himself, painted at Rome in 1805, the *Isaac of York*, the portraits of Benjamin West and of John Harris, and the *Rising of a Thunder Storm at Sea*, and a large number of studies for pictures, sketches, and drawings. These are frequently supplemented by others of his works



TITANIA'S COURT.

FROM AN OUTLINE BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON

lent by their respective owners. Among the unfinished oil pictures is the striking composition of the *Death of King John*, and there are studies for the *Belshazzar*, *Christ healing the Sick*, *Dido and Anna*, *Heliodorus driven from the Temple*, and others, with an admirable copy of Rubens's *Cupid playing with the Helmet of Mars*. There is also the exquisite design in outline of *Titania's Court* and the fine chalk drawing of the *Ship at Sea*; and it is probable that in these more spontaneous productions most people will find greater pleasure than in the greater part of Allston's finished works. As the art critic Benjamin says: "That Allston might have produced paintings of more absolute power, seems evident from his numerous crayon sketches and studies for paintings, which are full of fire, energy and beauty, delicate fancy and creative power. One cannot wholly understand Allston until he has seen those studies, and it cannot be too much regretted that he did not allow a freer rein to his brush when composing the works upon which he desired to establish his fame. When he did so far forget himself, we get a glimpse of the fervor and grandeur of the imagination that burned in that brain, whose thoughts were greater than its capacity for expression." Mainly



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT. DRAWN BY ALLSTON.

through the liberality and good offices of Stephen H. Perkins, of Boston, a friend and admirer of the artist, about twenty of these drawings were beautifully engraved by the brothers John and Seth W. Cheney, and published in a folio volume in 1850, with the title of "Outlines and Sketches by Washington Allston." The *Witch of Endor* was engraved in mezzotint by Andrews and Wagstaff, and issued in a large print. John Cheney also engraved the *Beatrice* in line, in small size. Allston left also a large unfinished picture of *Jason and the Golden Fleece*. At the Yale school of Fine Arts is the *Feremiah dictating his Prophecy of the Destruction of Jerusalem to Baruch the Scribe*, which was given to the college by Allston's old pupil, Morse, who paid seven thousand dollars for it. The *Rosalie* belongs to Nathan Appleton of Boston, in which city the greater part of Allston's pictures are owned. The Allston Club, an association of artists formed about 1866, did not long survive, but his name is borne by

one of Boston's streets, and by one of her most popular suburbs. In 1850, the first exhibition of paintings at the Athenæum's new building comprised about sixty works by Allston, and in 1881 a special exhibition of his pictures was held at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Leslie's portrait of Allston is in the National Academy of Design, with the brush that he had used on the day of his death, both given by Morse; Walker's portrait is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts; and Clevenger's bust is in the Boston Athenæum. Chester Harding painted two portraits of him; the sculptor Brackett made a bust; Paul Duggan modelled his head for a medal struck by the American Art Union, in 1847; and Thomas Ball executed a statuette. Allston wrote the greater portion of a series of lectures on art, which were to have been delivered in Boston; but they were never completed. After his death, however, they were edited by Richard H. Dana, Jr., and published in New York in 1850, together with Allston's aphorisms (which were inscribed on the walls of his studio) and poems. The latter include, "The Sylphs of the Seasons," which portrays the effect of the scenery of the seasons on the human mind; The "Two Painters," satirical of one-sided excellence in art; "Eccentricity;" "The Paint King," a fantastic romance in rhyme, and various sonnets, poems, and ballads. A number of the shorter pieces have art for their theme, several being descriptive of some of his own pictures, and six of the sonnets are upon the following subjects respectively, — a falling group in the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel; the group of the *Three Angels before the Tent of Abraham*, by Raphael, in the Vatican; the picture of *Æolus*, by Tibaldi, in the Institute at Bologna; Rembrandt's *Jacob's Dream*; and Rubens in the Luxembourg Gallery; the sixth being addressed to Benjamin West. The concluding lines of the fine sonnet in praise of Michael Angelo are here given.

"Thy giant hand, O Angelo, hath hurled
E'en human forms, with all their mortal weight,
Down the dread void — fall endless as their fate!
Already now they seem from world to world
For ages thrown; yet doomed, another past,
Another still to reach, nor e'er to reach the last!"

Allston also wrote an Italian romance called "Monaldi," intending it for publication in his brother-in-law Dana's serial of "The Idle Man," but the suspension of that periodical deferred its issue for a number of years. The younger Dana prefixed a short memoir of the artist to the edition of his lectures and poems, in lieu of the promised authorized biography, which has not, however, appeared at this writing, forty years later. Sweetser's "Washington Allston" contains the most complete life of the artist thus far issued, and much information about him will be found in the works of Dunlap and Tuckerman.

Few artists have received so much attention from literary men as did Allston. Among his most extreme admirers was the Rev. William Ware, a man of high talent, whose historical romances of "Zenobia," "Aurelian" and "Julian" are well esteemed. He wrote a series of lectures on the works and genius of Allston, but was attacked by a fatal disease just before their completion. They were therefore never delivered, but were published in book form after Mr. Ware's death in 1852. He speaks of Allston's color thus: —

"This original genius for color was eminently Titian's, Correggio's, Allston's. I am not afraid to place those names in immediate juxtaposition, though Allston himself might have shrunk from the distinction. If any one will compare the coloring of Allston with that of Titian, he will perceive that, while the results are different so as to prove a proper independence of one over the other, the one is not inferior to the other." Another comparison with the old masters is where this writer affirms that: "If Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, which he was four years in painting, deserved the immortality which has been awarded to it, much more, at least equally, do the *Beatrice*, the *Rosalie*, the *Valentine*." Again, referring to the

Jeremiah, he says: "This figure is altogether of the order of Michael Angelo's prophets; and, while equalling them in grandeur of form and a divine nobleness in the air, far surpasses them in that gorgeousness of art, which still by no means detracts from any greatness in the effect." As the reader will gather from these excerpts, the Rev. William Ware was pre-eminently a man possessing the courage of his convictions!

Southey, in his "Vision of Judgment," says: —

" And he who, returning
Rich in praise to his native shores hath left a remembrance
Long to be honored and loved on the banks of the Thames and of Tiber:
So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,
Give to that hand free scope, and boast hereafter of Allston."

In 1825, Percival delivered before the Connecticut Phi Beta Kappa, a long poem on "The Mind," and ended with these lines: —

" This land
Is freedom's chosen seat, and all may here
Live in content and bodily comfort, yet
'T is not the nourishing soil of higher arts
And loftier wisdom. Wherefore else should he,
Who, had he lived in Leo's brighter age,
Might have commanded princes, by the touch
Of a magician's wand, — for such it is
That gives a living semblance to a sheet
Of pictured canvas, — wherefore should he waste
His precious time in painting valentines,
Or idle shepherds sitting on a bank
Beside a glassy pool, and, worst of all,
Bringing conceptions only not divine
To the scant compass of a parlor piece, —
And this to furnish out his daily store,
While he is toiling at the mighty task
To which he has devoted all his soul
And all his riper years, — which, when it comes
To the broad light, shall vindicate his fame
In front of every foe, and send to ages
His name and power, — else wherefore lives he not
Rich in the generous gifts of a glad people,
As he is rich in thought?"

There appeared in the "Dial" for 1840, a poem entitled "Nature and Art," contrasting the Italian landscapes of Gaspar Poussin, Domenichino, and Allston, and ending with these lines, addressed to the last named: —

" O happy artist! whose God-guided hand
This second Eden planned,
Happy to execute this scene thou art,
Happier to find its image in thy heart."

Tuckerman thought that Allston's pictures "represented every department of pictorial art and every excellence for which her most gifted votaries have been celebrated," and he too penned some grateful lines in the artist's honor. The tender and poetic tribute which the elder Dana wrote on the death of Allston is here presented.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

BY

RICHARD H. DANA.

I look through tears on Beauty now;
And Beauty's self less radiant looks on me,
Serene, yet touched with sadness is the brow
(Once bright with joy) I see.

Joy-waking Beauty, why so sad?
 Tell where the radiance of the smile is gone
 At which my heart and earth and skies were glad —
 That linked us all in one.

It is not on the mountain's breast;
 It comes not to me with the dawning day;
 Nor looks it from the glories of the west,
 As slow they pass away.

Nor on those gliding roundlets bright
 That steal their play among the woody shades,
 Nor on thine own dear children doth it light —
 The flowers along the glades.

And altered to the living mind
 (The great high-priestess with her thought-born race
 Who round thine altar aye have stood and shined)
 The comforts of thy face.

Why shadowed thus thy forehead fair?
 Why on the mind low hangs a mystic gloom,
 And spreads away upon the genial air,
 Like vapors from the tomb?

Why *should* ye shine, you lights above?
 Why, little flowers, open to the heat?
 No more within the heart ye filled with love
 The living pulses beat.

Well, Beauty, may you mourning stand!
 The fine beholding eye whose constant look
 Was turned on thee is dark — and cold the hand
 That gave all vision took.

Nay, heart, be still! — Of heavenly birth
 Is Beauty sprung. — Look up! behold the place!
 There he who reverent traced her steps on earth
 Now sees her face to face.

Leslie likened the harmony of color in the *Uriel* to the best work of Veronese, and William Page said, referring to Spalatro's *Vision of the Bloody Hand*, "few pictures of Titian's, of that size, are so good in color."

At a later day sounder estimates of his true merit as an artist are recorded. George Fuller once spoke of his early infatuation over Allston, Copley, and Stuart; how he and his brother artists discussed the comparative excellent features in the method of those men, and especially the merits of their palette. A few years ago, when the Allston collection was on exhibition at the Boston Art Museum, Fuller (not three years, alas! before his own works were to cover the same walls after his death) in viewing them, was surprised that he could not find the qualities he so much admired in former years; but was gratified to see new ones in them that were not apparent to him in his younger days. James Jackson Jarves, in his "Art Idea," thus notes the defects of Allston's pictures.

"They were inequality of execution, imperfect modelling at times, not infrequent bad taste in details, and a forcible realism of features and *pose* in some of his greatest figures amounting almost to awkwardness and ugliness. Besides this, like most colorists by temperament, he experimented to a degree that has proved injurious to the permanent transparency and brilliancy of most of his pictures. Their subtlest qualities are now gone forever. But, though falling short of that perfect consummation of idea and execution which makes the great master, he never fails to hint one."



STUDY FOR "PROMETHEUS."

DRAWN BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

George Inness said, "Allston's misfortune was that the literary had too strong hold upon his mind, creating in him ideas which were grandiose." Lowell called "the daily life of the man the greatest masterpiece of the artist." Finally, let me quote the thoughtful words of Mrs. Van Rensselaer, which seem to me to sum up and most satisfactorily conclude the subject of the status of Allston as an artist. "And yet, if a pathetic fact for himself, it was a fortunate fact for us that his ideals and ambitions—these being but the translation of his whole nature—were so much loftier than his gifts and opportunities. If his pictures can have no notable influence upon American art, his life and character had an immense and happy influence upon the reverence for, and appreciation of, art in America. What we needed fifty years ago was not so much a great artist as a great prophet and apostle and servant of art. We may wish, if we will, that Allston had left us finer works and more voluminous critical writings; but after all, the best service he could have done us was to work in the spirit he did and to be the man he was. I do not think I underestimate the value of his painting when I say he was by no means the potent artist our fathers thought him. But I am sure I could not overestimate the value of his life, of his example, of himself,—a strong and needed and gracious influence while he lived, and to-day a helpful, an inspiring tradition."



ANGEL FROM "JACOB'S DREAM." DRAWN BY ALLSTON.



THE EXPLANATION.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

BY

W. ST. JOHN HARPER.



THIS picture is in marked contrast to Harper's usual ideal productions, and is interesting as an example of the diversity of thought which lies hidden in an artist and but occasionally rises to the surface.

Ideality is Harper's forte, but underneath it all lies a strong current of the love of all that is beautiful ; and excellent, indeed, are his drawings when characterized by the impulses which arise from his broadened ideas.



WILLIAM L. SHEPPARD.

CHAPTER SIXTY-FIRST.



A FUNNY BUNDLE. DRAWN BY SHEPPARD.

AMONG our Southern artists appears the name of William L. Sheppard, whose drawings, strictly speaking, cannot be called comic, yet have a humorous vein running through them, and may always be defined as works of characterization. To those who appreciate the humorous side of the negro character, the work of Mr. Sheppard is a source of constant delight. It is so fresh, so true to life, so vigorous, that the statement,—"I am a Virginian, a native of Richmond, and my progenitors have been Virginians before me for one hundred and fifty years," seems almost superfluous.

Mr. Sheppard began his artistic career in New York, as a pupil of old Mr. Cummings, then Vice-President of the

National Academy of Design. At the breaking out of the civil war, Mr. Sheppard returned to Virginia and served four years in the Confederate army. When the war closed, he returned again to the North, and though still a resident of Richmond, has been ever since before the Northern public. He studied color two years in Paris,—1877-1878—under the celebrated old-school artist, Paul Soyer. Most of this artist's larger works of late years, have been of a military order, executed for private parties, as well as for public exhibits. Mr. Sheppard's work is familiar to the readers of all high-class illustrated publications, as well as to the frequenters of the art galleries. Occasionally, during his artistic career, he has ventured into the paths of literature. His works of fiction, like many of his pictures, share much of the local coloring of his part of the country. Mr. Sheppard is a finished draughtsman, and a thorough artist in every respect.

Let us look at some of his works. The second cut in this article, is a good illustration of his characterization. Without being comic, there is certainly something humorous in those



A DINNER IN CHINA. DRAWN BY SHEPPARD.

Thomas Morton was an early settler in New England, having gone to Weymouth about 1622. He, however, was a troublesome and unprincipled man, and was finally apprehended by Captain Standish, and sent as prisoner to England, but returned and took up his abode again in Merry Mount, as he called it. He was constantly trying to injure the Colonies, and it was during one of his enforced sojourns abroad, that Governor Endicott, — a man as Hutchinson says, “Among the most zealous undertakers, and the most rigid principles,” — visited Merry Mount, and cut down Morton’s Maypole.

A few years ago, Estes and Lauriat published an edition of “Gray’s Elegy,” and among the illustrations were two by W. L. Sheppard. There is no other short piece in the English language, which bears as strongly the impress of immortality, as the “Elegy.” Almost every line has become familiar to the reading public, — as well to the unlearned as to the highly cultivated — and it contains so much truth, it can never grow old. Gray was seven years writing it, and it is said that upon no other poem of such brief extent, has so much time and labor been bestowed. During a visit to his mother, who lived in Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire, where there was a beautiful churchyard, Gray is said to have conceived the idea for this “Elegy,” which brought him such immortal fame. It first appeared in the “Magazine of Magazines,” in 1752, and how many countless times since, have been printed, and repeated those well-known lines, —

four Chinamen, evidently enjoying a resplendent meal on a scantily furnished table, and with chop-sticks replacing knives and forks. And then see the bright little girl, taking her dollies to ride in a dust-pan for a carriage. Through so many of Mr. Sheppard’s pictures, we feel this tendency to smile.

In the first full-page engraving given with this article, we are shown quite a different phase of the artist’s work. The cut represents Governor Endicott of Salem, cutting down Morton’s Maypole at Merry Mount.



GIVING THE DOLLS A RIDE. DRAWN BY SHEPPARD.

been printed, and repeated those well-known lines, —



ENDICOTT CUTTING DOWN MORTON'S MAY-POLE.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."



THE LITTLE TYRANT. DRAWN BY SHEPPARD.

The lines, —

"Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood," —

are graphically portrayed by Mr. Sheppard, and in the stern resistance of the boy, who will not be trampled on even by his superior in rank, can be seen the characteristics that marked the great English statesman, who, — weary at last of many broken promises and the incessant tyranny of Charles over the people, — arose, as Clarendon says, "his nature and carriage fiercer than before."

Or again, this line, —

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." —

One can feel the beauty of the scene, the quiet, peaceful country, and realize how, —

"Their sober wishes never learned to stray," —

but, —

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

And this brings us to the second full-page cut, where Mr. Sheppard has given us an idealized picture of Madame La Tour, taken prisoner by Charnisé,—which subject has quite a romance belonging to it.

Charles Étienne La Tour, inherited from his father, vast tracts of land in Nova Scotia; but shortly after he came into his inheritance, some of his property was claimed by Daubrè de Charnisé, the successor of Razillai, the former Governor of Acadia,—which resulted in numerous disputes, and finally ended in open and avowed hostilities between them for the possession of the fort on the St. John's River. While La Tour was in Boston, asking aid to



"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

DRAWN BY SHEPPARD.

repel his enemy who was besieging his fort, Charnisé, hearing that La Tour was absent, ventured an attack; but Madame La Tour defended the place so well, and the artillery was served with such good effect, that his frigates became unmanageable, and he was obliged to retire to Penobscot. La Tour, again being absent with a number of his men, Charnisé determined to try another attack, hoping that the fort would fall an easy prey, from the weakness of the garrison. Madame La Tour, though left with only a handful of men, was resolved to defend the place to the last extremity. "A determination," says Haliburton in his history of Nova Scotia, "which she maintained with so much spirit during the three first days of the attack, that the besiegers removed to a greater distance; but on the fourth day, which was Easter Sunday, she was betrayed by a mutinous Swiss, whom the enemy had found means to bribe to their interest."



MADAME LA TOUR A PRISONER AT PENOBSCOT.

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.

Charnisé, who supposed from their vigorous defence, that the number of soldiers must have been greater than he had been led to believe, dreaded the idea of being twice repulsed by a woman, and proposed a capitulation, which Madame La Tour accepted to save the lives of the few brave men who had defended the place against such a superior force. Charnisé, however, had hardly entered the fort, when he repented having signed a formal treaty with a woman, who had no other resources for defending the place than her own courage, and pretending to have been deceived in the terms of the capitulation, he held himself absolved from observing them, and immediately hanged the survivors, with the exception of one, to



"His doublet loose, his right arm backward flung,
His left caressing close his long-necked lute."

DRAWN BY SHEPPARD.

whom he granted an exemption, on condition of his becoming the executioner of his comrades. Not satisfied with this act of barbarity, Charnisé compelled Madame La Tour to witness this tragic and inhuman scene, and in order to degrade a spirit he could not subdue, he forced her to appear at the gallows with a halter around her neck.

Madame La Tour, together with the contents of the fort, was immediately removed to Penobscot,—which is the moment taken by our artist for his picture;—but the violent and unusual exertions made by this brave woman, the dreadful fate of her household and followers, and the wreck of her total fortune, had such a powerful effect on her health, that she died soon after this event.

We have still another poem, for which Mr. W. L. Sheppard has made drawings, — George Eliot's "Spanish Gipsy." The first picture given is where Juan is caught sleeping near the Gipsy's camp.



"Down
Fell the great Chief, and Silva, staggering back,
Heard not the shriek of the Zincali."

DRAWN BY SHEPPARD.

"But see upon a pleasant spot, removed
From the camp's hubbub, where the thicket strong
Of huge-eared cactus makes a bordering curve
And casts a shadow, lies a sleeping man
With Spanish hat screening his upturned face,
His doublet loose, his right arm backward flung,
His left caressing close his long-necked lute
That seems to sleep too, leaning tow'rds its lord.

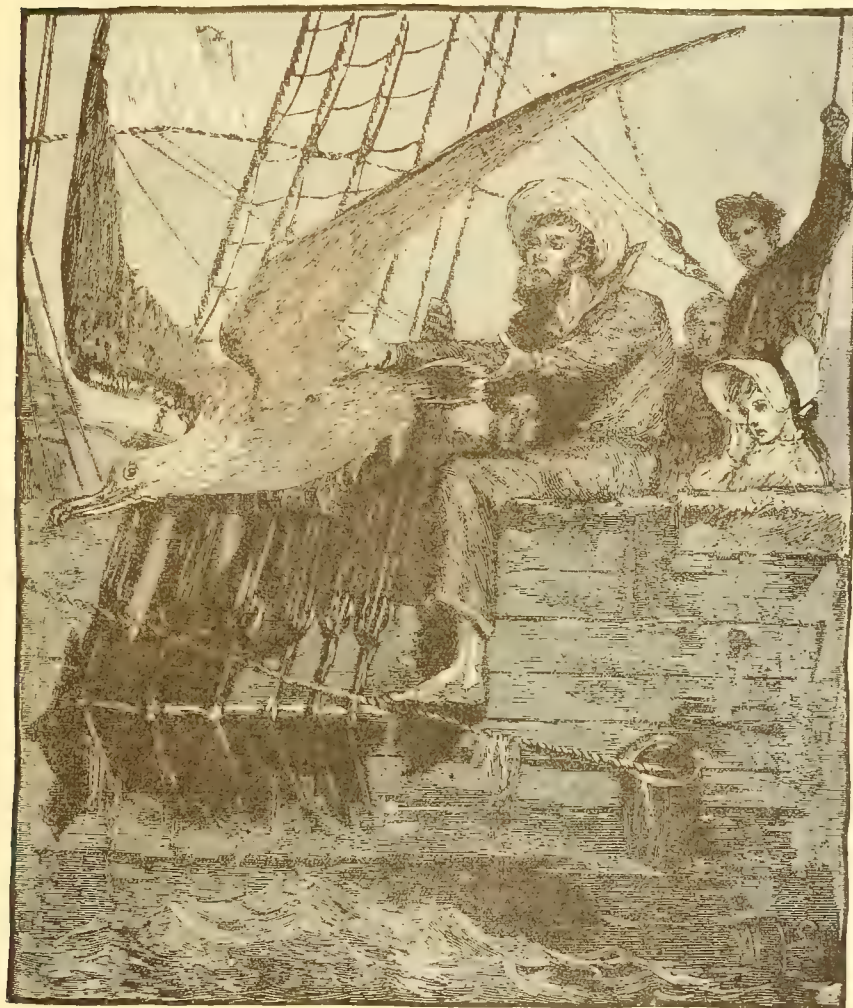
Moving a tip-toe, silent as the elves,
As mischievous too, trip three bare-footed girls
Not opened yet to womanhood."

The second illustration shows us the death of the great Spanish Chief, Zarcá, who is about to burn the priest, Father Isidor; but is interrupted for a moment by Don Silva, who cries,—

“It shall not be!”

. [*Raising his sword he rushes in front of the guards,
who are advancing, and impedes them:*]

“If you are human, Chief, hear my demand!”



FREEING THE CAPTIVE. DRAWN BY SHEPPARD.

But, Zarcá, deaf to all entreaties, gives the command,—

“Quick, guards, and clear the path,” —

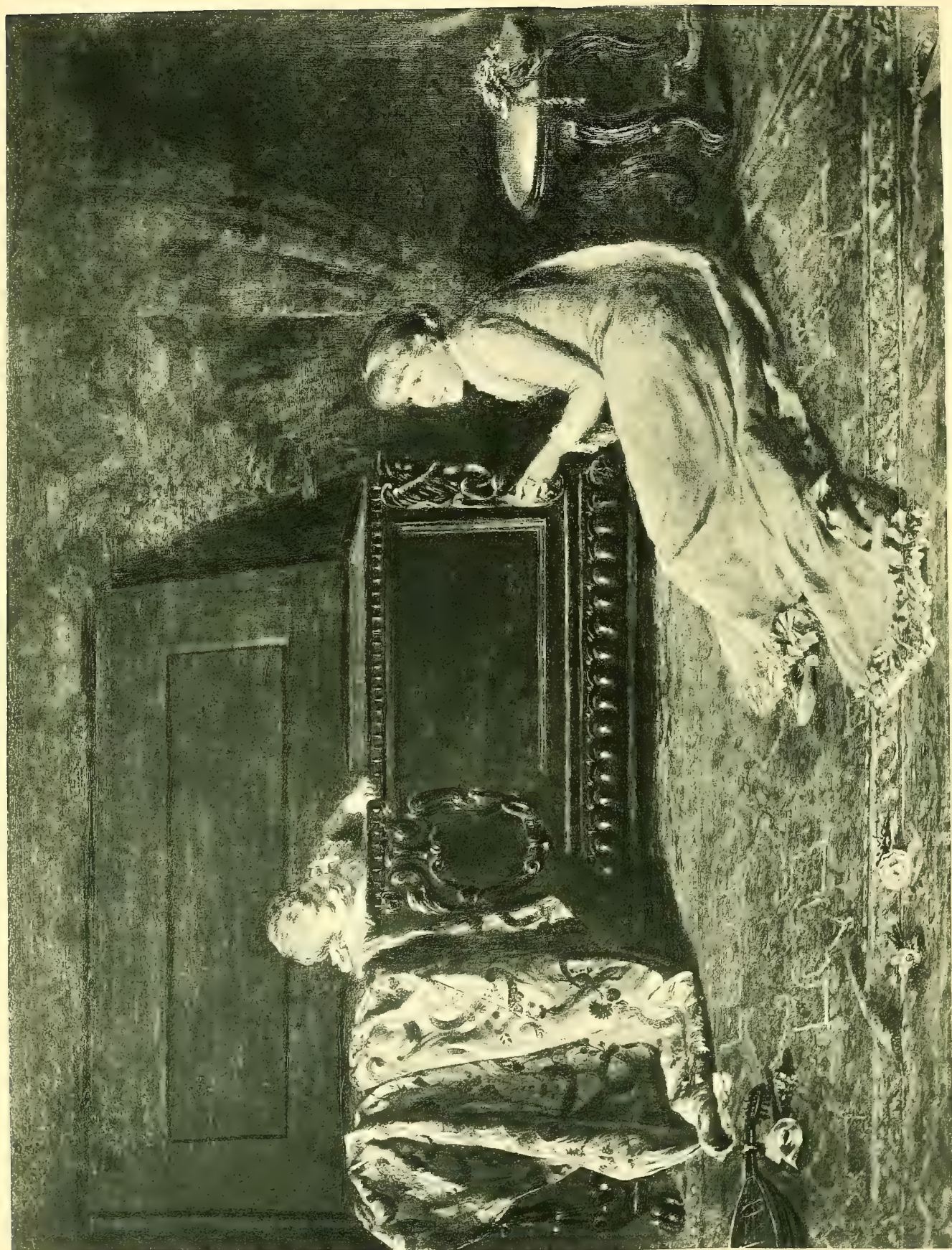
And Don Silva, as

“he saw above
The form of Father Isidor upswung
Convulsed with martyr throes; . . .
. with sudden snatch
At something hidden in his breast, he strode
Right upon Zarcá: at the instant, down
Fell the great Chief, and Silva, staggering back,

Heard not the shriek of the Zincali, felt
Not their fierce grasp, heard, felt not Zarca's words
Which seemed his soul out leaping in a cry
And urging men to run like rival waves
Whose rivalry is but obedience."

The last illustration is one which the artist drew for the delectation of youthful readers, and shows a sailor restoring to freedom an albatross. The bird had been caught by some of the crew who, however, true to an old nautical superstition which Coleridge has immortalized in his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," that to kill or ill-treat this bird would surely bring evil to all on board, soon decided to let it go again.





PEEK-A-BOO.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

HENRY F. SPREAD.

NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF ARTHUR FARRAR.

MR. SPREAD, who pursued his early studies in the French and German schools, is an Anglo-American residing in Chicago. He is an exhibitor of the National Academy and the Water-Color Society of New York, and is well known throughout the Northwest in connection with his career as professor consecutively of the Chicago Academy of Design, Academy of Fine Arts, and the present Art Institute. He was the first president of the Chicago Society of Artists, which he was foremost in organizing.



W. H. SHELTON.

CHAPTER SIXTY-SECOND.



WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON is a native of the State of New York, born at Allen's Hill, Ontario County, in 1840. Just as he was prepared for college the war broke out, and he entered the army, serving until the close of the great struggle. After experimenting with business, for which he found himself poorly equipped, he came to New York, and entered the schools of the National Academy. Afterward he studied at the Art Students' League, which he assisted to found. He was one of the earliest members of the old Sketch Club, which developed into the Salmagundi Club, and is a member and the secretary of the New York Etching Club. Among his more important original etchings, are *Battery Forward*, *In the Dark Days*, *Early Spring*, *Abandoned*, *Stranded*, *A Long Island Road*, *The Road past the Mill*, *Across the Hill*, *In Battery*, *The Last Load*, and *The Deacon's One-hoss Shay*. Mr. Shelton has furnished a number of illustrations for books and magazines, the greater part of which represent episodes of animal life. Among those which have been selected for presentation herein is one showing *Scamp*, the pug dog, at the Dime Museum, where he distinguished himself by biting the living skeleton's arm, not with malice prepense, but apparently because he thought it was only a bone; and he was not so far wrong in this impression. In this design Mr. Shelton has admirably expressed the amusement of the fat woman, and the helpless dismay of the poor skeleton, too weak to extricate himself from the dog's teeth. Another comical drawing shows a pet mule listening solemnly to a lady playing on the piano, and a third depicts the antics of a kid, which had become the playmate of some children, and one day butted his head through a mirror, in which he saw what he thought to be a rival.

The best known of Mr. Shelton's works in painting have been those depicting military subjects,—his picture of *The Runaway Limber*, *A Recollection of Gettysburg*, was at the National Academy in 1883,—but his specialty is horses, and in future he intends to devote himself to equestrian portraits. There are but few equestrian portraits to be met with in public places in the United States. In the Capitol at Washington is one of General Winfield Scott, by an artist named Troye; at Mount Vernon is Rembrandt Peale's *Washington at Yorktown*; and in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is Stuart's *Washington at Dorchester Heights*, in which, however, he does not bestride his steed, but is represented standing by it. The old world possesses many magnificent examples of this difficult branch of the portrait painter's art. Titian's Charles V. (at Madrid) is one of the finest, and shows the mighty Emperor in

armor and with lance at rest, as he rode into the battle of Muhlberg on the Elbe, where he defeated the Protestant League, and captured the Electors of Saxony and Hesse. Velasquez painted some splendid equestrian figures,—of Philip IV., the most perfect horseman of his day in Spain; of the young prince, Don Baltazar Carlos, mounted with baton in hand, and scarf floating behind him, on a plump pony in a rearing attitude; and of Queen Margarita of Austria, wife of Philip III., in a great ruff and a gorgeous dress, seated on a quietly-walking palfrey. Rembrandt executed a life-size equestrian portrait of the great soldier Turenne, which now belongs to Earl Cowper; and Van Dyck produced several equestrian likenesses of his royal patron, Charles I., both sitting on and standing by his horse, and



"SCAMP" AT THE DIME MUSEUM. DRAWN BY SHELTON.

generally accompanied by an equerry or other attendant. The Queen owns one such picture; there is another in the Louvre, and a third, which the great Duke of Marlborough bought at Munich, is at Blenheim House. At Hampton Court is a similar portrait of Charles, ascribed to Van Dyck, in which "the monarch is seen in nearly a front view, with his head uncovered and his dark hair flowing on a rich lace frill, which encircles the neck, and forms a fine relief to the brilliant suit of armor in which he is clad; his right hand grasps a baton poised on the housings of the saddle; the beautiful gray charger on which he is mounted is viewed in a fore-shortened position, advancing from under a lofty archway." By his left side stands M. St. Antoine, his equerry, who holds his helmet and looks up at him. M. St. Antoine—"St. Anthony the rider" as he was called—was sent over to England by Henry IV. of France to Prince Henry, as riding master or equerry, with a present of six magnificent horses. Charles I. afterwards took him into his service in that capacity. This work was engraved in Charles's lifetime, but the plate was afterwards altered, and Cromwell's

head inserted in place of the King's. The same artist also painted his own picture on horseback. There is a large allegorical picture of William III. landing at Margate in 1697 after the Peace of Ryswick, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, at Hampton Court, in which the king is represented in armor, on a white horse, trampling on the emblems of war, by which lies a flaming torch, while Mercury, Neptune, Flora, Cupid, Peace, and Plenty are to be seen in various parts of the composition. It was much admired in its day, though now but poorly esteemed. Pope speaks of it in the lines,—

“And great Nassau, to Kneller's hand decreed,
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed.”

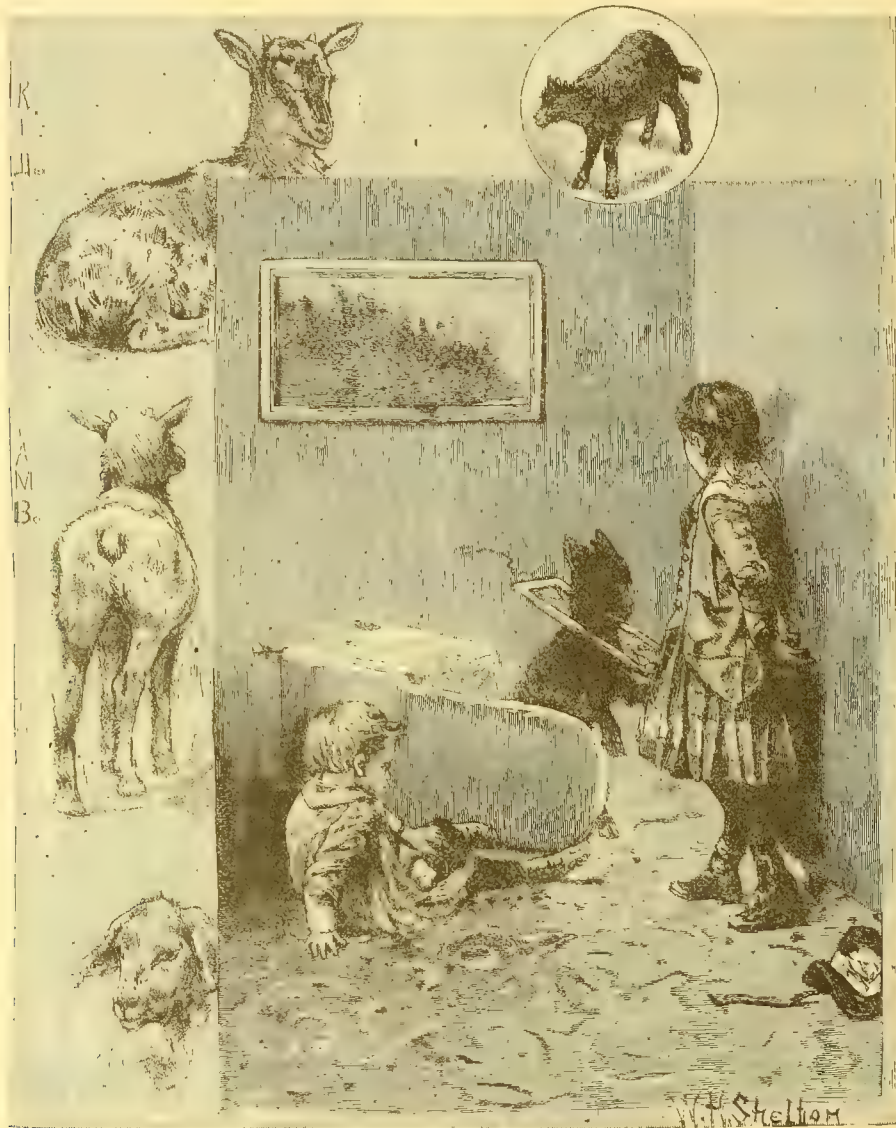


THE MUSICAL CRITIC. DRAWN BY SHELTON.

This figure was imitated from Ruben's sketch for the centre compartment of the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, which represented the apotheosis of James I., and which sketch was in the possession of Kneller. In the National Gallery is Sir Joshua Reynold's portrait of Lord Ligonier, who is shown on horseback and in action, as leading his division at the battle of Laffeldt in 1747, when, though seventy years old, he rescued the allied army from destruction by charging the whole French line, at the head of the British dragoons. This painting was one of Reynold's favorites. Landseer painted more than one portrait of Queen Victoria on horseback. One of the finest modern equestrian portraits is Henri Regnault's *General Prim*, which is now hung in the Louvre, and represents the arrival of the Spanish general before Madrid at the head of the revolutionary army in 1868. Regnault was a passionate lover of horses and painted them with consummate ability, as may be seen by his *Automedon with the Horses of Achilles*, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. When he was painting Prim's portrait, all of the horses in the royal stables were placed at his disposal, and the grooms were ordered to exercise them before him. For some reason, however, Prim was

dissatisfied with the portrait, which the painter preferred to keep rather than to change, and it was afterward sold to the French government.

Many of those who read these words will recall Carolus Duran's charming portrait of Croizette, the French actress who succeeded Sarah Bernhardt at the Théâtre Français, which was displayed at our Centennial Exhibition. In this the lady has halted her beautiful horse



THE NAUGHTY KID. DRAWN BY SHELTON.

on the beach, and looks at the spectator with a bewitching smile. Where both rider and steed are as worthy of admiration as these, we have a thoroughly good equestrian portrait. What a vivid one Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Sir John Falstaff in "King Henry IV!"

"I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

And here is the Bard of Avon's description of a fine horse: —

"Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.



TWO LITTLE PIGS. DRAWN BY SHELTON.

"His ears upprick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glistens like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

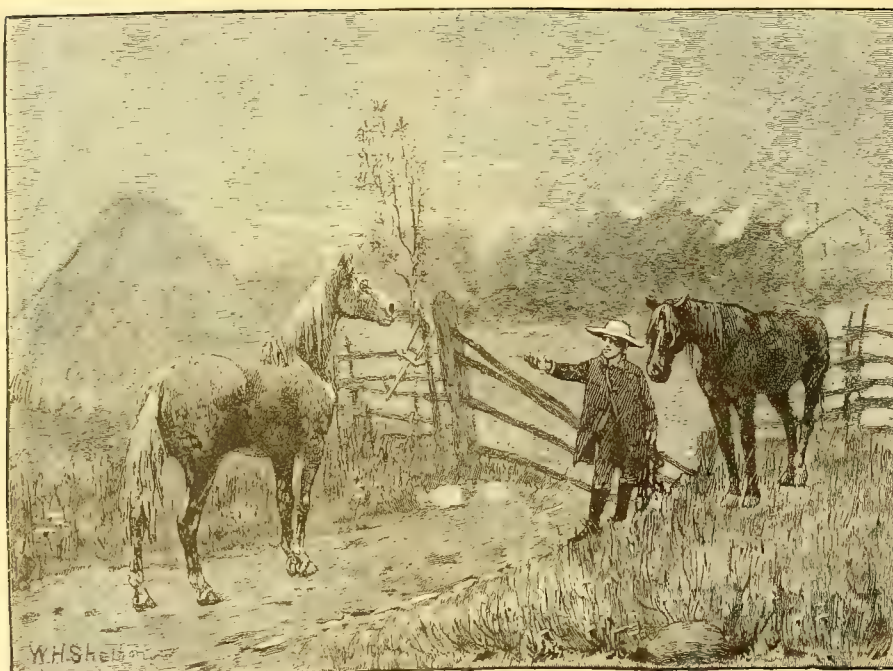
"Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is tried;

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"Sometimes he scuds far off and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they knew not whether;
For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings."

The poetic tributes to man's noblest friend are neither few nor faint. One of the most fervent is "The Horse of the Desert," from an Arabic poem.

"My steed is black—my steed is black,
 As a moonless and starless night,
 He was foaled in wide deserts without a track.
 He drinks the wind in fight;
 So drank the wind his sire before him,
 And high of blood the dam that bore him.
 In days when the hot war-smoke rises high
 My comrades hail him as the unwing'd flier,
 His speed outstrips the very lightning fire;
 May God preserve him from each evil eye!



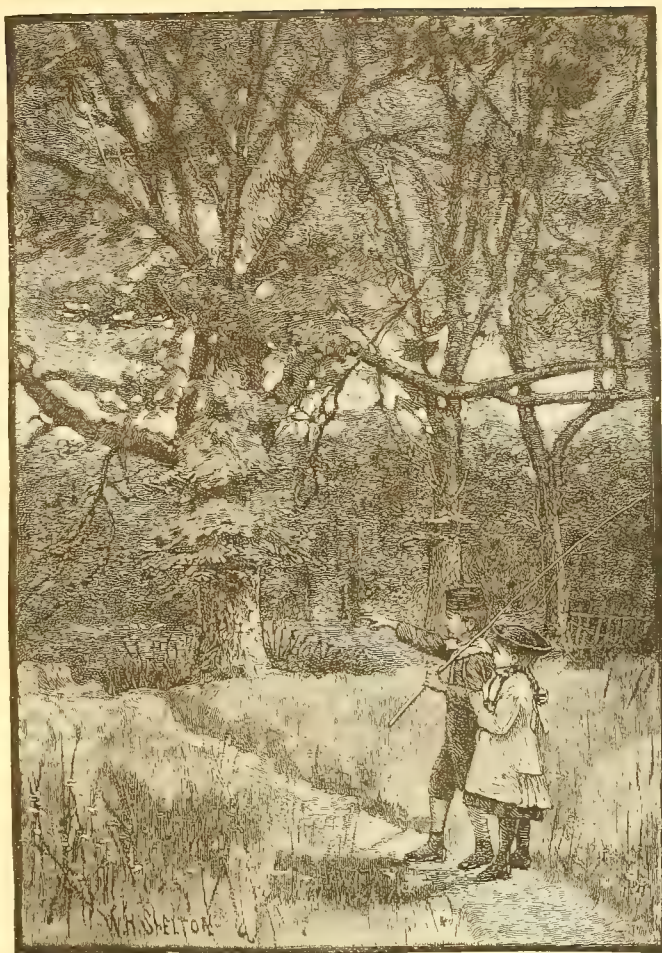
CATCHING THE HORSE. DRAWN BY SHELTON.

"Like the gazelle's his ever-quivering ears,
 His eyes gleam softly as a woman's when
 Her looks of love are full;
 His nostrils gape, dark as the lion's den,
 And, in the shock of battle, he uprears
 The forehead of a bull.
 His croup, his flanks, his shoulders, all are long,
 His legs are flat, his quarters clean and round,
 Snake-like his tail shoots out, his hocks are strong,
 Such as the desert ostrich bear along,
 And his lithe fetlocks spurn the echoing ground.
 As my own soul I trust him, without fear,
 No mortal ever yet bestrode his peer.

"His flesh is as the zebra's firm, he glides
 Fox-like, whilst cantering slow across the
 plain ;
 But, when at speed, his limbs put on amain
 The wolf's long gallop, and untiring strides.
 Yes, in one day he does the work of five ;
 No spur his spirit wakes,
 But each strong vein and sinew seems alive,
 At every bound he makes.
 Over the pathless sand, he darteth, straight
 As God's keen arrow from the bow of fate ;
 Or like some thirsty dove, first of the flock,
 Towards water hidden in a hollow rock.

"A war-horse true, to front the clash of swords,
 He loves to hound the lion to his lair ;
 Glory, with booty won from alien hordes,
 And the soft voices of our virgins fair,
 Fill him with fierce delight.
 When on his back through peril's heat I break,
 His neighings call the vultures down, and shake
 Each foeman's soul with sudden fright ;
 On him I fear not death, she shrinks aside,
 Scared by the echoing thunder of his stride."

Bayard Taylor, in his "Poems of the Orient," recites the tale of a pair of Arab lovers who fled together on the hero's horse which he thus urged on:—



"Across the homestead to the rookery elms,
 Whose tall old trunks had each a grassy mound."

DRAWN BY SHELTON.

"Now nerve thy limbs, El-Azrek ! Fling
 Thy head aloft, and like a wing
 Spread on the wind thy cloudy mane !
 The hunt is up : their stallions strain
 The urgent shoulders close behind,
 And the wide nostril drinks the wind.
 But thou art too, of Nedjid's breed,
 My brother ! and the falcon's speed
 Slant down the storm's advancing line
 Would laggard be if matched with thine."

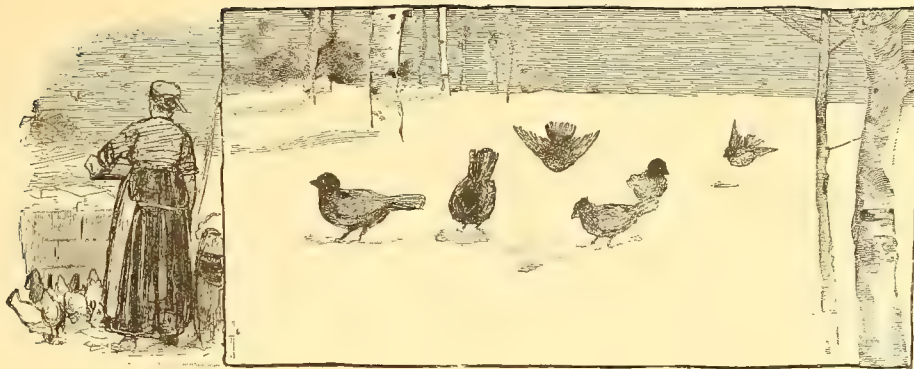
* The same poet's "Hassan to his Mare," is another fine tribute to the Arab steed, and in his lines entitled "The Birth of the Horse," he says:—

"The South Wind blows from Paradise,—
 A wind of fire and force ;
 And yet his proudest merit is
 That he begat the horse."

But Robert Browning's "Muléykeh" is finer still. "Muléykeh" is the name of a swift, beautiful mare, who was Hóseyn her owner's, "Pearl." He loved her so dearly, that, though a very poor man, no price would tempt him to sell her; and in his fear of her being stolen, he slept always with her head-stall thrice wound round his wrist, and Buhéyseh, her sister, saddled for instantaneous pursuit. One night she was stolen; and Duhl, the thief galloped away on her and felt himself secure: for the Pearl's speed was such that even her sister had never overtaken her. She chafed, however, under the strange rider, and slackened her pace. Buhéyseh, bearing Hóseyn, gained fast upon them; the two mares were already "neck by croup." Then the thought of his darling's humiliation flashed on Hóseyn's mind. He shouted angrily to Duhl in what manner he ought to urge her, and the Pearl, obeying her master's voice, no less than the familiar signal prescribed by him, bounded forward, and was lost to him forever. Hóseyn returned home, weeping sorely, and the neighbors told him he had been a fool. "Why not have kept silence and got his treasure back?"

"And — beaten in speed!" wept Hóseyn. "You never have loved my Pearl."





F. CHILDE HASSAM.

CHAPTER SIXTY-THIRD.



CHILDE HASSAM was born in Dorchester, Mass., in 1859, and displayed artistic tastes at an early age. After leaving school, he found occupation in drawing on wood for engravers, and in time became well known as an illustrator. Then he essayed with success, painting in water colors and in oil, exhibiting at the Boston Art Club, and other local galleries, and later at the National Academy of Design. His most successful pictures have been street scenes combined with figures, and among the best were some scenes in Boston streets and parks, and one or two rainy-day effects. One of the happiest of these efforts portrayed the picturesque towers of Boston's "Back Bay" churches, seen from one of her southern railroad bridges on a wet day. Hassam went abroad in 1886, and studied in Paris under Boulanger and Lefebvre, exhibiting at the Salon in 1887 his *Shower, Rue Bonaparte*, a painting of the long perspective of a Paris street, with a line of public carriages spread in single file along the front of a high wall, and in the foreground a man and girl drawing a handcart. It was much praised for its truth of atmospheric effect. This picture was followed by *Grand Prix Day*, in 1888, and *Autumn* and one other in 1889. Theodore Child, in his review of the American pictures at the Salon of 1889, thus wrote of *Autumn*:—"Mr. Childe Hassam has painted a picture ten feet long, called *Autumn*. The scene depicted is a broad Parisian boulevard, with its lines of trees, and endless parallel bands of roadway and sidewalk. It is late afternoon; in the distant west the sky is copper-colored; the whole landscape is enveloped in luminous pearly mist, through which the street lamps shine dimly. The boulevard is crowded with people passing to and fro; in the roadway are cab and carts; along the sidewalk are indicated the stores; and in the foreground, very strongly painted, is an old man toiling painfully along with a harp on his back. The ground is all covered with fallen chestnut leaves crinkled up into strange forms, and browned with the first frosts. This picture is interesting; the figures, both of primary and of secondary importance are carefully studied; the main object of the artist, namely, to paint air, has been very successfully achieved. The delicate pearly effect of Parisian autumn twilight is excellently rendered; even J. de Nittis never attained greater atmospheric verity than Mr. Childe Hassam has achieved in his *Autumn*. Hassam has lately returned to this country and opened a studio in New York. He is a member of the Paint and Clay Club of Boston. His painting of a *Winter Nightfall in the City*, exhibited at the Boston Art Club in 1890, was one of the pictures bought by the Club for its permanent collection. Among the books which he has illustrated, may be mentioned "Youth in Twelve Centuries," and he has furnished many

illustrations for juvenile magazines, some of which we lay before our readers. Here is one picturing the life of a fisherman which would well accompany the following verse.

“Oh! blithely shines the bonnie sun
 Upon the Isle of May,
 And blithely comes the morning tide
 Into St. Andrew's Bay.
 Then up, gude man,—the breeze is fair;
 And up, my bra' bairns three;



THE FISHERMAN. DRAWN BY HASSAM.

There's goud in yonder bonnie boat
 That sails sae weel the sea.
 When haddocks leave the Frith o' Forth,
 An' mussels leave the shore,
 When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
 We'll go to sea no more,
 No more;
 We'll go to sea no more."



AUTUMN.

DRAWN BY F. CHILDE HASSAM.



GOING BOATING. DRAWN BY HASSAM.

Two pretty sketches of children boating appertain to these lines from the pen of Mrs. Clara Doty Bates:—

It is easy to learn
Which is the bow, and which the stern,
The bow is the end to first push through
The water, sparkling a summer blue ;
While the broader stern is behind to make
That shining track we call the wake.



ROWING. DRAWN BY HASSAM.

Now, in either hand
 You're to take an oar and push from land,
 A steady stroke, click-clack, clack-click,
 Ready and regular, not too quick,
 With one at the tiller-ropes to guide,
 And away we glide — away we glide.



LOOKING FOR THE "DIPPER." DRAWN BY HASSAM.

How the ripples dash
 At the bow, and drip from the oars, and splash!
 Your cheeks will burn and your arms will ache,
 Before you are half across the lake.
 But pull away cheerily; pull, you know
 It makes boys strong and hearty to row!

Clack-click, click-clack,
 Hither and thither, forward, back!
 Rest awhile, now; drift and float,
 And watch beneath how another boat,
 Bottom side up, goes where we go,
 While pictured children row as you row.

And another attractive drawing was made for the poem of

THE DIPPER.

"Where is the big dipper?" and Rose's brown eyes
Looked wonderingly up to the star-sprinkled skies.
"You say there's a dipper, and long-handle, too.
I wish I could see it, dear mamma, don't you?"



'T was in that blossom-haunted time,
'Neath life's meridian beam."

DRAWN BY HASSAM.

"Come into the house, dear, your slate I will take ;
And here, in their order the stars I will make.
There—four for the dipper ; the handle has three,—
I am sure you can see it as plain as can be.

"Now, let's go out-doors, and once more I will try
To find that big dipper way up in the sky.
Four stars in the dipper, the handle has three.
Oh ! yes, I can see it as plain as can be."

"But what's in the dipper? Do you s'pose it can be
Milk, water, or coffee, or chocolate, or tea?
Is it full of rain-water? If so, where's the pail?
Is it full in the winter of ice, snow, or hail?"

"Perhaps in that dipper, so wide and so deep,
The silver moon waters her little star sheep.
Or it may be that angels, through long summer hours,
Store up in the dipper sweet dew for the flowers."

"Oh, mamma ! I know. You once told me that there,
Close, close to the dipper, is found the great bear,
And when he is thirsty, as quick as a wink,
He takes the big dipper and has a good drink."



UP THE HILL.

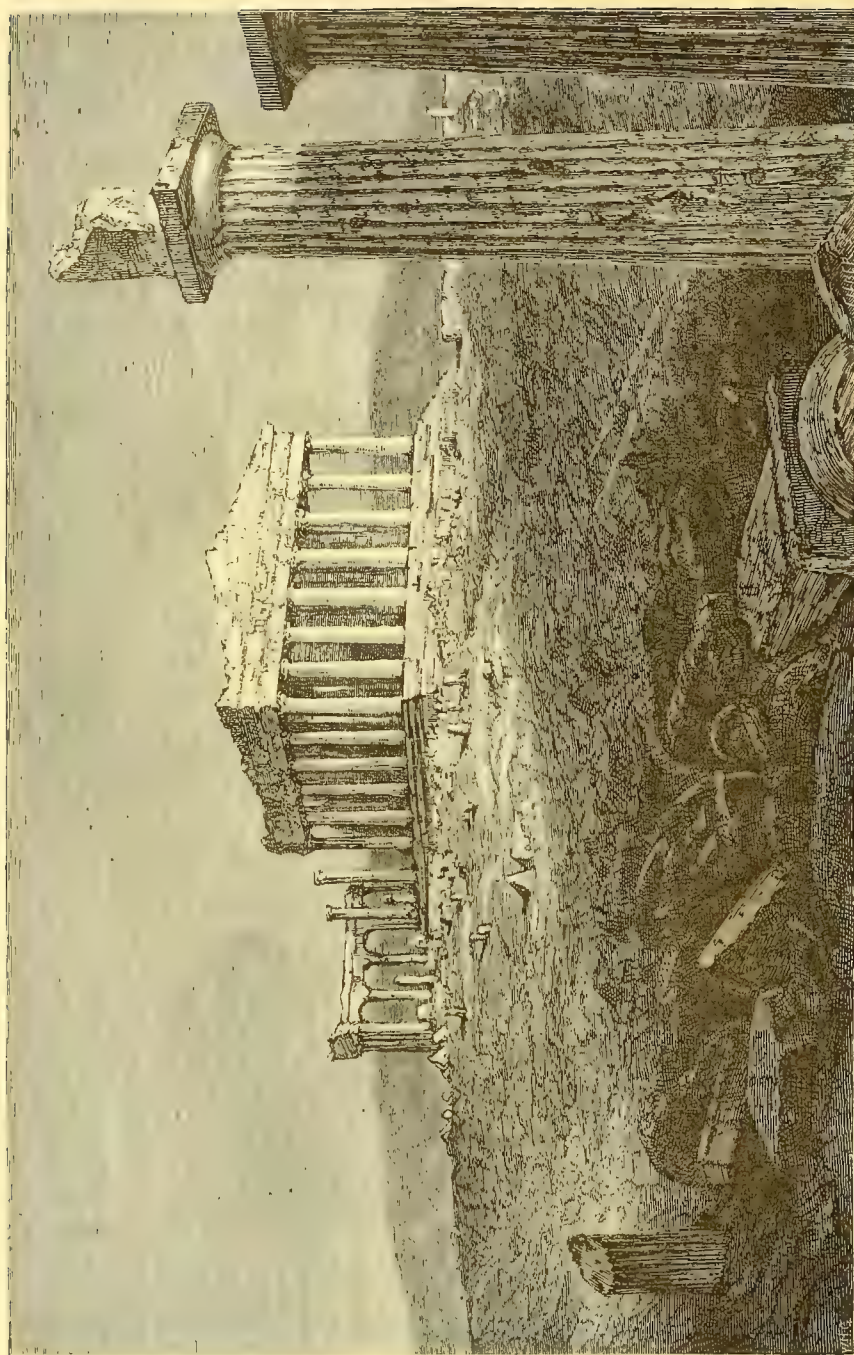
ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

JAMES D. SMILLIE.



THE subject represented in *Up the Hill* has also been treated by Mr. Smillie in oil, but the etching differs from the painting in many respects, — notably in the season, which is winter in the one, and summer in the other. Dealing with his own ideas, the artist felt himself at liberty to shape them as he pleased, and therefore threw off the fetters which bind the reproductive etcher.



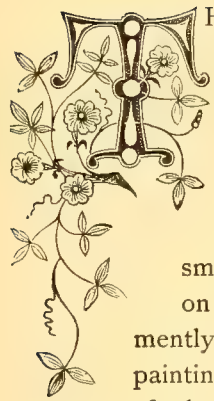
THE PARTHENON.

FROM A PAINTING BY FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH.



FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH.

CHAPTER SIXTY-FOURTH.



THE Elians built a studio for Phidias in the court of the temple of Jupiter, and all Greece worshipped a statue chiselled by that illustrious man. Even the gods were connoisseurs of art; once, in answer to a sculptor's prayer for a token of approval, they flashed lightning from a clear sky across his feet. Will those good old times ever return? Do we care to see them back again? In England, not long ago, the very words "Fine Arts" are said to have called up a notion of frivolity, of great pains expended upon small things, — things that gave fops an opportunity of pluming themselves on their sagacity and capacity; while in America the Puritans used vehemently to exorcise what in their eyes were not the Muses, but the devils, of painting, music, and architecture. "This is a plaistered, rotten world," said one of their spokesmen; "The creation is now an old rotten house," exclaimed another. What mockery, then, to address one's self to the cultivation of the beautiful! what folly to embellish an existence the cherished symbols of which are sackcloth and ashes! Those days, of course, nobody yearns to see again, nor is there the faintest prospect that they will return. The Anglo-Saxon spirit, at least, is neither classic nor iconoclastic, neither Greek nor Puritan. In art matters it takes a middle ground, and its admonitions are those of Lessing to his friend Mendelssohn: "Only a part of our lives must be given up to the study of the beautiful; we must practise ourselves in weightier matters before we die."

Yet how wholesome a part is that which is spent in the service of art, and how great are the obligations of civilization to art! If, as some one has said, force and right are the governors of the world, — force, until right is ready, — how large has been the force of beauty when expressed by the poet and the painter! With each new epoch of development come fresh revelations of it in man and in Nature, — revelations which art alone is competent to disclose, and healthy sensibilities and vigorous intellects alone are able to appreciate. A thing of beauty is a joy forever, not because beauty is lovely in itself, nor yet because it educates and elevates the feelings, but because it is simply the splendor of the true; because, in the words of Goethe, it is a manifestation of the secret laws of Nature, which, but for this manifestation, had been forever concealed from us.

The fine arts, therefore, concerned solely as they are with the expression of the beautiful, have a very serious reason for existence; and painting, which reveals to us the mysteries and potencies of color, is, next to poetry, the noblest of them all. American painters, if not the greatest of ancient or modern times, have wrought for themselves, especially in the domain of landscape art, a very distinct and honorable position; and at the present day,

when the influence of foreign study has made so many of them cosmopolitan in their views and resources, a peculiar interest attaches to their aims, their methods, and their triumphs.

Perhaps the pleasantest feature of the recent sale of Mr. John Taylor Johnston's collection of paintings was the fact that in competition with Meissonier, Turner, Decamps, Delacroix, Delaroche, Jules Breton, Gérôme, Horace Vernet, Diaz, Corot, Zamacoïs, Troyon, Vibert, Hamon, Boldini, Schreyer, Fortuny, Daubigny, and a score of other foremost modern masters, the first prize was carried off by an American artist. The largest sum bid for any single work was twelve thousand five hundred dollars for Frederick Edwin Church's *Niagara Falls*, and that, too, in a city where buyers of pictures are generally supposed to subscribe to a creed the first and front article of which is, "I believe in the transcendent excellence of Parisian art." Asked, on one occasion, what were his methods of work, and his views of the nature and the ends of art, Mr. Church replied that he had always been a faithful student of Nature, and that this was the only answer he could give to such questions. So far, indeed, as methods of work were concerned, he had never looked upon himself as having any; and the question put to him with reference to them had suggested the matter to him for the first time. Mr. Church's pictures, however, speak for him more satisfactorily than he can speak for himself. In the first place, they tell us that like Sir Joshua Reynolds, he sees little beauty in common things, and depends largely upon the external splendor of his subject. His instincts, in a word, are tropical; and in the gorgeousness and magnificence of the tropics he has found the themes that please him best. Outside of the tropics, his subjects are still gorgeous and magnificent,—the Falls of Niagara, with rainbow accompaniment; the iridescent and majestic icebergs off the coast of Labrador; the glorious Parthenon in a blaze of light, and in an atmosphere unrivalled; and the city of Jerusalem beneath the Syrian skies. And, even when in the tropics, his fondness for wealth and brilliancy of scene leads him, as in his famous picture *The Heart of the Andes*, to make artificial combinations of the mightiest mountains, the most picturesque valleys, the richest vegetation, the lordliest trees, the most sparkling water, the gaudiest birds and flowers, and the most enchanting perspectives; so that one is reminded of Sir Philip Sidney's saying: "The world is a brazen world, the poets alone deliver a golden; Nature never set forth the earth in so rich a tapestry as divers poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, and whatsoever may make the earth more lovely." Where landscapes are the stateliest and the most radiant, there Mr. Church's brush is eager to be at work; but it is most eager when the artist has selected from a wide range of objects, fair, bright, and grand, those which are especially fair, bright, and grand, and made of them a single composition.

A student of Nature Mr. Church is undoubtedly; he is also an indefatigable student of the resources of his pencil and his palette. He draws with remarkable accuracy, and has mastered not a few of the harmonies and the glories of color. Yet he has been trained in no European nor American school. Thomas Cole, the father of American art, whose name is and will be held in reverential and loving remembrance, taught Church the fundamental technics of his art; and the pupil's persevering industry and singleness of purpose took up the task where Cole left off. It is, perhaps, worth while to lay special stress upon this matter of Church's diligence in study, because too many so-called artists are very lazy. They repeat themselves constantly in their subjects and styles, and they do not improve in the representation of textures, in subtilty of modelling, in general quality of work. They are otiose and desultory; and neither their insight nor their execution advances with advancing years.

It is Mr. Church's perseverance, seconded by his love for subjects of novel and striking interest, that has led him to make travels as varied, if not so uncomfortable, as those of the companions of Æneas. The region of the Catskills, fascinating as it is to him and to most American painters,—to Durand, for example, to Sanford Gifford, to McEntee, and to Kensett,—did not long detain him. Nor was there anything in the pleasant city or neighborhood of



A TROPICAL MOONLIGHT.

FROM A PAINTING BY FREDERICE EDWIN CHURCH.

Hartford, Connecticut, where in 1826 he was born, to keep him after he was able to get away. It may be doubted, indeed, whether even the easily accessible attractions of the Catskills would have drawn him, had not Cole lived there. When Cole died, Church began his peregrinations. He travelled over New England, making a multitude of studies of hills and valleys, of rocks and trees. In 1849, having opened a studio in New York, he was elected a member of the National Academy of Design, in his twenty-third year. One of his first principal works was a view of *East Rock*, near New Haven, which was considered a picture of unusual promise. This was followed by a series of landscapes, in which he used the studies obtained during his wanderings in the Catskills and in New England.

Four years after his election to the Academy, Church made his first trip to South America; and when he returned, his painting entitled *The Great Mountain-Chain of New Granada*, together with other works founded upon studies made in that continent, met with immediate success. People did not then know much about the land of the Amazon and the Andes, and Church succeeded in greatly interesting them in it, showing them the most surprising features of a very wonderful region. The reception accorded to his pictures naturally stimulated him to other ventures in the same line of business, and four years after his first excursion he made a second one. It was in 1857 that he again set sail for South America. This time he stayed longer and penetrated farther, obtaining doubtless material sufficient for a lifetime of picture-painting,—a recent work, exhibited at the Century Club in New York and now in the gallery of Mr. William E. Dodge, Jr., being an elaboration and arrangement of all sorts of South American studies. We may expect to see a good many similar productions from the same brush, if the health of the man who holds it permits. Mr. Church's right arm, as is well known, has been partly disabled for several years. May it speedily resume its cunning!

The immediate trophies of this second trip to the tropics were *The Heart of the Andes*, *Cotopaxi*, *The Rainy Season in the Tropics*, *A Tropical Moonlight*, and *Chimborazo*, the last two being engraved for this narrative. They are all well known, exceedingly popular, and entirely representative of the artist's best powers. It is scarcely necessary to stop here and explain what their principal defect is, because by this time that defect must have been recognized by almost every intelligent American lover of art. It consists in the elaboration of details at the expense of the unity and force of sentiment. Some of Church's pictures, if reduced, would make capital illustrations for Humboldt's "Cosmos," or any similar textbook of natural science,—for Agassiz's works on Brazil, for instance. They are faithful and beautiful, but they are not so rich as they might be in the poetry, the aroma, of art. The higher and spiritual verities of Nature are the true home of landscape art. The heart of the Andes, as the natural philosopher sees it, is one thing; but the poet gets near enough to hear it beat.

Not long after Mr. Church's return from his second visit to South America, he painted his famous *Niagara Falls*, now in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. It is widely known through the engraving. In a few years he went to Labrador, and painted his *Icebergs*, which was exhibited in London in 1863, and received with great favor. In 1866 he sailed for the West Indies, and familiarized himself with their local traits. His large picture *Jamaica* is now owned by Mrs. Colt, of Hartford, Connecticut. Again he left America, this time for Europe and Asia. At Athens he made studies for his *Parthenon*, which we have engraved, and which is in the possession of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York. At Damascus he turned especial attention to *El-Chasné*, the rock-temple of Arabia Petræa. Near Jerusalem he painted a view of the ancient capital of Judea.

Mr. Church's latest work, *The Ægean Sea*, which as we write is on exhibition at the Goupil Gallery in New York, is a picture so excellent in handling and so rich in sentiment that no notice of the artist would approach completeness which did not take cognizance of



CHIMBORAZO.

FROM A PAINTING BY FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH.

this more than fulfilment of the promise of his earlier years. Its composition is ideal. In the centre of the sea is an Acropolis like that of Athens; on the right coast, a Turkish city, with its domes and minarets; on the left, a precipitous and rocky mountain-side, in which are the open gates of a tomb; while in the foreground are grassy slopes and several fallen columns. The atmosphere is delicately veiled and vapor-laden, full of silvery tones and of sunlight that tinges with its reflections the dimpled but waveless sea, the rich verdure, and the lofty buildings. Two rainbows in the middle distance radiate the powerful but subdued brilliancy of their hues, setting off to advantage the warm grayish-white of the cumuli clouds. The impression of the scene is complex yet single, full of sweetness and mournful tenderness. We see Greece in her degradation, and we think of Greece in her glory; while the light that shines across the entrance to the sepulchre hewed out of the rock, concentrates and emphasizes the sentiment. Here is poetry of a fine sort,—the poetry that comes of technical excellence and noble thought, when these are in the service of the imagination. In no other work that we remember has Mr. Church given evidence of so much more than mere skill and patience; and for this reason it is that any just estimate of his position as a painter must take into consideration the surpassing merits of *The Ægean Sea*.





LIGHT TRIUMPHANT.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE INNESS.



GEORGE INNESS.

CHAPTER SIXTY-FIFTH.



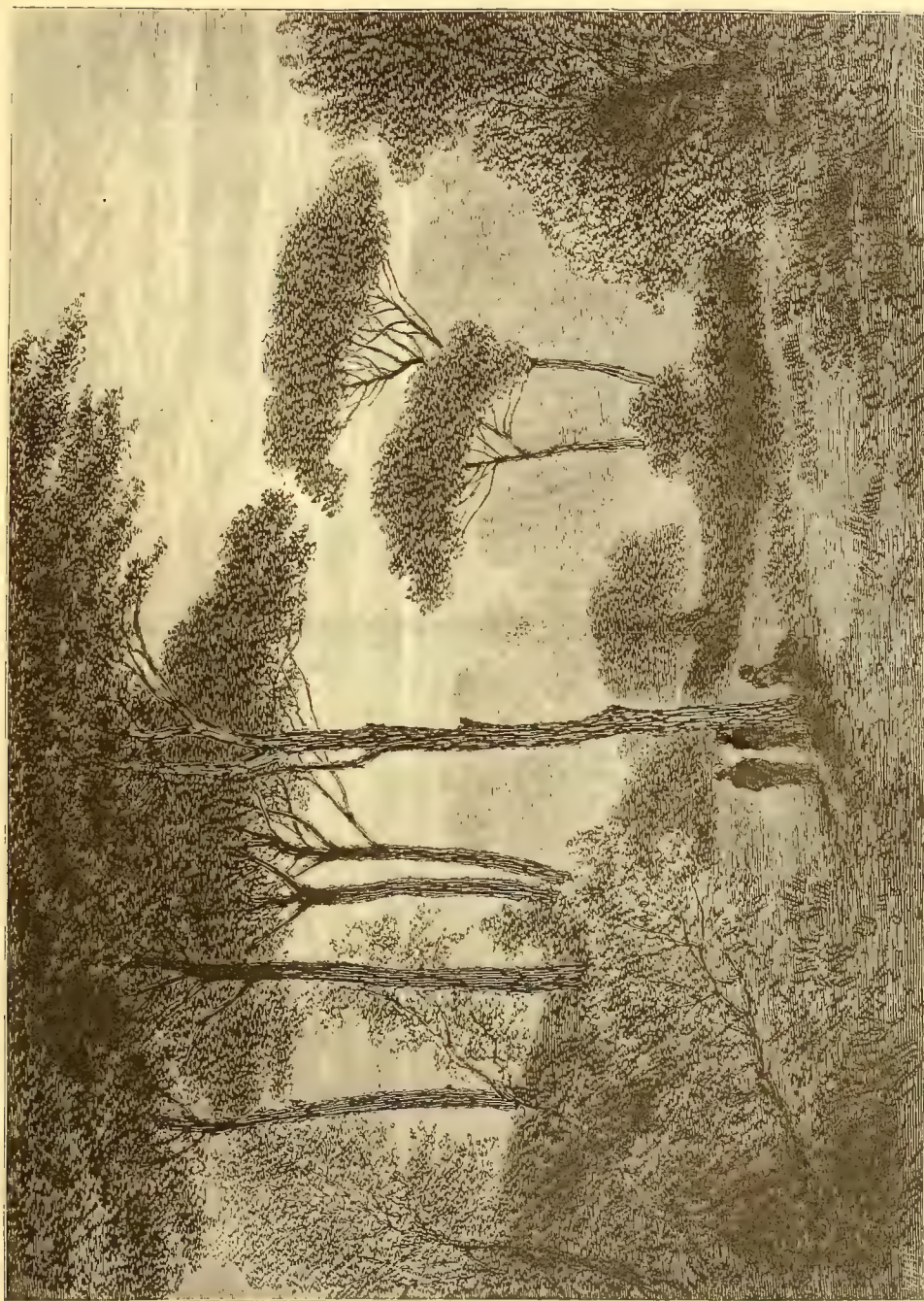
NO American painter has thought more deeply and can express himself more instructively concerning the philosophy of his art than Mr. George Inness. He was born in Newburg, New York, May 1, 1825. In his fourteenth year his parents were living in Newark, New Jersey, where he took lessons of an old drawing-teacher named Barker. "I used often to wonder," he says, "if I should ever be able to do what he did." At this time, as before and since, his health was extremely delicate. His sleep was disturbed by frightful dreams, which often caused him to jump out of bed and run downstairs in terror. His father tried to start him in a store, but in a month he had driven all the customers away. He did not take kindly to mercantile life. Sherman and Smith, of New York, map-engravers, received him next. The confinement told too heavily upon him, and in one year he left the place; but soon returned, and left again. He went home to Newark, made some studies and sketches from Nature, and soon afterward entered the studio of Regis Gignoux, in New York. In a few months he was at work in his own studio. Mr. J. J. Mapes, of New York, bought one of the first of the young artist's pictures, a small landscape with sheep, for twenty-five dollars; the Art Union became a good customer, and Mr. Ogden Haggerty a warm friend. But Mr. Inness soon became dissatisfied with what he had done. He noticed in some prints after the old masters the presence of a spirit that did not animate his own productions. He took the prints with him out to Nature, and tried to find what it was that produced the sentiment he so admired and missed. At that time his preference was for Durand over Cole, and he had begun to be successful. Mr. Haggerty offered to send him to Europe; and some time afterward he set sail for England, and on arriving there proceeded straight to Rome. He was in Italy fifteen months, and soon in New York again. The works of the European artists which were beginning to find their way to this country, continued to impress him; and in 1850, about a year and a half after his first visit, he returned to Europe and remained in France a year. In 1860 he was settled in the simple country scenery of Medfield, Massachusetts, where he painted some of his best pictures, among them a landscape now belonging to Mr. Gibson, of Brooklyn, which a distinguished friend named *Light Triumphant*, and which we have engraved. Mr. Maynard, of Boston, bought some of his finest works, notably a large road-scene at twilight. His style then was rich and full in color, strong and impulsive. "I always felt," he says, "as if I had two opposing styles," — one impetuous and eager, the other classic and elegant; so that, while some of his pictures were dashed off under an inspiration, others were painfully elaborated. After four years he left Medfield for Eaglewood,

near Perth Amboy, New Jersey. There he fell into the study of theology, which for seven years was almost his only reading. Meanwhile he painted a number of highly successful landscapes, the best of which is twenty by thirty inches, and belongs to Mr. Skates, of New York. He returned to New York, lived there a year, went again to Rome, remained there and in Paris four years,—his pictures gradually assuming a more studied style,—came back to this country, sojourned a year in Boston, and then found his way to New York, where his home has been ever since. His *Homestead* and *Autumn*, the former in the South Room and the latter in the North Room during the exhibition in the New York National Academy in 1877, are undoubtedly the best things he has yet done, the *Homestead* being especially noteworthy for its elaboration and for its perfection of natural quality. The texture of the grass in the foreground and the fulness and harmony of local color are wonderfully true to Nature. These traits are characteristic of his landscapes. His favorite process of painting is as follows: First, he stains his white, fresh canvas with Venetian red, but not enough to lose the sense of entire transparency. Then with a piece of charcoal he draws, more or less carefully, the outlines of the picture, afterward confirming the outline with a pencil, and puts in a few of the prominent shadows with a little ivory-black on a brush. His principal pigments are white, very little black, Antwerp-blue, Indian-red, and lemon-chrome. He begins anywhere on the canvas, and works in mass from generals to particulars, keeping his shadows thin and transparent, and allowing the red with which the canvas was stained to come through as a part of the color. When the work is sufficiently dry, he adds to his palette cobalt (for the sake of giving permanency to the blues), brown, and pink. The last steps are glazing, delicate painting, and scumbling, and the use of any additional pigments that are needed.

Mr. Inness sometimes paints for fifteen hours a day, the length of time of course depending chiefly upon physical condition, states of feeling, and the nature of the emotion to be expressed. He paints standing, whether the canvas is large or small. His keenest pleasure is usually at the beginning of his task; as the picture gets under way, the labor becomes harder and harder, and he often lays the canvas aside for another one. Sometimes he has twenty pictures in hand simultaneously, working on four or five of them in a single day.

Mr. Inness's nature is a deeply religious one. When painting, he always feels that there is a power behind him teaching him, not indeed how to paint, but what is truth, what is the significance of things. "The whole effort and aim of the true artist," he said one day while conversing with the writer, "is to eschew whatever is individual, whatever is the result of the influence of his own evil nature, of his own carnal lusts, and to acknowledge nothing but the inspiration that comes from truth and goodness, or the divine principle within him,—nothing but the one personality, or God, who is the centre of man and the source of all noble inspiration. For just as it is impossible for him to personalize Nature on his canvas, so it is impossible for him truly to personalize himself. Like every other man, the artist is an individual representation of a personality, which is God. This personality is everywhere to be loved and revered; but the assumption of it to self is the creation in man of his own misery,—the subjection of himself to insults, to distresses, to a general disagreement with all the conditions of his existence. By eschewing it as belonging to himself, he learns to love and to reverence it as represented in truth and good everywhere. That truth and good are God, existing from the beginning, one with the beginning, creating all things. I would not give a fig for art-ideas except as they represent what I perceive behind them; and I love to think most of what I, in common with all men, need most,—the good of our practice in the art of life. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hill-side, the sky, clouds,—all things that we see,—will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth."

In the same conversation, Mr. Inness expressed himself as follows concerning the true purpose of the painter: This purpose is "simply to reproduce in other minds the impression



PINE GROVE, BARBERINI VILLA, ALBANO.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE INNESS.

which a scene has made upon him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. This emotion may be one of love, of pity, of veneration, of hate, of pleasure, or of pain; but it must be a single emotion, if the work has unity, as every such work should have; and the true beauty of the work consists in the beauty of the sentiment or emotion which it inspires. Its real greatness consists in the quality and the force of this emotion. Details in the picture must be elaborated only enough fully to reproduce the impression that the artist wishes to reproduce. When more than this is done, the impression is weakened or lost, and we see simply an array of external things, which may be very cleverly painted, and may look very real, but which do not make an artistic painting. The effort and the difficulty of an artist are to combine the two,—namely, to make the thought clear and to preserve the unity of impression. Meissonier always makes his thought clear; he is most painstaking with details, but he sometimes loses in sentiment. Corot, on the contrary, is to some minds lacking in objective force. He is most appreciated by the highly educated artistic taste, and he is least appreciated by the crude taste. He tried for years to get more objective force, but he found that what he gained in that respect he lost in sentiment. If a painter could unite Meissonier's careful reproduction of details with Corot's inspirational power he would be the very god of art. But Corot's art is higher than Meissonier's. Let Corot paint a rainbow, and his work reminds you of the poet's description, 'The rainbow is the spirit of the flowers.' Let Meissonier paint a rainbow, and his work reminds you of a definition in chemistry. The one is poetic truth, the other is scientific truth; the former is æsthetic, the latter is analytic. The reality of every artistic vision lies in the thought animating the artist's mind. This is proved by the fact that every artist who attempts only to imitate what he sees fails to represent that something which comes home to him as a satisfaction,—fails to make a representation corresponding in the satisfaction which it produces to the satisfaction felt in his first perception. Consequently, we find that men of strong artistic genius, which enables them to dash off an impression coming, as they suppose, from what is outwardly seen, may produce a work, however incomplete or imperfect in details, of greater vitality, having more of that peculiar quality called 'freshness,' either as to color or spontaneity of artistic impulse, than can other men after laborious efforts,—a work which appeals to the cultivated mind as something more or less perfect of Nature. Now, this spontaneous movement by which he produces a picture is governed by the law of homogeneity or unity, and accordingly we find that in proportion to the perfection of his genius is the unity of his picture."

Concerning *chiaro-oscuro*, or the means of producing sensuous impressions of objects by effects of light and dark, the mind, said Mr. Inness, is governed by a law of equilibrium. "If we consider for a moment that all things appear to us (so far as their light and dark, or *chiaro-oscuro*, are concerned) by means of the shadow which their own objectivity produces, we shall see at once that in reasoning concerning light and dark, we must start from the point of equilibrium, which is half-way between light and dark. At that point all things cease to appear; all is light and flat as a fog of vapor that obscures everything. Now in Nature we find that the horizon is where all things cease to appear. The horizon, therefore, the flat blue of the sky (not clouds), is the point of equilibrium,—the foil against which all lights and darks are relieved, the middle tone, or the half-dark, or half-light, of the picture. Hence, it is the horizon that the artist must consult in producing a representation in which all parts are in equilibrium; and there is no greater difficulty than in finding the relation which the sky bears to the objects in his landscape. The eye is continually deceived by the tendency of the mind to make violent contrasts of light against dark, and dark against light, when looking at Nature analytically. A person seeing a dark shadow (as of a building) against the horizon cannot easily keep at the same time the idea that the horizon is really the half-way house of light and dark; but if from the deck of a vessel he will observe the ocean-line when the

sun is under a cloud, he will find that, although the sky at the horizon appears to him to be very light, yet the moment that the sun dashes its light upon the water the exact reverse is produced,—the sky looking very dark, showing that the proposition is true. . . .

"There is a notion," he continued, "that objective force is inconsistent with poetic representation. But this is a very grave error. What is often called poetry is a mere jingle of rhyme,—intellectual dish-water. The poetic quality is not obtained by eschewing any truths of fact or of Nature which can be included in a harmony or real representation. The lack of local color in a work of art—the lack of objective form, even though the work may have the equilibrium of a well-diffused *chiaro-oscuro*—is still, so far, a detraction from its power forcibly to represent emotional vision, and therefore a lack in the full presentation of the poetic principle. Poetry is the vision of reality. When John saw the vision of the Apocalypse, he *saw* it. He did not see emasculation, or weakness, or gaseous representation. He saw *things*, and those things represented an idea. . . .

"Among the French artists it is that we find the best works of art. Millet is one of those artistic angels whose aim was to represent pure and holy human sentiments,—sentiments which speak of home, of love, of labor, of sorrow, and so on. Many of his pictures, indeed, display weaknesses to which minds like his are at times peculiarly liable, as though the strength of flesh and blood had overcome the power of the spirit. But he is the very first in that class of painters who reproduce such sentiments in their paintings; and in his paintings do we find the highest of these sentiments. Meissonier is a very wonderful painter, but his aim seems to be a material and not a spiritual one. The imitative has too strong a hold upon his mind. Hence even in his simplest and best things we find the presence of individualities which should have had no place, because they are really outside of the idea or impression which he intended to convey. That idea which came fresh into his mind from the scene which he saw, why should he not have reproduced in its original purity unalloyed by the mixture of those individualities? Even in his greatest efforts there is not that power to awaken our emotion which the simplest works of a painter like Decamps possess. There every detail of the picture is a part of the vision which impressed the artist, and which he purposed to reproduce, to the end that it might impress others; and every detail has been subordinated to the expression of the artist's impression. Take one of his pictures, *The Suicide*, a representation of a dead man lying on a bed in a garret, partly in the sunlight. All is given up to the expression of the idea of *desolation*. The scene is painted as though the artist had seen it in a dream. Nothing is done to gratify curiosity, or to withdraw the mind from the great central point, the dead man; yet all is felt to be complete and truly finished. The spectator carries away from it a strong impression, but his memory is not taxed with a multitude of facts. The simple story is impressed upon his mind, and remains there forever."

In Mr. Inness's *Light Triumphant*, and *Pine Grove, Barberini Villa*, which are engraved herewith, these principles of art are fully exemplified. The rendering of light, of color, and of texture is very nobly done. Some of his works, to be sure, are not so successful, but his aim is always pure, and his inspiration is always felt. He is a great painter, and his name will be held in honor.



A STORM AT SEA.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

FRANK HENDRY.

HENDRY, who has devoted himself to the study of art since he was fourteen years of age, was born in Enfield, Connecticut, in April, 1863. Principal among his teachers was Thomaso Juglaris, with whom he studied from the model for years. An ardent lover of nature, especially as seen along our seaboard, he has made several voyages alongshore to procure material for marine sketches, once shipping as second mate of a schooner. His forte lies in pen-and-ink illustrating.



LANDSCAPE.

FROM A PAINTING BY J. APPLETON BROWN.



J. APPLETON BROWN.

CHAPTER SIXTY-SIXTH.



R. J. APPLETON BROWN was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 12th of July, 1844. In 1867 and 1868 he studied with Lambinet, the French landscape-painter. The year 1874 also he spent in Paris. His works are landscapes. To the Salon of 1875 he contributed two views of Dives, on the French coast. In the summer of 1878 he exhibited a collection of nineteen of his pictures in Doyle's Gallery in Boston. "A visit to Mr. Appleton Brown's studio," says a writer in Appletons' "Art Journal," "shows us a wall covered with brilliant sketches. He renders his impressions of Nature through great masses of light and shade, rich color, with here and there in significant positions firm and precise outline, or solid, definite drawing. Here are gnarled and bent fruit-trees standing on exposed hill-sides, whose twisted branches are in one portion strongly indicated, and in another vanishing into the misty silhouette of the tree. You see a stunted greensward in the same picture reflecting the heat of a summer sky, or the mist and dampness hug the grass where its pale color rises faintly against an old, dark undergrowth at twilight. In one picture Mr. Appleton Brown has put upon his canvas some stray young willows, whose gawky, rambling arms are thrust out at all points and in various directions, with their thin, scant foliage on the tips of the twigs, that look like fingers, suggesting the thought of dryad transformations, where the spirit of some poor soul still lingered under its painful body:—

'Yet latent life through her new branches reigned,
And long the plant a human heat retained.'

"Mr. Appleton Brown has a charming picture called *Apple-Blossoms*, and in it is shown the same tender love of Nature. Round young trees, with their outlines melting into a misty atmosphere, appear the young shoots of branches decked with the pure, filmy pink of the delicate flowers. The trunks are not yet old, nor bent, nor moss-grown, but they are the healthy young trees of orchards such as are so often found in sheltered nooks and in the hollows of New England pasture-land, where the low granite hills, with no better growth than juniper and thin grass, protect the fruit-trees, and the kitchen-garden with its vegetables, from the piercing and destructive salt-winds of the sea. The ground here is soft, and often through its spongy surface little brooks creep along lazily to find an outlet somewhere, or they lose themselves in the earth. Other pictures are of the poorly salt-meadows near the sea,—places so remote from the ocean that the tide never overflows them, except at spring and autumn floods; but the small creeks are flooded in their half-hidden courses, twice a day from the

ocean, and long, coarse marsh-grass draggles its heads in the black muck when the creek is empty.

"But it is not alone in these nooks and corners about Newburyport that Mr. Appleton Brown finds his inspiration, for two or three large canvases are filled by scenes of wild ocean-storms. Darkness and clouds and wind drive in with the great green waves that come up and break over rock and sand. He has caught the cold, green color of the sea; but it is not for its beauty as a pigment that his color impresses the imagination most powerfully, fine though the hues, but the tints are an expression of the weight, the density, and the mass of the water,—of the sea in its great throes of fury. Mr. Appleton Brown is a true artist in spirit, and in his painting is entirely separate from the worldly considerations of what subjects will be popular or will take the market. His pictures are a matter of conscience with him, and though he has a fine and true eye for color, he uses it always, as in the sea-waves we have described, not for its sensuous charm, nor yet as a showy palette, but each tint of blue or white, green or scarlet, is so important on his canvas to carry out his ideas and purposes, that even where we feel the richness and harmony of his tones, the amateur cannot fail to recognize them as used to carry out a thought or a suggestion, and not, as is too often the case with painters, being laid on from vain display or from the fascination of their sensuous beauty. Mannerism is totally absent from his work; and whether he draws the details of a tree with pre-Raphaelite care, or slurs into shapeless masses the paint upon his canvas, it is always the scene that is in his mind he endeavors to evolve, and not to make a pedantic display of his own knowledge of painting. His aims as a painter have already met with a responsive sympathy from some of the most cultivated and appreciative persons in his neighborhood. His first considerable commission was from Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, so widely known from his wit, his writings, and his love of art. Mr. Martin Brimmer, one of the great, energetic lovers and promoters of painting in the United States, and a gentleman of the highest education and culture, is also the owner of a fine picture by Mr. Appleton Brown; while Ernest Longfellow, the artist, and a son of the poet, also possesses a picture of his."

Though Mr. Appleton Brown studied with Lambinet, his works betray the influence of Corot. Some of his drawings in black-and-white are exceedingly impressive, rich in the fleeting beauties of light and air, and full of tenderness and sweet mystery. A series of them will be published in Appletons' "Art Journal" for 1879. Professor Barrett, in his lectures before the London Institute, has shown the existence of an analogy between color and music,—a relationship between the vibrating pitch of color and the vibrating pitch of sound. Certainly there is color in these sketches made with the crayon; perhaps it is not stretching language too far to say that there is music in them.





STORM AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

FROM A PAINTING BY J. APPLETON BROWN.



THE UPPER MERRIMAC.
FROM A PAINTING BY J. APPLETON BROWN.



THOMAS MORAN.

CHAPTER SIXTY-SEVENTH.



R. THOMAS MORAN was born in Bolton, Lancashire, England, on the 12th of January, 1837. In his seventh year he came to this country with his parents, and in his eighteenth year was apprenticed to a wood-engraver in Philadelphia. He studied water color art without a teacher, and made some successful pictures. His first oil-painting was a subject from Shelley's poem "Alastor." In 1862 he visited England, and paid especial attention to Turner's landscapes; in 1866 he again went to England, and gave his time to the old masters in the English galleries, and in France and Italy. The next year he returned to America, and in 1871 accompanied Professor Hayden's exploring expedition to the Yellowstone River, where he made the sketches which he afterward used in painting his celebrated *Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone*, a work for which the United States Government paid him ten thousand dollars. Of Major J. W. Powell's expedition to the Cañon of the Colorado he was a member in 1873; and his picture of the *Cañon of the Colorado* also was purchased by the Government for ten thousand dollars. The next year he painted his *Mountain of the Holy Cross*, from original studies. Other works of his are *The Last Arrow*, *The Ripening of the Leaf*, *Dreamland*, *The Groves were God's First Temples*, *The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior*, *The Conemaugh in Autumn*, *The First Ship*, *The Flight into Egypt*, *The Remorse of Cain*, *The Children of the Mountain*, *The Track of the Storm*, and *The Pons de Leon, Florida*, which is in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. His wife is also an accomplished artist.

A critic who saw Mr. Moran's *Mountain of the Holy Cross* during its exhibition in New York in April, 1875, wrote concerning it as follows: "To the technical merits of Mr. Moran's work the highest praise may be awarded. The foreground is charmingly painted, the color is unusually pure and truthful, the rocks have all the solidity of nature, the foliage is crisp and well defined, and there is motion in the water. At the same time, the aerial perspective has been managed with so much skill that the spectator really feels as if the grand mountain, on which shines the glittering cross, were many miles away. In its general treatment, *The Mountain of the Holy Cross* reminds us strongly of the studies of Calame, that almost unrivalled painter of wild mountain-scenery, though at the same time we fully recognize the fact that Mr. Moran's work bears the unmistakable stamp of originality, and we think that it will unquestionably take rank as one of the finest examples of American landscape-art that has yet been produced. Mr. Moran may well be proud of a work exhibiting so much technical skill, combined with such noble simplicity and even severity of treatment; and all who take an interest in the progress of American art must gratefully recognize the fact that at last we have among us an artist eminently capable of interpreting the sentiment of our wilder mountain-scenery in a style commensurate with its grandeur and beauty." This picture

is in the gallery of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Mr. Moran is a member of the Society of American Artists. He is extremely felicitous in selecting his subjects, and in bringing them within the conditions of pictorial treatment; he has a fine sense of the mysterious world of light and shade, and of the color and the glory of Nature; and he has studied Turner probably longer and more faithfully than any other American artist. In a conversation with the present writer he said: "Turner is a great artist, but he is not understood, because both painters and the public look upon his pictures as transcriptions of Nature. He certainly did not so regard them. All that he asked of a scene was simply how good a medium it was for making a picture; he cared nothing for the scene itself. Literally speaking, his landscapes are false; but they contain his impressions of Nature, and so many natural characteristics as were necessary adequately to convey that impression to others. The public does not estimate the quality of his work by his best paintings, but by his latest and crazier ones, in which realism is entirely thrown overboard. *The Fighting Téméraire*, for example, which even Ruskin praises so extravagantly, is the most inharmonious, crude, and disagreeable of all his productions. Its merit lies only in its plan and composition. I think that one of his best pictures is the *Crossing the Brook*, in the London National Gallery; it is simple, quiet, gray in color; the harmonies of its grays are wonderful. It is perhaps the most suggestive of Claude of all his canvases. His aim is parallel with the greatest poets, who deal not with literalism or naturalism, and whose excellence cannot be tested by such a standard. He tries to combine the most beautiful natural forms and the most beautiful natural colors, irrespective of the particular place he is presenting. He generalizes Nature always; and so intense was his admiration for color that everything else was subservient to that. He would falsify the color of any object in his picture in order to produce what he considered to be an harmonious whole. In other words, he sacrificed the literal truth of the parts to the higher truth of the whole. And he was right. Art is not Nature; an aggregation of ten thousand facts may add nothing to a picture, but be rather the destruction of it. The literal truth counts for nothing; it is within the grasp of any one who has had an ordinary art-education. The mere restatement of an external scene is never a work of art, is never a picture. What a picture is, I cannot define any more than I can define poetry. We know a poem when we read it, and we know a picture when we see it; but the latter is even less capable of definition than the former.

"My pictures vary so much that even artists who are good judges do not recognize them from year to year. Two years ago I sent to the National Academy Exhibition some gray pictures, altogether unlike my previous work. My life, so far, has been a series of experiments, and, I suppose, will be until I die. I never painted a picture that was not the representation of a distinct impression from Nature. It seems to me that the bane of American art is that our artists paint for money, and repeat themselves, so that in many instances you can tell the parentage of a picture the moment you look at it. It is not true that the public require such a repetition on the part of the artist. Men who are constantly rehashing themselves do so from sheer inability to do otherwise. There is a lack of that genuine enthusiasm among our artists without which no great work can be produced. I believe that an artist's personal characteristics may be told from his pictures. Who wouldn't know, for example, that Frederick E. Church is a man of refinement? His works are full of refinement,—refinement in touch, delicacy of form, delicacy of color. If a man's studio is simply a manufactory of paintings which shall tickle the ignorant in art, if he is continually repeating himself in order to sell his pictures more rapidly or easily, this fact will convey itself to every intelligent mind. The pleasure a man feels will go into his work, and he cannot have pleasure in being a mere copyist of himself,—in producing paintings which are not the offspring of his own fresh and glowing impressions of Nature. At the present time there is a revival in American art. Our young men who have been studying in Europe are fully



DREAM - LAND.

FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS MORAN.

as accomplished as their masters. They understand the *technique* of their art just as well. It now remains for them to show whether or not they possess invention, originality, the poetic impulse, the qualities which constitute a painter. I myself think they are a most hopeful lot. Some of them make a mistake, I think, in setting up a living artist for a model, and imitating him, when only time can test his true value. The grand old painters, whose worth the centuries have attested, are overlooked. The fountain-head of inspiration is ignored. Not only is it a modern man that is set up, but often a second or third rate modern man. The Shakspeares, the Dantes, and the Homers of art are forgotten. Of course, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian did not treat modern themes, and therefore in certain respects are not so serviceable as the present celebrities in Paris and Munich; but all the essential principles of art are immortal,—the subject is unimportant, the application of those principles is universal; the same qualities that made their possessors famous in the days of the Renaissance are of paramount importance now. I hold that modern art is not equal to the ancient.

“I place no value upon literal transcripts from Nature. My general scope is not realistic; all my tendencies are toward idealization. Of course, all art must come through Nature: I do not mean to depreciate Nature or naturalism; but I believe that a place, as a place, has no value in itself for the artist only so far as it furnishes the material from which to construct a picture. Topography in art is valueless. The motive or incentive of my *Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone* was the gorgeous display of color that impressed itself upon me. Probably no scenery in the world presents such a combination. The forms are extremely wonderful and pictorial, and while I desired to tell truly of Nature, I did not wish to realize the scene literally, but to preserve and to convey its true impression. Every form introduced into the picture is within view from a given point, but the relations of the separate parts to one another are not always preserved. For instance, the precipitous rocks on the right were really at my back when I stood at that point, yet in their present position they are strictly true to pictorial Nature; and so correct is the whole representation that every member of the expedition with which I was connected declared, when he saw the painting, that he knew the exact spot which had been reproduced. My aim was to bring before the public the character of that region. The rocks in the foreground are so carefully drawn that a geologist could determine their precise nature. I treated them so in order to serve my purpose. In another work, *The Mountain of the Holy Cross*, the foreground is intensely realistic also: its granite rocks are realized to the farthest point that I could carry them; and the idealization of the scene consists in the combination and arrangement of the various objects in it. At the same time, the combination is based upon the characteristics of the place. My purpose was to convey a true impression of the region; and as for the elaborated rocks, I elaborated them out of pure love for rocks. I have studied rocks carefully, and I like to represent them.”

Concerning certain living European artists Mr. Moran said: “Andreas Achenbach lacks poetry, but he is great in realizing phases of Nature. He is not idealistic at all. Gérôme I admire for his conception of his subject, and for his extreme refinement and beauty of drawing. He is infinitely the superior of Meissonier. Meissonier’s art is of a lower type, in the sense that a pastoral poem is lower than an epic. Intellectually, emotionally, poetically, Gérôme is away in advance of Meissonier. The latter’s merits are chiefly dependent upon his *technique*, and are largely of a mechanical order. In Gérôme’s works you lose sight of his methods, and become interested in his subjects and in the people who make them up. Gérôme is an idealist; he uses realistic material, and combines it ideally. Meissonier, on the other hand, is a realist. In mechanical skill he is Gérôme’s superior; but Gérôme does not try to reach the point that Meissonier does. If he carried technical qualities so far he would injure his pictures.

“Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, and Daubigny are all men of one idea. Diaz, for example, paints

forever the forest of Fontainebleau. He is a perpetual copyist of himself. Now, we don't care to live on one dish all our lives. No artist is great who has made a reputation on one idea, and Corot's idea was a very indefinite one at that. I have but a small opinion of his large *Orphée*, recently in the Cottier Collection. The work is bad in drawing,—it is not drawing at all,—and certainly it cannot be called color. It has some tone, to be sure, just as black-and-white may have tone; but there is in it no quality that demanded a canvas of that size. It is a small conception of the subject expended on a very large surface. A picture ten inches by twelve would have given all that this picture contains probably better than a larger one. Indeed, French art, in my opinion, scarcely rises to the dignity of landscape,—a swamp and a tree constitute its sum total. It is more limited in range than the landscape art of any other country.

"I am not an admirer of Millet. His pictures are coarse and vulgar in character; they are repulsive. He shows us only the ignorant and debased peasant; he suggests nothing noble or high, nothing that is not degraded. His peasants are very little above animals; they do not look capable of education; or of being other than what he has made them. In fact, I think he libels the French peasantry. Jules Breton, on the contrary, impresses them with a mentality and vigor that are entirely wanting in Millet's representations, and he is superior to Millet in *technique*. He is an excellent painter, and so far as he introduces into his peasants the elements of possible progress, and gives them a character above their station, he is ideal. Gabriel Max repeats himself a little too much to be always interesting. Piloty is a very fine painter, rather Academic, perhaps; but this is a good failing, if a failing at all,—an error that leans to the right side. He is an estimable composer. Carl Hübner is a man of very moderate abilities; a pretty skilful painter, but his subjects and the character indicated in them are of a low order. No refined connoisseur can tolerate pictures of this kind. Detaille is a thorough artist; he infuses a wonderful amount of character into his works. His soldiers are distinct and masterly types. Meyer von Bremen is too small to express an opinion upon. I place Verboeckhoven substantially in the same category. Bouguereau is a very fine painter,—a little sentimental in contradistinction to dealing in sentiment, and lacks vigor, but his works are certainly of a very unobjectionable kind. Many of his earlier pictures, which are his best, are very beautiful from every point of view. The same is true of Merle. Troyon's paintings are rather coarse in character, though always fresh in color, while not strictly pictures of color. He uses very few and simple pigments, and hence obtains tonality with ease. I should n't call him a colorist, by any means. Van Marcke is a better artist; his imagination is more lively and more varied. Modern English landscape-art is wanting in great names. Leighton and Poynter in figures are admirable."





SOLITUDE.

FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS MORAN.



MICHAEL ANGELO.

— M. J. B. —



M. J. EZEKIEL.

CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHTH.



HAT wronged and despised race, the Jewish, has given to the world many minds of might. In philosophy there is Spinoza; in history, Neander; in literature, Heine, the Disraelis, Berthold Auerbach, Emma Lazarus; among financiers and men of affairs are Pereire, Fould, the Rothschilds, and Lasker; among philanthropists, Sir Moses Montefiore and Baron Hirsch. The stage has Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt; the musical world honors the names of Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Halevy, Moscheles, Joachim, Rubinstein, and Offenbach; and in the realm of art the Hebrew has won many victories. Josef Israels, the great Dutch painter, who may be called the Millet of Holland, is a Jew; and his son Isaac is an artist of incontestable talent, as was proven by his picture representing the departure of a detachment of Dutch colonial soldiers for the East Indies, which gained him an Honorable Mention at the Salon of 1885. And then there are Ulmann, the Frenchman, whose *Sylla at the House of Marius* hangs in the Luxembourg; Abraham Solomon, the English artist, whose *Waiting for the Verdict, Not Guilty*, and other works were well known by engravings some years ago, and his brother Simeon, a highly gifted disciple of the pre-Raphaelite school; Constant Mayer, an Associate of our own National Academy of Design, whose effective portrayal of an incident in our Civil War—*The Blue and the Gray*, a Confederate soldier recognizing his brother in a mortally wounded Union scout—won him the cross of the Legion of Honor when exhibited in the Salon in 1869, and Prof. Eduard Bendemann, whose most famous works—the *Sorrowing Jews*, now in the Museum of Cologne, and the *Jeremiah on the Ruins of Jerusalem*, pertaining to the National Gallery in Berlin—deal with the sad history of his own race. In addition, may be noted the French painters, Henri Levy and Jules Worms; the English Royal Academician, Solomon Alexander Hart, and Solomon Joseph Solomon, who is one of the rising men among London artists; and the Americans, Jacob Lazarus and Henry Mosler. The former has been a successful portrait painter in New York for many years, and the last-named is distinguished as an American having a picture in the Luxembourg. Those Jews who have displayed their powers in plastic rather than graphic art include the sculptors Adam-Salomon, whose portrait busts are highly esteemed in France; Mark Antokolski, the Russian, whose *Christ before the People*, *Ivan the Terrible*, *Peter the Great*, and *Spinoza*, are striking works, the productions of true genius; and two Americans,—the first being Ephraim Keyser, a Baltimorean, the author of *The Tying Page*, and the second, Moses Jacob Ezekiel, the subject of this article.

Ezekiel is also a Southerner, a native of Richmond, where he was born in 1844. He manifested artistic talent at an early age by painting panoramas. He entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington in 1861, and was graduated there in 1866, having in the meantime served in the Confederate army, in 1864-1865. For a time he worked in his father's dry-goods store, but devoted a portion of each day to painting, and soon after turned his attention to sculpture, producing an ideal bust of Cain. Ezekiel then studied anatomy in the Medical College of Virginia, and removed to Cincinnati in 1868. The following year he went abroad and studied in Berlin at the Royal Academy of Arts, afterwards entering the studio of Prof. Albert Wolf. In 1872 he modelled a colossal bust of Washington, now in Cincinnati, which secured him admission into the Society of Artists of Berlin, and in 1873 he carried off the Michael Beer prize, which had never before been given to a foreigner, and which entitled him to two years' study in Italy. Ezekiel has lived in Rome since 1874, making, however, an occasional visit to America, and has exhibited some of his works at Cincinnati, and in the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design at New York. He received the cavalier's cross of merit for art and science, with a diploma, from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen in 1887, the gold medal of the Royal Association in Palermo, the Raphael medal at Urbino, and is a member of the Societies of Artists in Berlin and Rome, and of the Academy of Raphael in Urbino. His studio in Rome is in itself a notable place, apart from the creations of the sculptor which it holds, as will be seen from this description of it which appeared in a German magazine:—

"Coming from the Quirinal and the Via di Quattro Fontane, and passing that part of Diocletian's Baths in which Michael Angelo built the church of S. Maria degli Angeli, we find ourselves on the Piazza di Termini. In front, the large railway station rears itself; to the left, we have the broad streets and places of the new city; behind, the Campagna and the tall pines and classic lines of the mountains that overlook Rome. Turning from this enchanting spectacle, we have on the left one of those gigantic walls that belong to the Diocletian baths, within whose cavern-like arches wood is stowed away, and coachmen keep their animals and wagons, without building to or taking away anything from these antique ruins. Then to the right is a sort of rampart, an inclined plane paved with cobble-stones, that leads up into an upper portion of the ruins. Walking up this inclined plane, we see all sorts of tropical vegetation overhanging the low wall; a marble fragment here, another there, a third plastered into the wall. We ascend still further, and meet with an antique torso half hid in heliotrope and ivy; then the head of Cicero with a natural wreath growing around it. We pass a few orange and lemon trees, and stand at a new door to an ancient hall. An enormous window in mediæval style, put together in small panes in leaden frames, shows that the place is inhabited. We knock, and the door opens. Here is where Ezekiel the American sculptor lives and creates.

"The room is very large and very lofty. There are the grand proportions of a groined arch of the time of the Roman Emperors; naked, gray, jagged walls; an enormous fireplace and mantelpiece supported by two colossal caryatides. From the ceiling depends an immense iron-and-brass chandelier, bearing twenty-five wax candles. Over the fireplace is a framed Gobelin tapestry; opposite it another. A throne-canopy with green brocade curtains occupies the further end of the apartment, covering a broad sleeping-sofa. Old chests, antique tables, chairs, and divans, large and small oil-paintings,—presents from artist friends,—copies from the antique, then plaster-work of the sculptor, to complete the decoration of the chamber, little cherubs, and, in the midst of all, the artist himself, with his clustering locks and flaming black eyes, energetic face, and firm mouth and chin. Upon the background of this romantic workshop appear Ezekiel's statues, in their clear marble purity."

Though the greater part of this sculptor's productions are not much known to his fellow countrymen, he is represented in America by two works which occupy public places. The



ALBERT DÜRER.

BY M. J. EGGEL.

first is the marble group entitled *Religious Liberty*, which stands in front of the Horticultural Hall in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. This monument was a commission which Ezekiel was asked, in 1874, to execute for the Jewish secret order of the Sons of the Covenant for the then approaching Centennial Exhibition, and it was unveiled in 1876. It typifies Liberty by the figure of a woman of majestic appearance, wearing the cap of freedom. She holds in one hand a wreath of laurel, and the other is outstretched in benediction; while by her side stands a beautiful nude youth with a flaming lamp, who personifies Faith, and at her feet an eagle overcomes a serpent. It was fitting, indeed, that this tribute to the cause of religious liberty should be offered to a great nation on the hundredth anniversary of its birth by those members of the Jewish race who had found in America the freedom of faith so often denied to them in other lands, and it was also a gracious and fortunate thought that intrusted its embodiment to the able and sympathetic hands of the Jewish sculptor Ezekiel. The second work by Ezekiel above referred to is on the building of the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, and consists of a series of eleven statues in Carrara marble, each seven feet in height, placed in niches, and representing famous artists. They include Phidias, Raphael, Albert Dürer, Michael Angelo, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo, Canova, and Crawford. Two of them are reproduced in the illustrations to this sketch. To the same hand are due the bronze medallion of the founder of the gallery, which, with the bronze groups of children and other decorative sculptures, are placed on the façade of the building.

Ezekiel's other sculptures are *Eve Hearing the Voice*; *The Daughter of Eve*; *Judith*; *Homer* (a seated figure reciting the Iliad); a group of Apollo listening to Mercury playing on the lyre; a David returning from his victory over Goliath; the Christ shown in one of our illustrations; a Burial of Christ; a group entitled *Art and Nature*; a recumbent monument of Mrs. A. D. White, for the Memorial Chapel of Cornell University; and a Fountain of Neptune at Nettuno, Italy. He has also made a number of portrait busts, including those of Liszt and Cardinal Hohenlohe and the English inventor Hotchkiss; and many bas-reliefs, the subjects of some of the latter being *Consolation* (made for the Villa Leo at Berlin, and representing Venus soothing a weeping Cupid); *Pan and Amor*; Schiller and Goethe; and portraits of Farragut and Lee. He has modelled various statuettes,—a Bismarck, a Rembrandt, a Spinoza, and an *Industry*. Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, in a magazine article written some years ago, thus describes Ezekiel's *Eve*:—

"It is not the stately, erect mother of mankind as she came faultlessly fair from the hand of her Creator, but Eve just after her disobedience, when there has dawned upon her mind her first sense of sin. It is therefore different from any *Eve* of which we know anything, and has a human interest about it that the cold Greek figure of Powers's entirely lacks. She hears "the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day," and she shrinks away in sudden terror,—an unexplained emotion to her heretofore sinless nature. She crouches down, awe-smitten, and extends her hands, as if to ward off some impending peril; while dread, horror, dim apprehension, are visible on her beautiful face. This is the *motif*, as we conceive it, of the statue. And surely it is nobly carried out. The drawn-up crouching attitude is particularly and finely significant; she dares not rise and stand in her former erect beauty before the Creator whom she *feels* she has offended. Though she has not yet come to realize what her disobedience has brought, though she has not yet been told that she has "brought death into the world," she has awakened to the consciousness of sin; hence the horror of the averted face and the deprecating outstretched hands. In one of the galleries of the Vatican there is a crouching *Venus* (*Venere accovacciata*), from which some fault-finding critic may be disposed to say that Ezekiel took a suggestion; but the attitudes are so different, and the grace and delicacy of the *Eve* so much rarer (we dare to say it), that there is not basis of resemblance sufficient for a comparison to stand on."

Mrs. Preston also tells this interesting anecdote, which serves to show the high estimation in which this sculptor's works are held in Europe:—

"Some eighteen months since the great composer Liszt (who is one of Rome's best art-critics) was anxious to have a bust of himself executed, to be placed in the Academy of Music at Pesth, of which he is director. Having a personal acquaintance with all the best artists of Rome, he selected Ezekiel from their number as the sculptor who would, in his opinion, make the most perfect portrait bust. When the model was completed, he had it placed in the centre of the *salon* of his villa near Rome, and invited Cardinal Hohenlohe, acknowledged to be of the highest authority in art matters, to breakfast with him,—the sculptor being also present,—and pronounce upon its merits. The cardinal walked round and round it, surveying it from all points, Ezekiel watching him a little nervously from the embrasure of a distant window, as he knew his dictum would settle the fate of the work, and make greatly for or against him as an artist. Finally, having satisfied himself, the cardinal walked to the door, turned toward the bust, and waving his hand, said 'Addio, Liszt! I thus hand thee down to posterity!'

"In a letter we had from Ezekiel shortly after, he says: 'This is the finest compliment I ever had paid me.'"

Mrs. Hiram Corson, in a letter lately contributed to the New York "Home Journal," gives the following pen-picture of another notable achievement of Ezekiel's chisel: "Noticeable among other sculptures of this interesting workshop is a Burial of Christ. Rather striking is the idea the artist puts forth here in the dead form of the Saviour. He conceives him blessing his crucifiers in death. The head is turbaned, Hebrew fashion; the two devoted lovers that laid him in the rocky sepulchre have wrapped him in a shroud, without formal arrangement of limbs. The dead form lies simply stretched out, the arms at the side; but in this rigidity of death the hands have assumed a position in which centres the sculptor's idea. The fingers assume, by a peculiar separation, the form of Aaron's blessing. The Redeemer's last thought in his supreme agony is the pardon of Israel, the blessing of Aaron."





CHRIST.

R. M. J. E. 1871



GWENDOLEN.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

FREDERIC DIELMAN.


THE thousands who have followed with absorbing interest the development of the character of Gwendolen, in "Daniel Deronda," from the self-willed, passionate girl to the woman touched by sorrow and uplifted by her love, will welcome this speaking portrait of their heroine. The quality of the artist's work, like good wine, needs no bush.

Gwendolen looks from his canvas with an expression which seems like a gradual awakening to those new thoughts which led her to become "one of the best of women, who make others glad that they were born."



FREDERICK DIELMAN.

CHAPTER SIXTY-NINTH.

COMPARATIVELY few of the great public are familiar with the paintings of Frederick Dielman; yet he has exhibited at the National Academy with regularity, and is moreover one of the best equipped of American artists. His pictures in oil have usually represented either charming young girls in rich and quaint old costumes, or specimens of the street arab as he hawks his papers, or smokes the remnant of some cast-off "weed." An excellent example of the first phase of Dielman's talent is his *Patrician Lady—Sixteenth Century*, with which he made his initial appearance at the Academy in 1877. "The calm proud loveliness of the woman's face" in this beautiful little work was praised by Bayard Taylor in the New York "Tribune," and the picture was bought by that discriminating collector, Mr. I. T. Williams, of New York. The painter sent an enlarged repetition of the head and bust alone to the Paris Exposition of the following year, where it gained much praise from the French critics.

Dielman is best known to Americans, however, by his admirable work as an illustrator of books and magazines. He is a German by birth, having been born in Hanover in 1847, but was brought to this country when very young, and lived in Baltimore. He graduated from Calvert College in that city in 1864; and his family then choosing for him the avocation of a topographical engineer, he followed this work for some years as a member of our Engineer Department in the South. Although his progress in this branch of science was both notable and fully recognized, his innate predilections for an artist's life became too strongly developed to disregard, and relinquishing an assured future and a competency, he left America for his native land, there to become a student of art. It was in the schools of Munich's Royal Academy, and more especially under eye of Professor Diez,—that remarkable painter of stirring scenes among the mailed robbers and men-at-arms of mediæval Germany,—that he gained his art education, which done, he returned to the United States and settled down in New York. Here he soon became in demand for illustrative work, some of the best produced here being due to Dielman's pencil. He did not, as do many other young Americans who have studied abroad, repeat the manner or matter of his master's work, but had sufficient individuality to mark out a fresh path of his own. His sympathies were evidently not with the harsher, but the more gracious aspects of life, and we find in his work no echoes of the cavalry charges and the ambushes, the *lanzknechts*, and the swashbucklers, so vigorously portrayed by Diez. He chooses rather to delight us with bright young faces and graceful forms, pure maidens and innocent little ones, women whose eyes are as true and tender as their hearts and whose smiles are full of sunshine. Who does not remember the lovely head of

a girl wearing some delicate muslin fabric over her shoulders, whose sweet eyes looked out from under a broad black hat, and who carried a large white flower—a blossom of the South—in her hand, which appeared in a Christmas number some few years ago? It was called *A Girl I Know*, and many were those who wondered if the artist was really fortunate



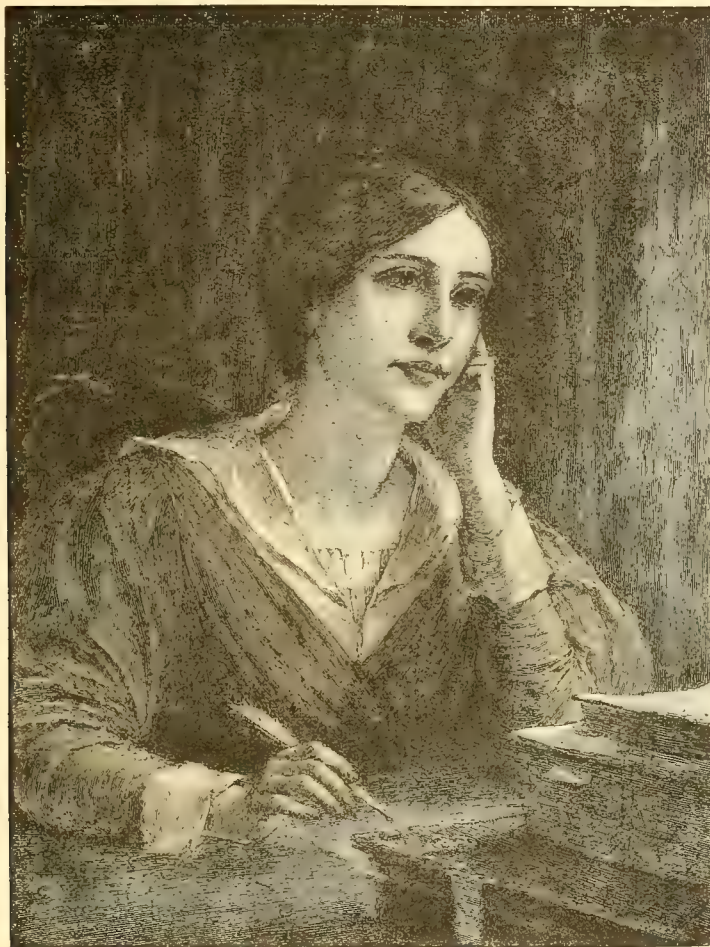
COMPANIONS. DRAWN BY DIELMAN.

enough to be the acquaintance or friend of such a girl, or whether she was only the result of his happy fancy; and numberless the young men who envied him his good fortune.

Dielman has drawn with marked success some of George Eliot's heroines,—hapless, foolish, pretty Hetty Sorrel; Esther Lyon sitting with her brown curls rippling under her bonnet, and her fair hands folded in her lap; the proud beauty of Gwendolen Grandcourt, tall, erect, with the true queenly air that many real queens have lacked; and Dorothea, in "*Middlemarch*,"

thoughtfully writing, one hand on her cheek and the other holding her pen. Worthy of especial mention, also, are Dielman's realizations of the "Princess" of Tennyson's idyl.

Dielman has illustrated Longfellow's "Golden Legend," Buchanan Read's "Christine," and many other works, both in prose and verse. Dielman is an etcher of much merit, among his most important plates—all his etchings, I believe, except a few he made for the *édition de luxe* of the Morgan and Stewart catalogues, after Henner, Maris, and Fortuny, are from



DOROTHEA. DRAWN BY DIELMAN.

his own designs—being *Pomona*, *Eudora*, *The Mora Players*, and a *Madonna and Child*. He has also etched illustrations to Hawthorne and "The Wide, Wide World." His water-colors are excellent, and include *Old Time Favorites*, and *In October*. He was one of the original members of the Society of American Artists, was elected a member of the National Academy of Design in 1883, and belongs to the Tile Club, the American Water-Color Society, the New York Etching Club, and the Salmagundi Club.



C. S. REINHART.

CHAPTER SEVENTIETH.



GOOD ADVICE. DRAWN BY REINHART.

THOSE who have wandered through sunny "Spanish Vistas" with George Parsons Lathrop, or noted the characteristics of our own people as displayed at their summer resorts—from Fortress Munroe to Bar Harbor, and from Lake George to Newport—under the pleasant guidance of Charles Dudley Warner, or laughed at Mr. Howells's inimitable little farces, must surely have often stopped in their reading to look at Mr. Reinhart's illustrations to these bright books,—illustrations which really add something even to *them*. Those who did so saw some pen-and-ink work which ranks among the best done by American artists,—work which is not perhaps fully appreciated, because it is so familiar to our eyes, which have met it at short intervals now in book and magazine for what seems quite a goodly number of years, when we consider that Mr. Reinhart is still a comparatively young man.

For Charles Stanley Reinhart was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, no longer ago than 1844. He came of a family which included in its members

several artists (the late B. F. Reinhart, A. N. A. was his uncle), and his father was also fond of drawing and often amused our young artist by making pictures for him. Reinhart's father died, however, at an early age, and his mother being strongly opposed to the youth's evident predisposition for an artist's life, and the war breaking out at this time, he was engaged upon the United States military railroads in Virginia. This work occupied some three years, and several years passed in a steel factory at Pittsburg. In 1868, however, having accumulated a sufficient sum, Reinhart decided to be balked no longer of his purpose to make a serious study of art, and went to Europe, where, in Paris, and later at the Royal Academy of Munich, under Professors Streyhüder and Otto, he spent two years in hard work. Upon his return to his own land, having sent a drawing which treated one of the topics of the day in a clever manner to the editor of "Harper's Weekly," who was at once struck by its merit, he was fortunate enough to receive a flattering offer from the publishers of that magazine, which he accepted, remaining in their employ for some six years, at the end of which time he opened a studio of his own. After several years he returned again to the Harpers,



THE HUSKING FROLIC.

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

with whom he has since remained. He has worked not only in black-and-white, but in oil and water-color, and has frequently exhibited pictures at the National Academy of Design.

He went abroad again some years ago and made a prolonged stay, sending paintings to the Salons of 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1889, and returning in 1890. He was awarded an Honorable Mention for his chief picture at the 1887 Salon, which was entitled *A Waif*. It represents a scene on the beach of some French fishing village; in the foreground lies the dead body of a poor sailor who has been washed ashore, and near him kneels a fisherman with uncovered head, while another is recounting the details of the finding of this human wreck to an officer who is taking notes. Several other peasants are standing by, and in the background a fishing boat lies high on the beach, with her dingy sails relieved against the gray cliffs. With this work Reinhart won the Temple Gold Medal at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. No less than six pictures, of which this was one, represented this brilliant artist at the Paris Exposition of 1889.

Reinhart is a member of the Tile Club, the New York Etching Club, and the American Water-Color Society. It would be an impossible task to give the names of only the most meritorious of the many admirable drawings he has contributed to the various publications embellished by his hand; but we here present one, which, though a comparatively early work, well indicates his powers of composition and characterization, together with his effective handling of light and shade. The *Husking Frolic* is a faithful representation of one of the most delightful of those "good old times" which are now becoming mainly things of memory only.

Joseph Pennell, in his lately issued book on pen drawing, thus speaks of Reinhart: "His drawings are notable for their simplicity, directness, and freedom, often for their grace, and always for their character and expression." Mr. Pennell gives, in illustration of Reinhart's work, a reproduction of a pen drawing from *Their Pilgrimage*, and says of it, "There is probably no one else who, with such simple means, could so well show the three American mothers in this drawing."

Henry James, in the course of a highly appreciative paper on Reinhart, wrote these flattering words: "Mr. Reinhart is at the enviable stage of knowing in perfection how; he has arrived at absolute facility and felicity."

Mr. Reinhart is fairly entitled to the name of the American Du Maurier. As the London artist is unsurpassable in his drawings of the English woman, so may Mr. Reinhart be said to be in his delineations of the feminine American. May he delight us with many more of them.





THE UNWILLING SCHOOLBOY.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

F. O. C. DARLEY.

THERE are some pictures which tell their own story, and this capital example of Mr. Darley's best work is one of them. It is from the series of drawings by this artist illustrating the seven ages of man ; and

“ the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school,”

is brought so vividly before us that our thoughts run backward to the days when it was so hard to be convinced that “ youth is the time to learn.”



CHARLES COPELAND.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-FIRST.



WHAT'S THAT? DRAWN BY COPELAND.

OLD Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun once wrote, "I knew a very wise man that believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

Charles Lamb calls popular songs "vocal portraits of the national mind," and a modern writer has well said: "When a song has once taken root in the hearts of a people, time itself is powerless against it."

Among the "songs that have made history," we may cite "When the King shall enjoy his own again," which often raised the sinking hearts of the Cavaliers, as it breathed hopes of ultimate triumph; "Lilliburlero," of which no one knows the actual origin, which yet, with its doggerel words wedded to a beautiful air, whistled James II. out of three kingdoms; "Boyne Water," the "Shan Van Vocht," and "The Wearing of the Green," three ditties which Ireland has good cause to remember; the exquisite Jacobite ballads which scatter fragrance round the romantic memory of the

later Stuarts; and old England's "God save the King," "as simple and dignified a national hymn as any country can boast."

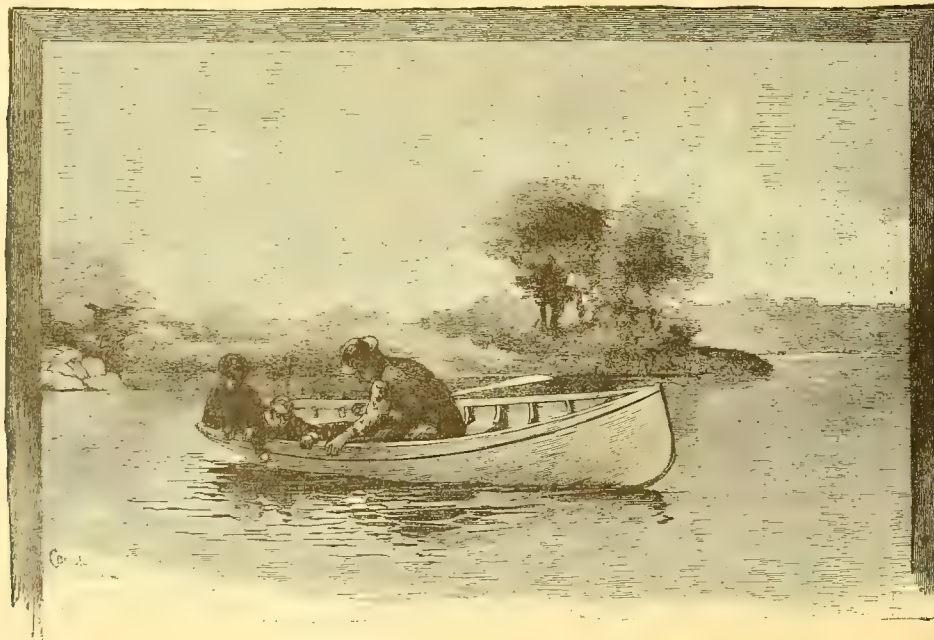
Others are the "British Grenadiers," whose stirring notes have helped to drown the misgivings of many a new recruit; and "The Girl I left behind me,"—ah, the hundreds and thousands of poor fellows, in whose ears that melody has rung as they left the old country to lay their bones amid Crimean snows or the deadly jungles of Ashantee, in India or Afghanistan, Abyssinia or Zululand! France had the songs of her Revolution,—"*Ça ira*" and the dreadful "*Carmagnole*," and has still the glorious "*Marseillaise*;" while her great enemy found a tower of strength worth many battalions in the grand strains of "The Watch on the Rhine." "Yankee Doodle," "Hail, Columbia!" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" belong to us. "Dixie"

and "My Maryland" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" played a gallant part in the fortunes of the "Lost Cause;" while the North sang, among and above many others, "Marching through Georgia" and "John Brown's Body."



A SLEIGH-RIDE. DRAWN BY COPELAND

As doubtless every one knows, the song "John Brown's Body" is of unknown authorship. "Marching through Georgia" was written by Henry C. Work, who was also the author of "Wake, Nicodemus," "Kingdom Coming," "Babylon is Fallen," and "Brave Boys are They."



FEEDING THE FISHES. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

It is much to have written the songs of a nation, and it is something to have been the first to adequately illustrate them, as Mr. Copeland has done in the pretty editions of

"Marching through Georgia," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," lately issued. The publishers commissioned Copeland to go South, follow in the track of Sherman's army, as it swept to the sea, and thus secure the necessary local color. This he did, and did well, as his drawings show. In one we see the dusty columns of blue-clad infantry marching through the Southern land, while the refrain of the song pours from a thousand hearts; and another presents a camp scene at night, the half-hid moon drifting above the huge pines, and a group gathered singing round the camp fire.

In 1867 "The Nation" said, "We utter no new truth, when we affirm that whatever of nationality there is in the music of America, she owes to her dusky children." It was fitting, then, that the series of "Songs of America," which Copeland has illustrated, should include



THE FIERY FACE. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

several of the beautiful negro melodies written by Stephen Collins Foster; such as "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "My old Kentucky Home," and "Nelly was a Lady." No greater praise could be given to the artist's work in these books than to say, as I do, that it has no false notes to jar with the exquisite melody of the songs. The haunting pathos of these cries from the heart—these longings for the old home, the old folks, the old times, the old love—has been reverently treated, and the result is a great pleasure.

Leaving these songs, so full of sad and heroic memories, and turning to a strain of lighter tone, we find Kate Tannatt Woods's tender love poem entitled "The Wooing of Grandmother Grey," which Copeland has enriched with a number of admirable drawings, constituting perhaps his best work, on the whole, thus far. Its verses are filled with the reminiscences of a dear silver-haired old lady, who sits by the fire and chats with her aged husband about the days when they were young, and he came courting her on winter nights, not minding the snow-storms that often clogged the long miles of road which lay between his father's farm and hers. She goes on to tell of one particular night—it was Christmas

eve, and turned out to be *the* night—when he brought her a present of a ring and asked her to be his wife. One of the designs most worthy of praise is that showing the old grandfather coming into the room with a candle in his hand. The lovers, who are sitting by the fire, are not visible, but we can see their speaking shadows on the wall. Another excellent picture depicts the young couple seated in front of the hearth. The lover is holding



WATCHING THE SHIPS GO BY. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

the popper over the blazing fire, and shields his face from the heat with his hand, as he turns to speak to the pretty maiden who sits near, shelling corn. And then there is a thoroughly good landscape in the book,—the farmhouse by the road, on such a night as Lowell must have had in mind when he wrote—

“God makes sech nights, all white an’ still,
Fur ’z you can look or listen, \\
Moonshine an’ snow on field an’ hill,
All silence an’ all glisten.”

Mr. Copeland has assisted in the illustration and embellishment of a great quantity of books and magazines. Among the holiday volumes in which his work may be found are “Enoch Arden,” “The Day Dream,” “Fairy Lilian,” “Lorna Doone,” and “The Sermon on the Mount.” In addition to working in black-and-white, he has paid much attention to water-colors, with very successful results, and three exhibitions of his achievements with this medium have taken place in Boston, of which the latest one shows a marked advance in color and freedom of handling. The subjects were mostly landscape.



THE HOUSE ON THE MARSH.

DRAWN BY CHARLES COPELAND

Copeland was born in Thomaston, Maine, in 1858, and his first occupation after leaving school was that of clerk in a country store. He came to Boston, however, when about nineteen years old, and procured employment in the office of a general designer and mechanical draughtsman, where he learned to turn his hand to almost anything in their line of work, and in due time took his master's place. The training received here he considers of great use,—in fact, he never had any other art education, with the exception of a season at the Lowell Institute school, and the solid benefit derived from being an active member of the Zepho Club, an association of earnest Boston art workers, who meet every week to draw from the model.

It may prove of interest to read some description of a similar place. It is in Paris, to be sure, instead of Boston, but there is not so much difference, after all, in the essentials. Another language is used, the models are better than are usually to be had in America, and the students display rather more talent and application, as a rule.

"There were about forty members subscribing to our atelier, varying in age from eighteen to thirty-eight, though rarely more than twenty worked there at the same time. We were a heterogeneous lot, representing many nationalities and many classes of society, but all feeling ourselves equals on the common ground of art. One of us was the son of a count,—a good worker, and of most simple and unassuming manners. Another was a kind of exquisite, who later in the day might be met (in shining raiment) at the Jockey Club, and later still (it was in the last years of the Empire) in the salons of the Tuileries. At the studio he put on a brown-holland blouse, and, if not a very clever painter, was one of our most amusing and persistent talkers. Then there was a big baron, with a fair, round face like a full moon, which he had a trick of holding on one side as he beamed upon you; his canvases were ostentatiously vast, and he affected a manly style of handling. In summer he worked with his coat off, and often rolled up his shirt-sleeves, showing a pair of remarkably white and shapely arms. One day a girl coming in to ask for a sitting, and wishing to flatter him, exclaimed, 'They are as white as a woman's!' The big man looked round with a pleased smile and said, 'Ah! oui, on voudrait en manger,—pas vrai, ma fille?' And then he added, 'But they are not like yours,—they are as firm as they are white; bite and try!' and he held out his arm. There came a mischievous glitter into the girl's eye, and she took him at his word. But—*noblesse oblige*—the baron never flinched, though his smile turned to a grin, and he wore the proofs of his challenge many a day.



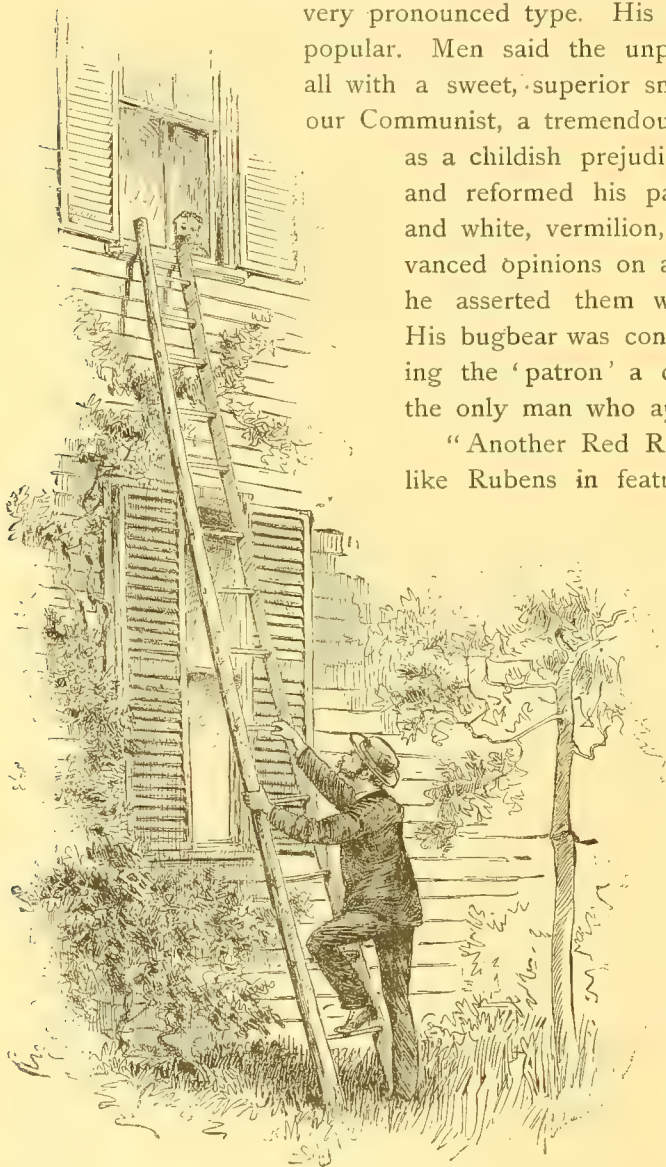
A STRANGE ELEVATOR-BOY. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

"One of our most garrulous students, who delighted to interlard his talk with the rankest slang, was a genuine artisan, who earned his living by working for a cabinet-maker. He was a handsome-featured, lissome-fingered fellow, who wore his blue workman's blouse with evident pride, and was the only one of the students who consciously idealized his studies, always drawing his figures in graceful, flowing curves, whether he saw them in Nature or not.

"Another very talkative student was a clever, plausible Hebrew of a very pronounced type. His chief anxiety seemed to be to make himself popular. Men said the unpleasantest things to him, but he took them all with a sweet, superior smile. Among the loudest talkers of all was our Communist, a tremendous reformer, who scorned preparatory outline as a childish prejudice, thought 'tone' the one thing necessary, and reformed his palette till it consisted of nothing but black and white, vermilion, and emerald green. He held the most advanced opinions on all subjects, artistic, political, and social; and he asserted them with a superb indifference to your feelings. His bugbear was conventionality; but on the occasion of our giving the 'patron' a complimentary banquet at Brébant's, he was the only man who appeared at table in orthodox evening dress.

"Another Red Republican, a clever, handsome fellow, not unlike Rubens in feature and coloring, helped his natural resem-

blance to the great master by the style in which he wore his beard and hat. He generally had a grievance of some sort, which he always shared with his studio comrades. One of these grievances, I remember, was the prudery of the jury of the Salon, who rejected his picture 'on account of its subject.' His theory was that an unknown painter must exhibit something which will make him talked about. Only by the sculptor in Sardou's 'Fernande' could his picture be described. It was, literally and metaphorically, *abrutissant*. And yet he seemed quite surprised that even the majority of his comrades should think his motive *un peu trop risqué*. He had a large white bulldog, known as 'Blanchet,' who at one time always followed him to the studio. Blanchet was an ugly and truculent but very friendly brute, whose only fault was

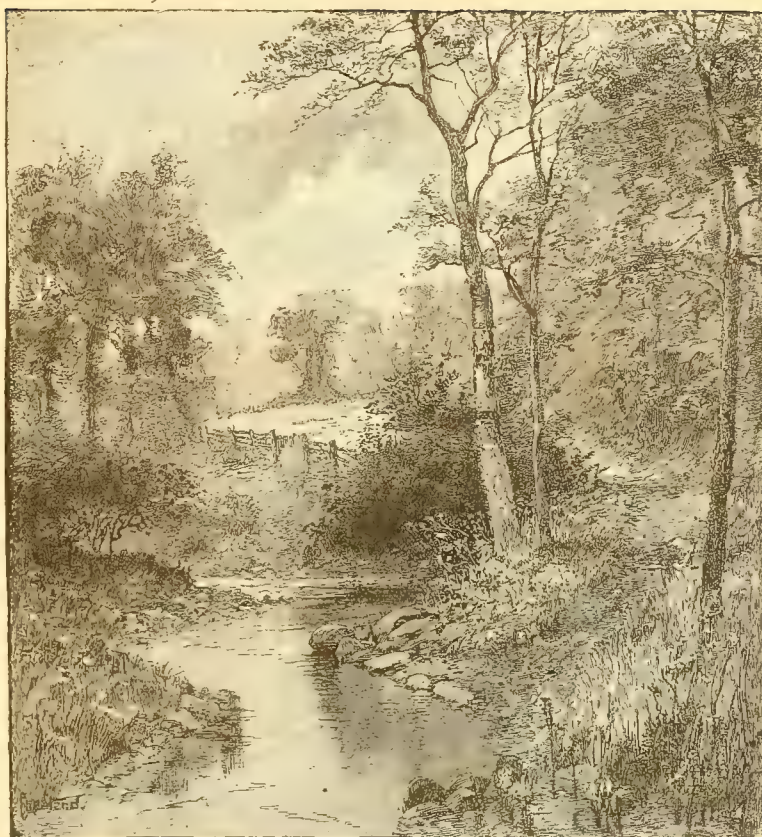


THE LITTLE BOY THAT LOCKED HIMSELF IN. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

a propensity for stealing the bread (used for our chalk drawing), and for occasionally walking off with the models' boots to some dark and distant corner, where the owners did not dare to follow him. One day a large tube of flake-white fell in Blanchet's way; and the poor wretch, unable to resist the temptation, devoured it, with the direst consequences to his digestive organs. We all expected to hear that Blanchet, having swallowed such a poisonous dose, had become *une nature morte*—a still-life subject; and our inquiries after him were constant. His convalescence lasted so long that what began as genuine sympathy degenerated into a habit of mock pity for 'that dear Blanchet, that poor dog!' and ended—to our great delight—by irritating his master. Blanchet recovered; but his thin-skinned lord never brought him

again. I think I can truly say that we missed and regretted the well-known snifle at our elbows which warned us that our little stock of bread-crumbs was in danger of disappearing down the *bouledogue's* capacious maw.

"As a contrast to these men, there were in the studio several bourgeois, all well-to-do amateurs, who worked when they liked. One of the most characteristic of them sometimes managed with great *bouhémie* to introduce some of his own 'sens commun' into the conversation. There was a junior member of a manufacturing firm in Alsace; there was a wine-grower from the Gironde, who had great natural talent, but worked only in a desultory manner in intervals of business; and there was an official of the post-office, who was quite a master of black-and-white, but who was generally on the road between Paris and Strasburg, and could only come to the studio when off duty. Then there were a number of careless, light-hearted young *enfants de Paris*, who worked



THE WINDING BROOK. DRAWN BY COPELAND.



THE WATERFALL. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

more or less steadily, and made more or less noise over their work. And there were the foreigners, — three Englishmen; four Americans (from Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Cincinnati respectively); an Italian, who had already made a 'hit' at the Salon; a Swede; and two Spaniards. One of the last was the genius of the studio. He was an olive-skinned, thick-lipped, crisp-curled fellow from the South, with glorious dark eyes, and an immense vivacity of spirits, and must have had Moorish blood in his veins. Sometimes he worked so rapidly, so easily, and so well that our 'patron' and all of us had golden hopes of his future. But he was subject to frequent fits of depression, and he would paint his work in and out day after day, and finally scrape it all

off, or even drive his palette knife through the canvas; or else a lazy mood would seize him, and he would lounge in late, and perch himself on a stool, never even pretending to work, but smoking cigarette after cigarette, and laughing, and gesticulating, and arguing in abominable French. He used the simple palette of Velasquez,—or 'Belathqueth,' as he called his great compatriot,—whom he stoutly upheld on every occasion as the mightiest painter the world had ever seen; and sometimes in his happy moods he got effects of silvery flesh-color with his beloved *noir d'os* that really suggested his master. He was a student who might have done anything; but since his return to his native country I hear that, with all his talent, he has done nothing.



TAKING DOLLY FOR A WALK. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

"Sometimes a knock at the door announced a new model desirous of showing himself (or herself, as the case might be) in the hope of getting a week's engagement. Then at the next interval of rest the new-comer stepped in the most business-like manner on to the table and struck a pose. As a rule, the good or bad points of the applicant were commented upon, either in jest or in earnest, with very little circumlocution,—not always without clever counter-remarks on the part of the model, if he happened to be an old stager,—and then the question of engagement was put to the vote. But with all this love of 'chaff,' and want of consideration, there was no lack of generosity among the students, who were always ready to help a model in distress.

"Those unaccustomed to studio life are apt to fancy that models earn their money easily, and that in fact the professional model leads but a lazy life. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is really hard work to pose properly, especially when, as in an *atelier d'élèves*, the model is being studied from every point of view, and consequently can rest no part of his wearied body while keeping the rest in the proper pose, as he generally can manage to do when only one painter is working from him. Let any one try who does not believe me, and then say if every sou of the franc an hour is not well earned. Of course from habit

posing becomes less difficult and less fatiguing; but some of the apparently easiest poses are very hard to keep; and toward the end of a sitting, in all standing attitudes, however simple and natural they may be, the mere weight of the body pressing on the soles of the naked feet is to some models little short of torture. Some positions can only be kept for a few minutes at a time; but these are rarely selected in the studios, and even if they be, a model who is well up in his business, and has a reputation as a good sitter to sustain, will generally refuse to take them. It might naturally be supposed that none but handsome models would have any chance of getting work; but it must be remembered that so far as figure painters are concerned, a well-formed body is far more valuable in a model than a beautiful face, and that for studio work the first necessity is that the model should be willing and able to keep a pose steadily during the hour's sitting, and fall easily to his work after every interval of rest. The most trying postures are probably those in which one or both



AN UNLUCKY SHOT. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

arms are raised above the head; and a short fainting-fit is not unfrequently the fortune of some inexperienced sitter who is striving to get a reputation as a *modèle sérieux*, and tries to keep a position of this sort too long at a time. For such cases a bottle of sal volatile and some lumps of loaf-sugar are generally kept handy by the *massier*.

"One cannot blame a professional model for expending just enough energy as is absolutely necessary, and no more. Once, though, a peasant from the Abruzzi, who was tolerably new to the work, was sitting to us. He had a muscular figure, and his pose was one in illustration of Samson slaying the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. An actual jawbone had been provided; and one of us explained the situation to our model in Italian, and suggested that he must imagine he was just going to take his revenge on an enemy, and so put some spirit into his work. The simple fellow, naturally resolute and somewhat ferocious,—some of his compatriots charged him with having been in private life a hard-working brigand,—was pleased with the idea, and clinched his weapon with such a will that, when the hour was

up, and the rest was called, his fingers had so stiffened round the jawbone that he actually had to unclasp them one by one with his other hand, before he could let go. And this is no solitary instance. Earnest, hard-working models often undergo absolute physical suffering in the cause of art. And stories in point—such as that of Meissonier's model sitting for some four hours at a stretch, to enable him to execute certain folds of drapery—are many and well authenticated.

"The best work is done from models who understand their business; but for a change we gladly gave sittings (especially of an afternoon), which were specially subscribed for, to any less-practised applicant with individual character in face or figure. 'C'est un type, donnez lui une semaine!' was the sort of shout that greeted the appearance of such a model as he stood up on the table; and odd were some of the 'types' that occasionally presented themselves. We had a venerable old man without a tooth in his handsome head, who was said to be a gypsy king. We had a ruffian with a broken nose (which gave him a sort of family likeness to the conventional portrait of Michelangelo), who had the reputation of having served his time in the galleys. We had an ecstatic-looking Italian whose chief occupation was to pose as a saint, to painters of religious subjects. We had a swarthy little sailor from the South, whose figure, strong and supple, and symmetrical as a Greek bronze, was almost ideal in its manly beauty. We had negroes whose dark and shining forms, as they stood silent and motionless, made one forget for the moment that it was not an actual bronze from which one was working. One of these negroes, however, a West Indian from Martinique, was voluble enough. He boasted of being 'professor of six languages;' but if he spoke them all as correctly as he did French and English, his pupils must have had some difficulty in making themselves understood, even after a long course of lessons. One of our female models had such a wealth of sunny hair that when she shook it free, it literally covered her, and when she sat on a low stool it swept the ground behind her. Another model, a tall, thin woman with the fairest skin and flashing eyes, would sometimes, while posing, break out into a vehement Republican harangue. During the Commune she donned the red cap, and ended her life as a *Pétroleuse*. Sometimes we had children to sit to us; and I remember the chubby little child of three, the daughter of a well-known model, who sat so well that we crammed her with cakes and sweetmeats.

"As a rule, the Italian models, who are chiefly peasants, sit silently; but most of the French models, who belong to all grades of life, do their best to abridge the tedium of their work with talk. Some of them are amusing enough. For instance, I recollect one elderly model who related how surprised he was on the first occasion of his sitting to Horace Vernet. 'When I got to his studio,' he said, 'Vernet gave me a military uniform to put on, and then showed me where I was to stand, and told me my pose. After a few slight alterations, going backwards and forwards once or twice to look at his picture, he made himself a cigarette, and sat down in front of me. "I wonder when he's going to begin," I thought, and kept as still as I could. All this time he never said a word, but sat there smoking and staring at me. At last he said, "You can get down, and take off that costume." "I'm sorry I don't suit, sir," I said. "But you suit me perfectly," he replied. "The sitting is over; come to-morrow at the same time." After that I often sat to him, but he never spoke except in the same short, sharp, soldierly sentences, and I hardly ever remember seeing him touch a brush while I was with him; he worked absolutely from memory.'

"I am afraid that on the whole we were rather a noisy crew. Most of us worked seriously enough, but there was a strong-lunged minority who only played at working. The workers too had their fits of laziness; and then they were as talkative and as well inclined for uproar as any of the 'farceurs.' Every possible and impossible subject was discussed at one time or other in the atelier, and generally in excellent temper, in spite of the most down-

right expressions of opinion couched in the very strongest language. The majority of the ideas that were shuttlecocked about were simply extravagant; but some of the men talked well, and many a witty remark and well-pointed repartee flashed out from the clouds of tobacco-smoke, to which the few non-smokers had to get accustomed as best they could. One day, I remember, the sound of a barrel-organ in the distance suggested a discussion as to whether street music was calculated to spread abroad a taste for high-class musical composition. The sound of the wandering artist had died away, but the argument was at its height, when suddenly the studio door opened, and in came the master with his abominable instrument, on which he instantly began to play. A student who had no liking for barrel-organs had quietly stolen out and feed the grinning wretch to give this practical illustration of *his* side of the argument. No one who has not heard it can possibly imagine the deafening noise this awful music made in the confined space. There were shouts of 'A la porte!



THE FISHERMAN'S LAST SAIL. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

A la porte!' while some men took up the air that he was relentlessly grinding out, and sang it in chorus at the top of their voices. After the first minute or so it was found that, loud as was the row, it was in reality, from its very monotony, less disturbing to work than the animated argument that had preceded it; and so the malcontents recovered their good humor, and the virtuoso was allowed to continue his ministrations to the bitter end.

"At some of the studios at the École des Beaux-Arts new students are said to have a bad time of it before being admitted on equal terms of comradeship. At our atelier the only form in which the time-honored custom of 'paying one's footing' is insisted on is that known as the *Bienvenu*. Most men submitted good-humoredly to this harmless exaction of black-mail; but now and then there came a foreigner who did not understand the custom, or a native who wanted to evade it; and then it was very amusing to listen how polite suggestions, if not acted upon, developed into hints so plain that the densest new hand could not fail to realize his position. If, after that, the *nouveau* did not understand, or did not do what was expected of him, he was talked at in such a fashion, that at last the poor wretch was glad to send across to the neighboring wine-shop for a great bowl of punch or sauterne-cup

(according to the vote or the season) and a supply of confectionery and cigars; after which matters improved for him. His health was drunk with enthusiasm, and he was solemnly admitted a member of the studio on terms of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

From an interesting letter, we extract this account of another occasional concomitant of a Parisian art school: "One night in the week is devoted to the Sketch Club, an institution of a purely business kind. Every member carries under his arm some work completed since the previous meeting. The presiding officer, seated on an elevated platform, exhibits the pictures and invites discussion. Anybody who likes rises to criticise. The name of the artist is not divulged, so that the remarks are quite impartial, and now and then some odd hits are the result. A. may unwittingly slaughter the canvas of his best friend B., or praise to the skies a canvas of his enemy, C. There is, at all events, the virtue of sincerity in the criticisms, and the practice is a capital one, especially for the younger men, who readily learn to analyze a picture in the most just and sensible way, as well as to profit by the mistakes or successes of their fellows. On some nights half-a-dozen or more will gather at W.'s studio, way up on the top of the hill, and up six or seven long flights of stairs after that, as though W. were an astronomer, and wanted to get as near his beloved stars as possible. He says he likes this living up aloft. He is out of the way, and nobody looks in unless they want to see him particularly,—a sensible consideration after all, for some men's studios are too accessible, and are constantly overrun with callers. W. is the favorite pupil of one of France's great specialists. He is rather poorly off in this world's goods, because he is so thorough and conscientious a worker that he devotes most of his time to study, and paints little for the dealers, and therefore his name isn't noised abroad on the boulevards. We shall hear of him some day, however. Many a happy hour have congenial spirits wiled away in his rather scantily furnished den. A candle stuck in the neck of a bottle and placed upon a table in the centre of the room, furnishes enough light to smoke by, to sing, to chat, to spin funny yarns, and to imbibe sundry tumblers of Bordeaux withal. Or there is D.'s, on the other side of the way; a quiet, homelike place, presided over by D.'s wife, a sweet little New England woman, who always makes it pleasant for the Bohemian lot, who, in their turn, appreciate the snug homeliness.

"Artists are supposed to be naturally romantic. Perhaps they are; but it has yet to be demonstrated that they, as a class, fall in love more readily than other men. And yet one is continually hearing of *affaires d'amour* among the knights of the brush at Paris. They rarely become enamored of their models,—that is, rarely seriously enamored. Models are not, as a rule, of a lovable or loving kind. But there was a case of true love between an artist—we will call him Palette rather than use his own name—and a damsel who sat for him in 'figure pieces.' He was an American, young, whole-souled, and successfully rising. She was an Alsacienne, young, handsome, and poorer than the proverbial church mouse. Her parents had lost their little property in the Franco-Prussian war, when the hungry German gobbled up the fair provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Rather than swear fealty to the Kaiser, they had sacrificed everything and fled, eventually turning up in Paris, where they had managed to wring out a meagre living in various honest ways. Marguerite, the daughter, had been endowed by nature with a splendid face and form, and she was as good as she was beautiful. By and by her father was disabled, and the mother had to devote to him her constant care, so that on Marguerite's shoulders fell the burden of supporting the little family. All went well for a while, and then bad times came. There was no work to be had. A friend of the family, one Monsieur N., a frequenter of the studios, suggested sitting for the artists. No! It could not be thought of. At last necessity compelled some action. There were stern landlords and implacable tradesmen to face. Palette was looking for a model. He was painting a classical picture. He wanted an Athenian girl, but he could not find any one who satisfied him in a Greek costume. He pressed N., whom he knew well, and N. pressed Marguerite, who in

the end consented. Palette was enchanted. The very thing; and he painted away for dear life. Somehow, the picture was an unconscionably long time in the finishing,—there was always something to be done to the figure of the Greek girl. And Palette was a capital talker, and he drew from Marguerite her history. First, she had his sympathy, then his friendship. She sat for him often in other pictures. He assisted her family in various ways, and he discovered that she was a very uncommon girl. To make a long story short, he loved her, devotedly too, and she loved him. And they were married, of course? No! There is no happy ending to this tale; there was no ringing of merry bells. Marguerite fell ill and died. And Palette? Well, he will never marry. He keeps her memory sacred. He paints with a sadder and more effective touch now, and people say there is a wonderful deal of heart and poetry in his work. He supports the mother, and makes her old age free from care. The father died not long after his daughter. It is a sad story; it is a story of romance, but such things show the better nature of our race."



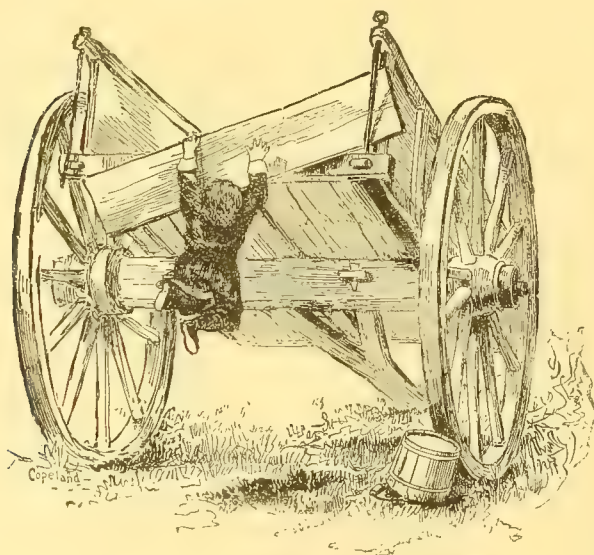
GOOD MORNING. DRAWN BY COPELAND.

Another story of a model is the one concerning the famous model who posed for the *Atalanta* of the sculptor Pradier, which is now in the Louvre, and for the young girl in Gérôme's *Cock Fight*, which belongs to the Luxembourg. When she first went to Paris she was a young and illiterate peasant, but she managed to educate herself. While posing for the *Atalanta*, she ceased one day to come at the accustomed hour, so Pradier went in search of her, and found her, as he thought, lying dead. An attack of brain fever had struck her down; and in a few days she died, to all appearance. But this seeming death was only the rigidity of an intense attack of catalepsy, and she was really conscious of all that was passing around her. Pradier concluded he would take a cast of the corpse. The modelling of the feet and hands gave the poor girl no uneasiness, but her terror at the thought of the suffocating weight of the plaster on face and chest enabled her to break the fetters of the lethargy. To the amazement of the artist, the supposed corpse bounded from the bed, and seizing a mass of the half-liquid plaster, she dashed it full in Pradier's face. The violent exertion did

her good, and she was saved. But somehow she would never forgive Pradier. She would not enter his studio, and he was forced to get another model to complete his *Atalanta*.

All who have visited the Palais des Beaux Arts in Paris will remember Paul Delaroche's great painting of the *Hemicycle*. Some years ago a party of provincials were visiting the palace, and among them was an old woman who looked about her curiously, with a pair of keen, sparkling eyes. Arrived before the *Hemicycle*, she straightened herself up, and pointed with a gesture of pride to the central figure, that of "Fame" distributing her laurel wreaths. "Children, that was I," she said proudly. It was the once famous model, Judith, renowned in those days for her superb and almost faultless beauty.

We return to Mr. Copeland's work, of which a number of examples are here given. The largest engraving,—of the old half-timbered house on the marsh,—together with the cuts of the waterfall and the brook, give an idea of his ability in drawing landscapes. The rest are mainly figure subjects, the greater portion of which were done for juvenile publications. One of them, showing the old man in the sail-boat, was drawn to illustrate some verses which had a pathetic story to tell of an aged fisherman who had long been ill, and was nearing the end. His brain was much weakened; and one day when he was left alone, the fancy seized him that he would take a last sail in his boat. So he managed to creep down to where she lay, get on board, set the sail, and stand out with a fair wind blowing. But the effort had exhausted the little strength he had left, and very soon all was over. The boat drifted ashore many hours after, but her master had reached his last port long before.





LANDSCAPE AND SHEEP.

ETCHED BY JAMES D. SMILLIE.

FROM A PAINTING

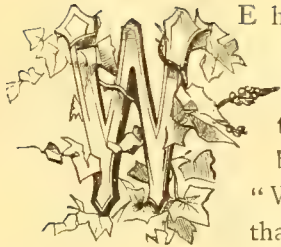
CHARLES JACQUE.

THIS admirable etching which Mr. James D. Smillie, of New York, made from the Jacque in the Belmont Gallery, with the courteous consent of the owner, conveys a very adequate idea of the general characteristics of the artist, as well as of the special qualities of this example of his work. Mr. Smillie has, indeed, before given proof of his ability to enter into the spirit of the work of other artists, — a quality much rarer, and of much greater value, than is generally supposed, — but this is the first time that he has shown his powers as a reproductive etcher.



ALFRED R. WAUD.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-SECOND.



WE have all heard much of the Special Correspondent, but not so much of the Special Artist, whose advent into journalism is comparatively a recent one, though his work is familiar to all. It will, perhaps, be worth while to read something of what Mr. Harry V. Barnett, an Englishman who has been a "Special" in both branches, has written about him. He says: "When you consider his work and his peculiar difficulties, you must admit that he is at least as remarkable a person as the Special Correspondent. I, for one, go so far as to say that he is by far the more astonishing character of the two. His progress has been swifter, for though he is only in his early youth, he has done astounding things. Then, he represents a development of art much more novel than that of brilliant letter-writing. I can say, in fact, as one who has done both, that under pressure of time it is much less difficult to write a column or so of fairly accurate and picturesque description, than to make a comprehensible sketch of a scene which may have existed only for a few minutes. It may be laid down as a journalistic axiom that it is easier to describe with the pen than to delineate with the pencil.

"There is a vast army of well-meaning folk who imagine that they are cut out for Special Artists. Now, though some Special Artists show an unmistakable tendency to general effeteness, as a rule it is necessary that they should be able to do something for their salaries. And yet the conductors of our leading illustrated journals are constantly pestered by people whose artistic powers are indescribably slight, but who are ready to go to the ends of the earth at a moment's notice, and sketch very badly anything and everything. A Special Artist need not be a great colorist, nor a first-rate draughtsman. If he is both, all the better, of course; but they are not essential attributes. What is absolutely necessary is that he should sketch

both rapidly and accurately. They who can do this are few; so that a first-rate Special Artist is a joy to his employer for as long as he can keep him.

"There are Specials and Specials. There is, for instance, the gentleman who, having gone with an expedition, say to Madagascar, and there met with a duke and a marquis in disguise, has returned to England with an increased sense of his own importance, and a curious delusion that he has somehow become related to the aristocracy. His girth is greater, and he is affably distant in his manner to his old friends. His hotel expenses, I believe, are heavy, and his sketches scarcely as good as they used to be. There is, too, the voluble and fantastic being from the North,—a man of energy and resource, good at sudden deaths of great personages and colliery explosions. He has a fancy for climbing to inaccessible coigns of vantage from which to sketch. He goes in for 'novel aspects,' and prefers views from the corner of a parapet or the summit of a tower to straightforward work on the solid ground. By way of change, he sometimes sketches in the heart of a seething mob, and he can even execute clever portrait outlines in a railway carriage travelling at fifty miles an hour. He will sketch a whole street, with accurate architectural details, in thirty minutes; and the movements of his person are quite as rapid, and almost as picturesque, as those of his pencil. Then, there is the War Special, the man of great campaigns. He is not unacquainted with the interiors of military prisons. His work is always individual, and often imaginative in the highest degree. He does things in his own way; but that way is a good one. Again, there are the younger men, who think nothing of calmly walking down a mile and a half of open road, peppered by the enemy's bullets, and who have even been known on occasions to punch dictatorial colonels who have been guilty of mistaken interferences. Finally, there is the variety which puts up at the best hotel in a big city at least a hundred miles from the seat of war, and there concocts sketches under the influence of champagne and one-and-ninepenny cigars. I should add that this last variety is uncommon. It may be accepted for fact that the Special Artist, as a rule, is thoroughly conscientious, and is often as brave and daring as he is faithful. Mistakes occur now and then; an occasional error is inseparable from the conditions under which he works; but on the whole his productions are remarkably accurate, and the wonder is, not that blunders are so many, but that they are so few.

"The ideal Special Artist is by no means easily described. It has been long thought—is thought still, I believe, in some high quarters—that if a man can sketch in outline with decent accuracy, and is energetic enough to get his notes despatched from the scene of action to his art-editor with the least delay possible, he is capable of doing all that can be reasonably required of him. To a certain degree this is no doubt true. . . . In cases of emergency a mere rough outline is no doubt acceptable. But the Special Artist is a very different person. If he cannot paint great pictures, he must at least be able to see them; to see, that is, the picturesque essentials of the scenes or incidents he is employed to sketch. In short, he must be able to do more than merely draw outlines swiftly and accurately; he must be at least an artist in the best sense of the word,—a man whose mind is not only open to various and broad impressions, but also stored with knowledge and strengthened by experience. He must be gifted in some measure with that rare quality, imagination,—by which I do not mean the power of picturing the impossible, but the power of investing bare facts with charm, and vivifying them with spirit. . . . Now, there is an idea of some sort in every incident, in every pageant, in everything worth pictorial record; this idea it is the business of the Special Artist to seize, and transfer as much of it as he can to his sketch. In itself, of course, the sketch would not, could not, be what is usually understood by the phrase, a 'good picture;' but it should possess the makings of one."

The subject of this sketch, Alfred R. Waud, has had a long and varied experience as a special artist and illustrator. Descended from an old Yorkshire family, he was born in London something over sixty years ago, and brought up to the business of a decorator; but when



JOHN GALLUP'S EXPLOIT.

DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.

he became of age this occupation was given up and he began the study of art, for which he had shown considerable taste. His artistic education was received at the School of Design at Somerset House and at the Royal Academy. After some time spent at scene-painting he decided to come to America, and soon after landed in New York, in 1850, with, as he says, "A sentimental liking for republican institutions," and a letter of recommendation to John Brougham, who was then building the theatre afterwards known as "Brougham's Lyceum." It was not, however, to be finished for some months, and there being no present necessity for a scene-painter, young Waud was thrown on his own devices. He worked at various things of a more or less artistic nature, and then, after learning in Boston to draw on wood for the engravers, made illustrations for various publishers in that city and New York, and for Barnum and Beach's illustrated weekly, until he was given a position on the staff of the New York "Illustrated News." The war then breaking out, he was sent to Washington as war artist for that journal, but in less than a year received and accepted an offer from Harper & Brothers to make drawings of the war for "Harper's Weekly."

George Augustus Sala, in his book "My Diary in America in the Midst of War," gives an interesting description of Waud as he met him at that time. He says: "There had galloped furiously by us, backwards and forwards during our journey, a tall man, mounted on a taller horse. Blue-eyed, fair-bearded, strapping and stalwart, full of loud, cheery laughs and comic songs, armed to the teeth, jack-booted, gauntleted, slouch-hatted, yet clad in the shooting-jacket of a civilian, I had puzzled myself many times during the afternoon and evening to know what manner of man this might inwardly be. He didn't look like an American; he was too well dressed to be a guerilla. I found him out at last, and struck up an alliance with him. The fair-bearded man was the 'war artist' of 'Harper's Weekly.' He had been with the Army of the Potomac, sketching, since its first organization, and doing for the principal pictorial journal of the United States that which Mr. Frank Vizetelly, in the South, has done so admirably for the 'Illustrated London News.' He had been in every advance, in every retreat, in every battle, and almost in every reconnoissance. He probably knew more about the several campaigns, the rights and wrongs of the several fights, the merits and demerits of the commanders, than two out of three wearers of generals' shoulder-straps. But he was a prudent man, who could keep his own counsel, and went on sketching. Hence he had become a universal favorite. Commanding officers were glad to welcome in their tents the genial companion who could sing and tell stories, and imitate all the trumpet and bugle calls, who could transmit to posterity, through woodcuts, their features and their exploits, but who was not charged with the invidious mission of commenting in print on their performances. He had been offered, time after time, a staff appointment in the Federal service; and, indeed, as an aide-de-camp, or an assistant-quartermaster, his minute knowledge of the theatre of war would have been invaluable. Often he had ventured beyond the picket-lines, and been chased by the guerillas; but the speed and mettle of his big brown steed had always enabled him to show these gentry a clean pair of heels. He was continually vaulting on this huge brown horse, and galloping off full split, like a Wild Horseman of the Prairie. The honors of the staff appointment he had civilly declined. The risk of being killed he did not seem to mind; but he had no relish for a possible captivity in the Libby or Castle Thunder. He was, indeed, an Englishman,—English to the backbone; and kept his Foreign Office passport in a secure side-pocket, in case of urgent need."

Waud continued in the service of the Harpers until about 1869, when he left them. He afterwards made a long trip through the South and up the Mississippi for "Every Saturday," and in 1872 was again in the West and South, making drawings for "Picturesque America." Since then his days have been fully occupied in making drawings for the illustration of magazines and school and other books. His original intention was to be a marine painter, to which end he devoted much serious study, and though to-day he is best known as a military artist, his



A WESTERN MAZEPPA.

DRAWN BY A. R. WAULD.

drawings of the sea and of ships are most admirable, and contain probably his best work. Two excellent examples of his powers in this direction are among the illustrations to this article. The story of the one which bears the name of *John Gallup's Exploit* is thus given:—

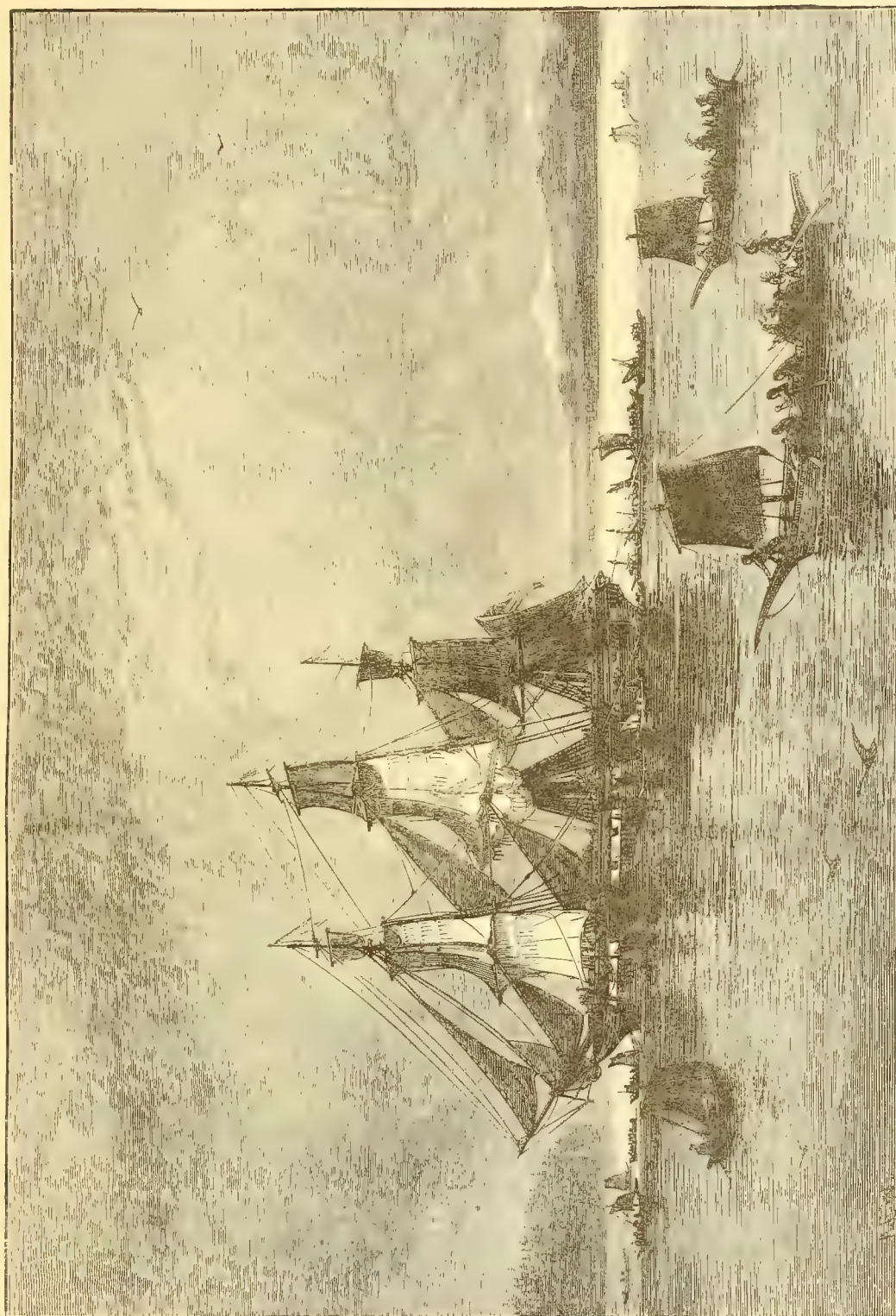
“John Oldham was not a favorite with the Puritans, who had heard of his undignified exit from Plymouth for an offence as grievous to them as it was to the Pilgrims; but his murder by the Indians led to the first warlike expedition of the Massachusetts Colony. After his banishment from Plymouth, Oldham engaged in trading and fishing. In 1636 he went in a small vessel to Connecticut, and on his return, when off Block Island, his vessel was captured by the Indians, he was killed, and two boys and two of the Narragansett tribe who were with him were carried off.

“One fair day in July, John Gallup, coming from Connecticut in another small vessel, manned by himself, his two boys, and one other sailor, saw a pinnace near Block Island, and steering towards it, discovered that the deck was filled with Indians, and that a canoe laden with goods was making for the shore. As Gallup's vessel approached, the Indians hoisted sail and attempted to get away; but Gallup, satisfied that there had been mischief, and being a bold man, got out his two guns and two pistols, and bearing down on the pinnace, fired duck-shot at them with such effect that he drove them all below deck. He then stood off for the purpose of trying the game of the ancient galley, or the more modern ‘ram.’ Under a stiff breeze he bore down upon the pinnace, and striking her amidships with the bow of his own vessel, he nearly upset her, and so frightened the Indians that six of them jumped overboard and were drowned. There were still too many Indians for him to encounter, and he repeated the manœuvre and bored the pinnace with his anchor, remaining fast long enough to give the savages another taste of the duck-shot through the hatchway. Getting free again, he bore down upon the little vessel a third time, and gave her such a shock that five more of the Indians leaped overboard and were drowned.

“The number of Indians was now so reduced that the intrepid Gallup ventured to board his prize. Two Indians surrendered, and were immediately bound; but two or three others remained below with their weapons, and would not yield. It now appeared that the pinnace was Oldham's vessel, and the remains of the owner, his head split with a hatchet and his body shockingly mangled, were found on board. What to do with his prize and his captives was a problem with Gallup. With only one man and two boys, he could not well take care of his two prisoners and manage the two vessels, while there was danger that the Indians below might come on deck at any moment, should they see a chance to take him or his companions unawares. The prisoners, too, though bound, might contrive to release each other. He promptly prevented the latter contingency by throwing them overboard, and not being able to get at the other Indians in the hold, he took what goods and sails were left, and then sailed away, with the pinnace in tow. But when night came on, the wind rose, and he was obliged to cast her adrift, and she was wrecked on the Narragansett shore.”

A Western Mazeppa depicts an exciting adventure which befell Simon Kenton, a Western pioneer. He was captured by a band of Indians just after he had recovered some stolen horses from them by strategy, and “telling him that since he was so fond of horses he should ride one of their best animals, they bound him upon a half-broken, unbridled colt, which was then turned loose to follow the party as it chose. Unused to such a burden, the animal reared and dashed about in the wildest manner, to the great delight of the Indians, and the fearful suffering of Kenton. Rushing unguided through thickets and under the low-hanging branches, the horse seemed to manifest the vicious spirit of his masters, and the unfortunate prisoner was terribly lacerated and bruised.

“In this manner he was carried by degrees to the famous Indian town of old Chillicothe, where different methods of torture common among most of the savage tribes were resorted to. He was painted black, and bound to a stake for twenty-four hours, subjected to insults



A TRADING SHIP, ON THE NORTHWEST COAST.

DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD

and indignities from women and children, and expecting a slow and cruel death at the hands of the men; then compelled to run the gantlet between two lines of savages,—men, women, and children, to the number of several hundred,—who, with switches, clubs, and even knives, struck at him as he passed. As usual, he was told that if he reached the council-house at the farther end of the lines, he would be spared further punishment; but when, with desperate effort, he had almost reached this goal of safety, he was struck down by a club in the hands of a warrior, and then beaten by all who could reach him till nearly senseless. This torture was repeated, with slight variation, as he was carried from town to town and exhibited, previous to his ultimate doom of being burned at the stake.” This dreadful fate Kenton, however, escaped through the intervention of a renegade, and lived to return to his own people and to fight the red man for many years after.

Waud's versatile and skilful hand has drawn many hundreds—I suppose we may say thousands—of illustrations, but it is never surer or more satisfactorily employed—to my mind, at least—than when portraying some subject where ships and water make up the scene, whether in busy harbor or spreading bay, on river or open sea. Perhaps it is a portrait-picture of one of the glorious old Yankee clippers which carried the name and the fame of American ships and American seamen and merchants into every port of the world; perchance a bevy of graceful yachts with every stitch of their white canvas humming in the breeze that is carrying them, one by one, round the flag-fluttering stake-boat; a glimpse of the Hudson with a swift river steamer gliding past tows of bluff-bowed barges escorted by snorting tugs, and a sloop's broad sail seen against the rich green hillside rounding to the water's edge; or a panorama of New York seen from her water-front, the foreground dotted with vessels of every kind, and the graceful steeple of Trinity soaring above the city roofs; New York when the Brooklyn Bridge was still in embryo, and great Liberty's statue a thing unheard of; New York before the giant brick tower of the Produce Exchange rose amid its aspiring neighbors, before the days of Elevated Roads, before the Barge-Office was reared alongside of old Castle Garden, or the spires were finished on St. Patrick's. For the view which lies before me was drawn some twenty years ago (we are now in the year of grace 1890), and for nearly twice that time Alfred Waud has contributed to the illustrated literature of his adopted country drawings which proclaim like these his talent and his industry.





C. H. MILLER.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-THIRD.

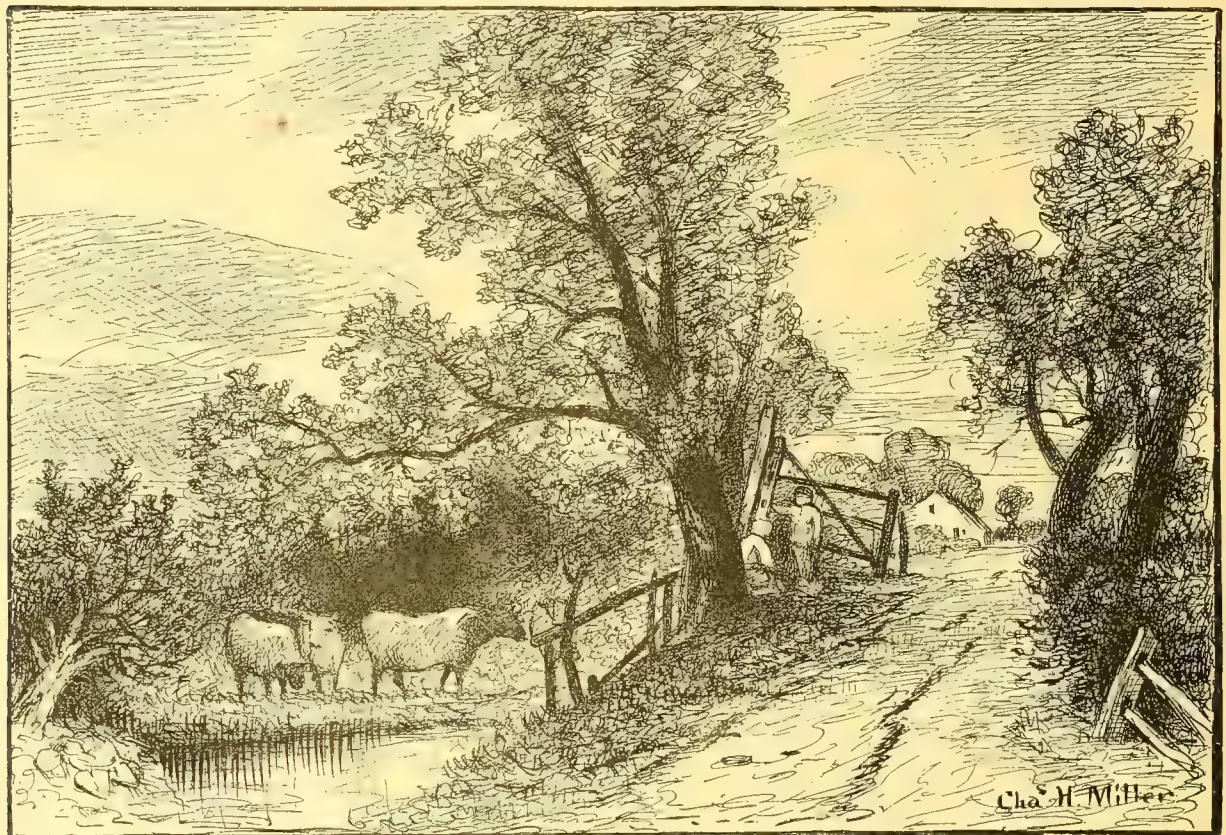


CHARLES HENRY MILLER, N. A., was born in New York in 1842, and received his education at the Mt. Washington Collegiate Institute. While only a boy he showed a decided talent for drawing from Nature, and during his school days he continued this practice. In 1860, when but eighteen years old, he sent a picture to the National Academy. It was called *The Challenge Accepted* (the subject being two game-cocks in a barn, about to engage in deadly conflict), was hung, and attracted much attention. The young artist's father, however, was decided in his opposition to his son's becoming a painter, and gave him the choice of following either the profession of law or that of medicine. The latter was the one selected, and after completing the prescribed studies, Miller graduated from the Homœopathic Medical College in New York in 1863, receiving his diploma from the hand of William Cullen Bryant, then President of that institution. He then offered his services to our Government; but his

homœopathic faith proving a barrier, and meeting Captain Hutchinson of the once famous "Black Ball" line of packets, he accepted from him the position of surgeon on his ship, the "Harvest Queen," sailing from New York to Liverpool.

This vessel, though never renowned for fast voyages, as were so many of her sister clippers, was a noted emigrant ship, and is well remembered by many citizens of the United States who first beheld the hospitable shores of the New World from her deck. She was built in 1854, by William H. Webb, the renowned New York shipbuilder, who has probably launched more large vessels than any other man that ever lived, and after more than a score of years of good service met her end by that dreaded danger of the sea,—collision. She was run down by the White Star line steamer "Adriatic," and sunk with all on board, in the Irish Channel in 1876, just after leaving Queenstown on her voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool with a cargo of wheat. In 1864, when our artist made his first and last voyage in her, common sailors were getting ninety dollars for the trip, and bounty jumping was frequently practised. Many desperadoes, attracted by the high rate of wages, shipped as foremast hands, and stirring scenes were enacted. A mutiny, which was luckily quelled without loss of life, broke out twice on the "Harvest Queen;" and Mr. Miller, among his other reminiscences of an eventful voyage, recalls a day when he was ranged beside the captain on the quarter-deck, revolver in hand, ready to aid in overcoming the mutineers. The captain of another ship of the Black Ball line had been killed by the sailors a short time before this; and Captain Samuels, while master of the celebrated clipper "Dreadnought,"

in 1859, only saved his ship from all the terrible consequences of a successful mutiny, by dint of the utmost bravery, coolness, and determination. Captain Samuels, in his book "From the Forecastle to the Cabin," has thus described the character of many of these Liverpool packet sailors: "They were the toughest class of men in all respects. They could stand the worst weather, food, and usage, and put up with less sleep, more rum, and harder knocks, than any other sailors. They would not sail in any other trade. They had not the slightest idea of morality or honesty, and gratitude was not in them. The dread of the belaying-pin or heaver kept them in subjection. I tried to humanize these brutal natures as much as possible, but the better they were treated the more trouble my officers had with them. They came on board the ship, winter and summer, with scarcely more than what covered them, and perhaps an empty bag, to take ashore at the end of the voyage filled with plunder stolen from those of their unfortunate shipmates who were on a packet-ship for the first



A SOUTH-SIDE LANE, LONG ISLAND. DRAWN BY MILLER FROM HIS OWN PAINTING.

time. The unfortunate ones would not dare tell who stole their clothes, even if they knew. Sometimes I would notice these hard cases getting stouter and stouter, until there was not an article of clothing left in the forecastle. Then I would call all hands aft, and make them strip to their underclothing, and mix the clothes in a heap. Then, one by one, those who had been robbed were allowed to select what they had lost. The 'packetarians' came last, and they invariably found themselves reduced to the same toggery in which they boarded the ship. . . . I never rejected a crew, or a part of one, on account of their bad character. I generally found among these men the toughest and best sailors. I frequently had a number of the 'Bloody Forties,' as they styled themselves, among the crew. These rascals could never be brought to subjection by moral suasion." When the ship reached New York on her return trip, two of the sailors were drowned in an attempt to escape from her; and the sketches



OLD MILL AT SPRINGFIELD.
FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES HENRY MILLER

made by Mr. Miller on board include one of a luckless and forlorn-looking seaman, standing at the wheel, who had jumped overboard, but was captured and severely beaten.

While the "Harvest Queen" was lying in the Liverpool docks, Miller took a flying trip to London, Scotland, and France, making numerous sketches. When he reached home again, his love of art, freshly kindled by the sight of some of the great art galleries of Europe, and the wonderful ocean scenes which he had attempted to draw on the voyage, proved itself too strong to be overcome. He abandoned medicine, and returned to the practice of art in New York; but in 1867 sailed for Europe once more, and after visiting various Continental art-centres, settled down in Munich, where he passed three years as a student of Adolf Lieber, the landscape painter, and of the Bavarian Royal Academy, also devoting much time to the study of the old masters and of the figure. While in Munich he sent two or three landscapes to the (New York) National Academy, which were accepted; and since his return to his native land has been a pretty constant contributor to its exhibitions. Instances



OAK AND WATER-WILLOW. DRAWN BY MILLER.

of men who have deserted the profession of medicine for the service of art are rare, although the great Dutch landscape painter, Ruysdael, is said to have done so, and Mr. Miller claims to be the only N. A. and M. D. living. His subjects have been taken mainly from Long Island, — he has a summer home at Queens, — with its mill-ponds, old mills, oaks, water-willows, and sea-girt shores; and Bayard Taylor, when writing a review of the National Academy Exhibition in the New York "Tribune" in 1877, referred to him as "the discoverer of Long Island." The titles of some of his works are *Autumn*; *A Long Island Landscape*; *Oaks at Creedmoor*; *High Bridge, from Harlem Lane, New York*; *Sunset at Queens, N. Y.*; *Sheepwashing on Long Island*; *Niagara in its Entirety*; *New York from Newtown Creek*; *A Bouquet of Oaks*; and *Sunset at East Hampton* (the birthplace of the author of "Home, Sweet Home"), which gained him gold medals at both the exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in Boston in 1878, and at the New Orleans Exposition in 1885. To the Salon of 1882 he contributed *Sunset at Purgatory, near Newport*, and *A Cloudy Day in Springtime*; and at the Paris Exposition of 1878 he was represented by *Oaks at Creedmoor*; while the Paris Exposition of 1889 contained his *Bouquet of Oaks*. He sent *Returning to the Fold*, *The Road to the Mill*, and *High*



RETURN TO THE FOLD.
FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES HENRY MILLER

Bridge to our Centennial Exhibition. He was President of the American Commission at the Munich International Exhibition in 1883, and is a member of the Society of American Artists and the New York Etching Club. He has written, under a pen-name, a work entitled "The Philosophy of Art in America," which was published in 1885. In the spring of 1889 an exhibition of rather more than a hundred of his pictures, with works by some other artists which he had collected, was held in New York, and the paintings were afterwards sold at auction. They brought nearly \$18,000,—the *Sunset at East Hampton* fetching \$900, and *A Gray Day on Long Island*, \$480. Mr. Miller has etched a few plates, one of which, the *Old Mill at Valley Stream*, was published in the "American Art Review," accompanied by a list of his etchings and these discriminating words from the pen of Mr. S. R. Koehler: "But few of these etchings are likely to find popular appreciation, and they were not probably made with that end in view. Mr. Miller, whose effective and poetical landscapes have given him a high standing, is very versatile in the means he employs in delineating artistic ideas, using oil or water-color, sepia or India-ink, pencil, charcoal, or etching, as the spirit moves him or chance determines. Many of his plates, therefore, are mere hasty memoranda, jotted down rapidly and rudely, which remind one of Jongkind. If we add to this that the acid seems occasionally to have been rebellious under the hand of the artist, it is not to be wondered at that the result should not be what the public look for in a finished work of art. But as the direct expression of a painter of great power, every one of these plates has some point of interest to the lover of art, and a number of them are very effective, and offer close analogies to Mr. Miller's style of painting. It must be said, however, that much of the effect is due to printing, as shown by the plate which accompanies this notice, and which is one of the most elaborate of the whole set. But this use of printing is perfectly legitimate whenever, as in this case, it is executed according to the directions of the artist, and thus helps to realize the idea which he wished to express." The able art-critic, S. G. W. Benjamin, in an article upon Mr. Miller, contributed several years ago to the "Magazine of Art," spoke thus of the artist and his work, with special reference to his picture of the *Old Mill at Springfield*, an engraving of which is printed herewith: "His nature is highly sensitive to such aspects of Nature as possess a certain subjectivity, as are touched with a peculiar sentiment. This is very noticeable in his *Old Grist Mill at Springfield*. The moss-covered, weather-stained, and dilapidated structure is in the immediate foreground, while beyond the mill-stream the distant landscape gleams invitingly. The blackened water-wheel glistens with the splashing current. Over all broods a delicious quietude, an idyllic peace. You seem to hear the languid drone of the wheel, and the low of kine in the distant fields. Like the painter's best works, it is rich in color and delicious in tone." This charming landscape reminds one of the German poet Müller's musical lines:—

WANDERING

To wander is the miller's joy,—
 To wander!
 The miller must be good for nought,
 Who in his life had never thought
 To wander.

It was the water taught him this,—
 The water,
 That hath no rest by night or day;
 That would be wandering far away,—
 The water.

This learn we of the mill-wheels too,—
 The mill-wheels,
 That loath to tarry still are found,
 And never tire of turning round,—
 The mill-wheels.

The pebbles, heavy though they be,
The pebbles,
Must mingle in the merry race,
And would be first to quit the place, —
The pebbles.

To wander, — this is my desire,
To wander!
Good master mine, good mistress, pray,
Let me in quiet go my way,
And wander!

G. W. Sheldon, in his book entitled "American Painters," pays a flattering tribute to Mr. Miller, also apropos of the *Old Mill* painting, as follows: "It is greatly to the credit of this artist that, though he has mastered the Munich methods in landscape, he has not sold his birthright as an American. One can easily enjoy many of his works without detecting in them a foreign inspiration. His *Old Mill at Springfield*, for example, is distinctively a domestic production, made at home by a man who felt at home while making it. So many of our young painters, after the incalculable advantages of a foreign training, have, on their return to this country, never exhibited anything equal to the things wrought out by them during their residence abroad, and have reproduced so often, in their scheme of color, their subjects, and their composition, the peculiarities of European masters, that the spectator is surprised as well as refreshed to observe in any one of them the evidences of originality in conception and in treatment. Mr. Miller displays these evidences very often, and invariably in each instance gets recognition and praise for doing so. . . . Setting himself to the direct interpretation of American landscapes, he has manifested a sensitiveness and delicacy of perception, a largeness of grasp, an honesty and vitality of impulse, and a degree of technical skill, which are rare and admirable. Extremely careful, refined almost to subtilty, and tender, are his renditions of every-day scenes. He feels what he paints, and he loves it. What is called 'high art,' with its ambitions, and conventionalism, and impossibilities, has no place on his canvas. 'We heard two friends,' says a recent writer, 'one day standing before a picture, and one said to the other, "Well, what is it?" and his friend answered him, "It's high art," and apparently the answer was satisfactory. Now, this picture is what is called "high art," or an effort after it; and, to our minds, it suggests the doubt whether high art is art at all. Here is a picture treated according to traditional rules of composition, with central interest, and subordinate groupings, and flowing lines and light-and-shade arrangement carefully studied, and anatomical studies made, let us suppose, of each separate figure; and then the whole put together and well painted,—for it is well painted,—and yet the whole has no power to affect us in any way, or to resemble anything we have ever seen, or to bring any scene before us as it ought actually to have happened.' Now, Mr. Miller confronts us directly with Nature; his methods and means being set aside; yet while we look we are conscious of being in the hands of a teacher who can show us what otherwise might have escaped us."



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

W. L. TAYLOR.

RAFTING on a swollen, turbulent river is indeed exciting. From the way the water flies up in front, and whirls at the side of this log raft, one can see that it is travelling at a tremendous pace. The men on the front are prepared with their long poles to ward off all dangerous rocks, while on the rear the two boys are exerting themselves to their utmost to guide the raft by its rude tiller.

The artist has made a stirring event the subject of his picture, and should be entitled to a place among those who approach the nearest to answering James Thomson when in his poem "The Seasons — Spring" he asks —

"But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?"



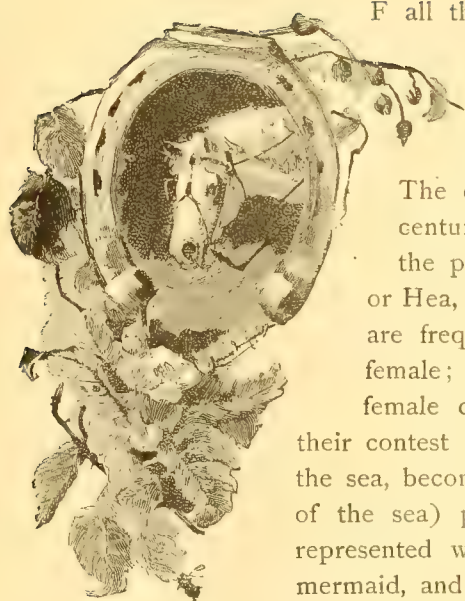
MARCH.

DRAWN BY LOUIS MEYNELLE.



LOUIS MEYNELLE.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-FOUR.

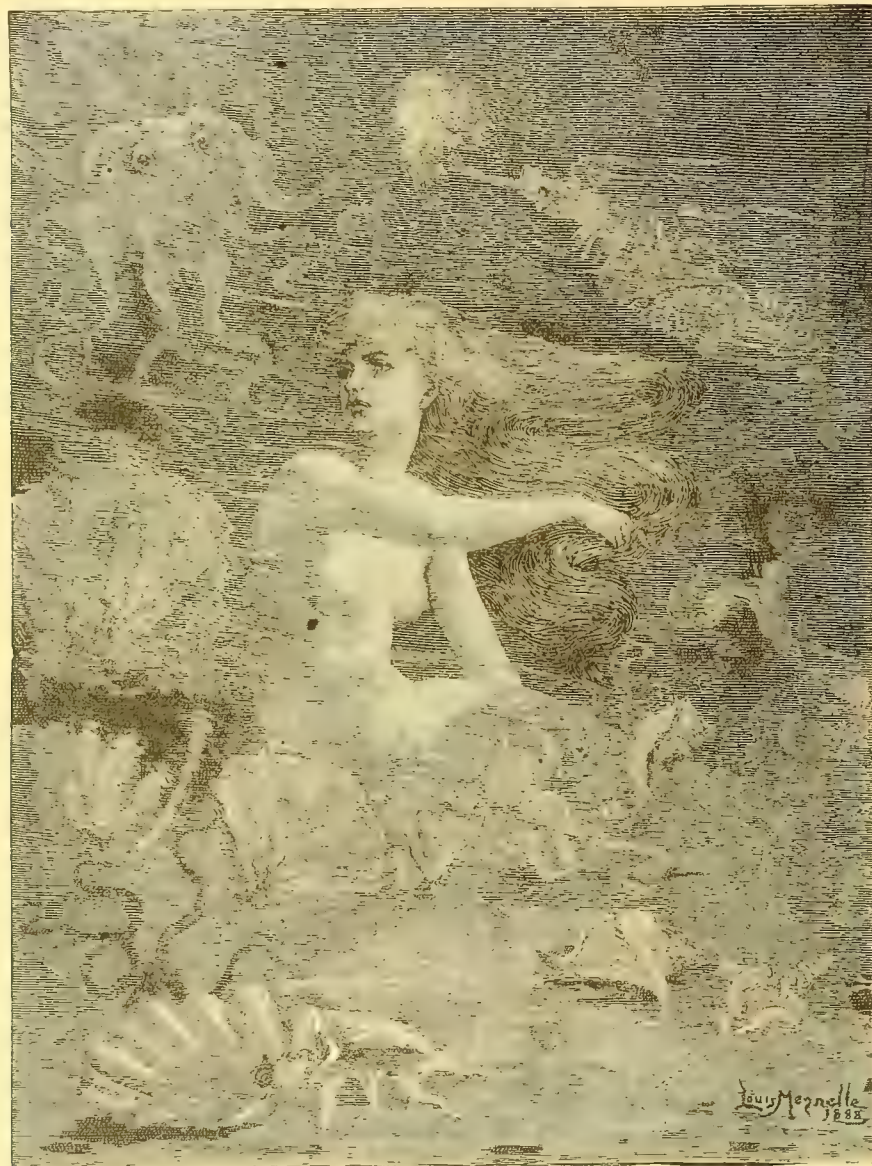


IF all the creatures of mythology, stories of whose existence have been handed down to us by pictorial representation, ancient writings, and oral tradition, mermen and mermaids are far from being the least interesting. The belief in them is very ancient, and was almost an universal one.

The earliest depiction of a mermaid dates as far back as eight centuries before Christ, and occurs on the sculptured walls of the palace of Khorsabad, in Assyria. It shows the god Oannes, or Hea, as half man and half fish. On ancient coins and gems there are frequently seen representations of such beings, both male and female; and in classic iconography we find the Tritons and their female companions, the Nereids, and later the Sirens, who, after their contest with the Muses, lost their bird form, and were thrown into the sea, becoming mermaids. In mediæval days the mermaid (or maiden of the sea) played an important part in heraldry, and is occasionally represented with *two* fish-tails. The badge of the Black Prince was a mermaid, and many noble families bore her figure on their coats-of-arms.

The arms of Sir Walter Scott are supported on one side by a mermaid, and those of the old town of Boston in Lincolnshire are upheld by two mermaids wearing ducal crowns. Upon one of the misereres (movable seats of stalls in churches) in the church of St. Botolph, at Boston, is carved a representation of two men in a boat listening with great delight to the dulcet strains which a mermaid is playing on a pipe as she swims alongside; and a miserere in Lyons Cathedral shows a family of mermaids,—the man is playing on a violin, and his wife, who wears a crown, holds a mer-baby in her arms. Pictures of these sea-creatures are often to be seen in illuminated manuscripts. Modern as well as mediæval art has many times concerned itself with the mermaid or the varying versions of her story, such as the fairy Melusina, Undine, the Lorelei, and other fish or serpent women. So far, luckily, no one has seen fit to adopt the coloring given in a book entitled “*Fishes, Crawfish, and Crabs, of Various Colors and Extraordinary Shapes, found near the Molucca Islands.*” This work, published at Amsterdam in 1717, and dedicated to King George I., contains among its colored plates one depicting a mermaid (therein called a sea-wife or “monster resembling a Siren”), with green hair, a slate-colored face, an olive-hued body, an orange fringe with a blue border round the waist, green fins, and a row of pink hairs on the tail! Among

European artists the Swiss painter, Arnold Bocklin, has made such subjects most his own, and every American art-lover knows well the charming fancies which our own F. S. Church has linked with his drawings of mermaids. Doubtless some of our readers remember a painting of a mermaid by a Boston artist, Mr. D. T. Kendrick, which was exhibited at the Art Club of that city a few years ago. It depicted a mermaid sitting on a huge bell-buoy which was floating on the dizzy-slanting side of a giant wave, and shading her eyes with her hand



THE MERMAID. DRAWN BY MEYNELLE.

as she gazed toward a ship whose storm-riven spars were to be seen beyond a great curl of foam. The artist no doubt meant to give the impression that the sea-maid was waiting to capture some unfortunate sailor as he tried to escape from the wreck, and carry him down with her to the calm depths below, where she is supposed to dwell, as Mr. Meynelle has pictured her in the engraving herewith printed, which is from a design made in illustration of these lines from Tennyson's poem of "The Mermaid:" —



BUILDING THE NEST.

DRWN BY MEYNELLE.

"But at night I would wander away, away,
 I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
 And lightly vault from the throne and play
 With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
 We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
 On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
 Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
 But if any came near I would call and shriek,
 And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
 From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells;
 For I would not be kissed by all who would list
 Of the bold, merry mermen under the sea;



PICKING BUTTERCUPS. DRAWN BY MEYNELLE.

They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
 In the purple twilights under the sea;
 But the king of them all would carry me,
 Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
 In the branching jaspers under the sea;
 Then all the dry pied things that be
 In the hueless mosses under the sea
 Would curl round my silver feet silently,
 All looking up for the love of me.
 And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
 All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
 Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
 All looking down for the love of me."

The artist has well interpreted the spirit of the poem, and given us an effective picture of the fair sea-maiden surrounded by her admiring creatures.

Louis Meynelle is a young Bostonian, who was, however, as not a few Bostonians have been, born in Maine. This was some twenty-six years ago, and when he was still only a child he was brought to Boston, where he has since lived, with the exception of the time he spent in receiving his education at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire. After leaving school he worked for a time in the lithographic department of a large printing establishment in Boston, but being encouraged by his employers to make a serious study of art, he entered the classes of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and it was here, and at the Zepho Club life-class, that his art training was received. Meynelle has been very successful as an illustrator of books and magazines, but has not as yet exhibited any work in public. He is an artist of



A CAVALRYMAN. DRAWN BY MEYNELLE.

much promise, as the specimens of his work here given will serve to show, and one from whom we are warranted in expecting achievements of permanent value.

Among the most pleasing of his designs is *March*, which was designed to accompany these bright and musical lines by Sidney Dayre: —

“He puffs in my face, and tangles my hair,
And laughs at me
In his saucy glee,
As he looks to see if I seem to care;
He steals behind me and jerks my hat
While I am at play,
And flirts it away, —
Perhaps he thinks there is fun in that.
He reddens my cheeks and even tries
To fling the sand in my very eyes,
And out of my ruffles he takes the starch, —
An impudent fellow is he — that March!

"But I can forgive him everything,
For, hark!—do you hear
A silvery, clear,
Little chirping note
On the air afloat?—

He 's teaching the earliest birds to sing,
And then he will send them on the wing
To tell the little ones, far and near,
To be on the watch for the tiny flowers,
That he has waiting for April showers.



GATHERING WOOD. DRAWN BY MEYNELLE.

Crocuses, violets,
Come, little dainty pets,
Tell, when your pretty wee buds peep out,
To see what the stirring is all about,
That March, with all his bluster and roar,
Is only hurrying on before,
The sweetest message of all to bring, —
She's coming — coming — beautiful spring!"

Another dainty picture is that of the little girl picking a rose, belonging to Robert Ogden Fowler's verses, entitled —



BESS. DRAWN BY MEYNELLE.

BESS.

Bess plucked me a rose

From her own little garden ;

Oh, my failing she knows !

Bess plucked me a rose

As white as blown snows

When they glitter and harden ;

Bess plucked me a rose

From her own little garden.

Bess's face is so white,

Like a blossom in Maytime ;

Though her cheeks are pink quite,

Bess's face is so white,

And her eyes are as bright

As the dawn or the daytime ;

Bess's face is so white,

Like a blossom in Maytime.

Bess is a sweet little miss,

Eight years old last October ;

When I call her it is

To beg for a kiss ;

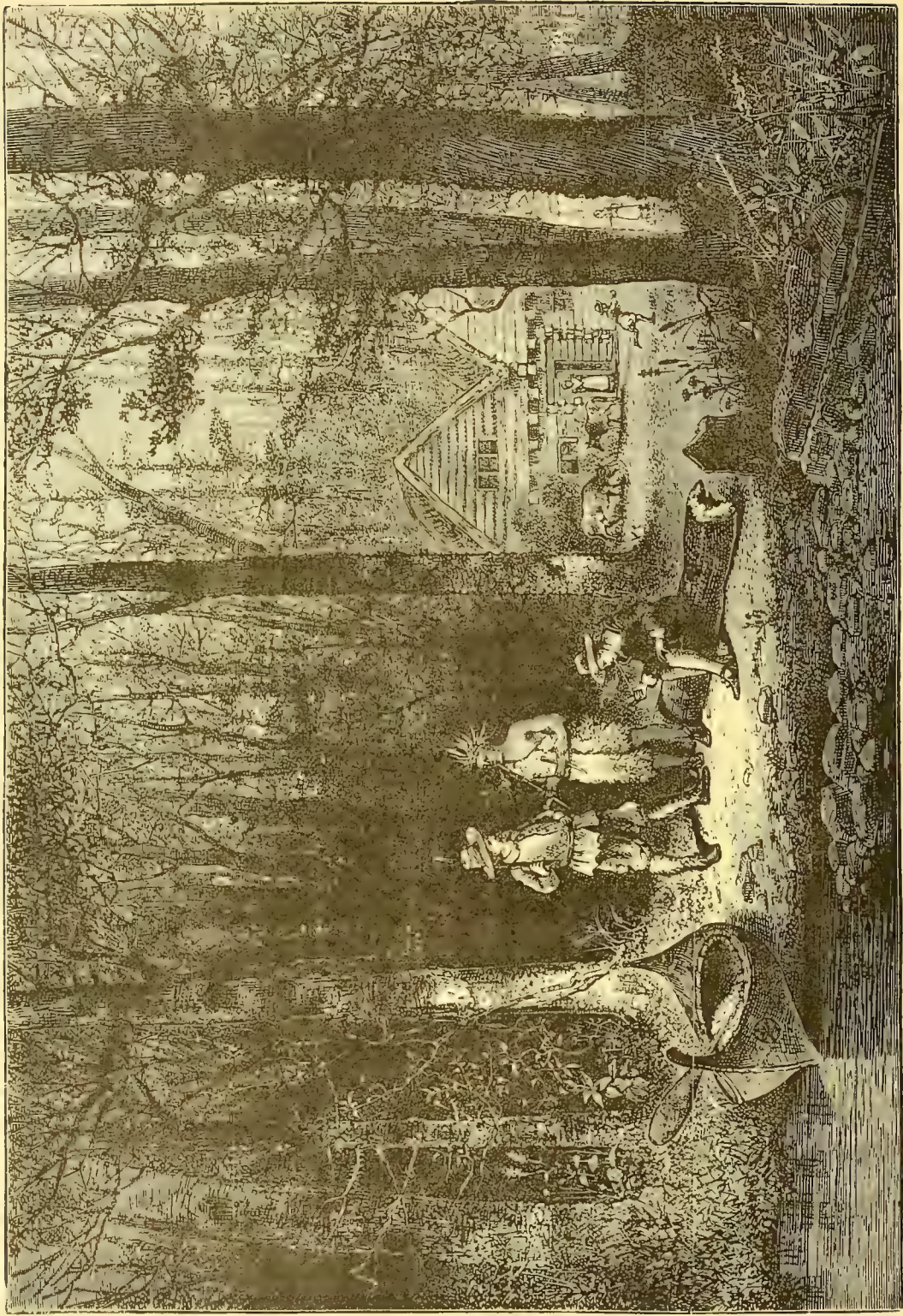
She grows bashful at this,

And looks downward quite sober ;

Bess is a sweet little miss,

Eight years old last October.





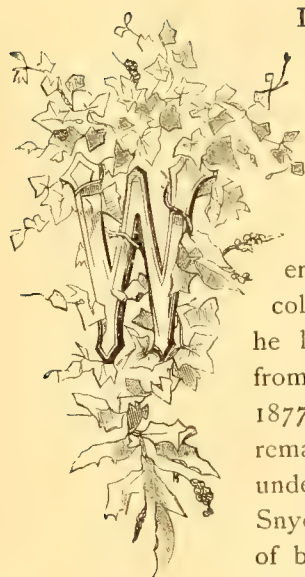
ARCADIA IN NORTH CAROLINA.

DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.



W. P. SNYDER.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-FIFTH.



ILLARD POINSETTE SNYDER was born in Philadelphia in 1853, and was educated in the public schools of that city. When sixteen years of age, he entered the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and studied there for two years under Professor Schussele, having as his fellow-pupils such artists as Edwin A. Abbey, Howard Pyle, A. B. Frost, and William Sartain. Snyder's next step in his profession was to take a position with a firm of designers and wood engravers, in whose employment he remained for some time, making color-sketches, and drawing on the block for book illustration. In 1875 he left Philadelphia and went to New York, securing some commissions from "Scribner's Monthly," "Harper's Weekly," and other magazines, and in 1877 he entered the art department of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, where he remained some three years, receiving a general training in illustrative work under Charles Parsons, then in charge of that branch of the business. Snyder was afterwards, in company with James Otis, the well-known writer of boys' stories, sent on a trip in a small steam launch from New York to Florida. This journey, which occupied nearly four months' time, was made

for the purpose of gathering data as to the industrial and natural resources of the Southern States, and its results were afterwards published in serial form by the Harpers.

Mr. Snyder's work is mainly confined to the illustration of books and magazines, though he has painted very successfully in water-colors. His best-known work in this medium is *Waning in Favor*, which was in the 1884 exhibition of the American Water-Color Society, and was afterwards shown at the Boston Art Club. It is a picture showing a young couple walking through a field. The man, who has evidently been a favored aspirant for the young lady's affections, now looks anxiously at her, while she walks along with an indifferent air, her head held high and her eyes apparently unobservant of his foreboding manner. Something has happened to lower him in her good graces, and his chances, once so promising, are now reduced to naught. One of the artist's most effective designs in black-and-white is entitled *Take 'em at your own price*, which enjoyed the distinction of being copied by a London illustrated journal after it had been published here. It is a subject of the Thanksgiving season,—a working man and his young wife standing before a poultry stall in Washington Market, New York, and hesitating about pricing a nice fat goose or lordly turkey for the coming holiday meal, fearing that their resources may prove insufficient for its purchase. The marketman sees the situation, and comes forward with a smile, repeating in oily accents those well-sounding but delusive words, "Take 'em at your own price."

Some of Mr. Snyder's most successful drawings were made to illustrate a holiday edition of Owen Meredith's "Lucile," and among these designs, none is better than that where the two women who had once been rivals for the heart of Alfred Vargrave meet as friends, which scene is thus described in the poem:—

"T was the room
Of Matilda.

The languid and delicate gloom
Of a lamp of pure white alabaster, aloft
From the ceiling suspended, around it slept soft.
The casement oped into the garden. The pale,
Cool moonlight streamed through it. One lone nightingale
Sung aloof in the laurels.



THE BICYCLE CLUB SALUTING. DRAWN BY SNYDER.

And here, side by side,
Hand in hand, the two women sat down undescried,
Save by guardian angels.

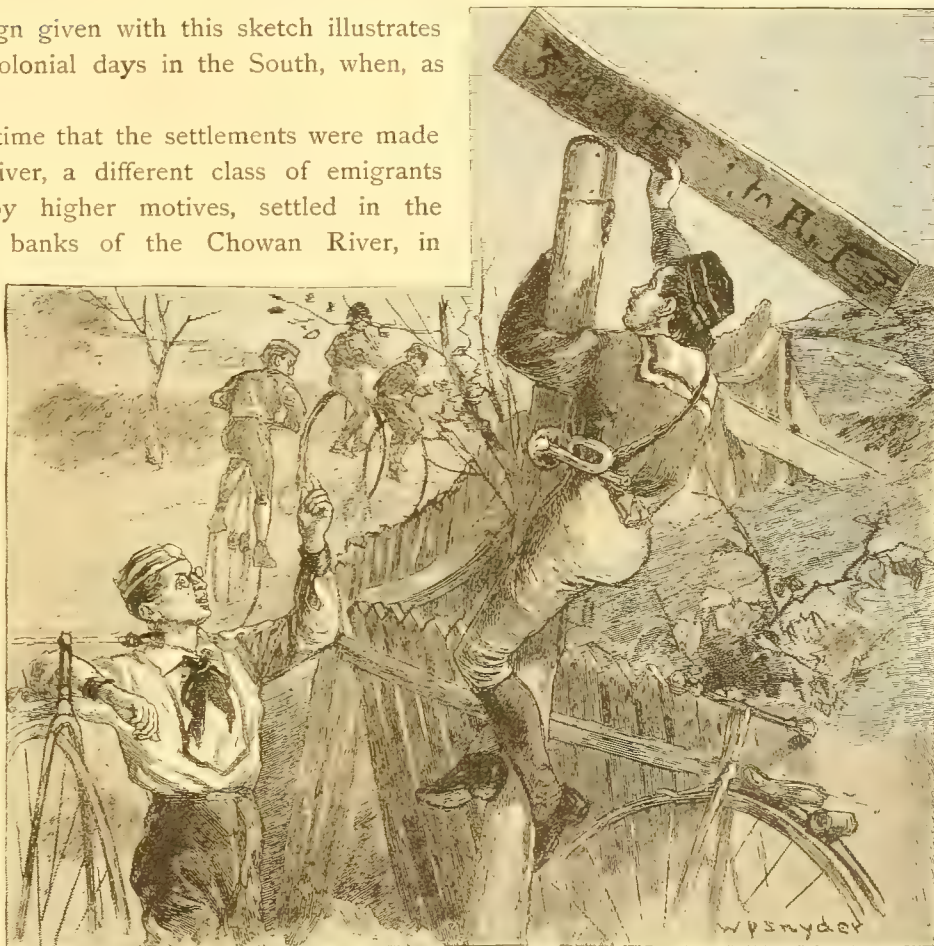
As when, sparkling yet
From the rain, that, with drops that are jewels, leaves wet
The bright head it humbles, a young rose inclines
To some pale lily near it, the fair vision shines
As one flower with two faces, in hushed, tearful speech,
Like the showery whispers of flowers, each to each
Linked, and leaning together, so loving, so fair,

So united, yet diverse, the two women there
 Looked, indeed, like two flowers upon one drooping stem.
 In the soft light that tenderly rested on them.
 All that soul said to soul in that chamber, who knows?
 All that heart gained from heart?

Leave the lily, the rose,
 Undisturbed with their secret within them. For who
 To the heart of the floweret can follow the dew?
 A night full of stars! O'er the silence, unseen,
 The footsteps of sentinel angels, between
 The dark land and deep sky were moving. You heard
 Passed from earth up to heaven the happy watchword
 Which brightened the stars as amongst them it fell
 From earth's heart, which it eased. . . . 'All is well! all is well!'

The full-page design given with this sketch illustrates a peaceful scene in colonial days in the South, when, as the historian says:—

"About the same time that the settlements were made on the Cape Fear River, a different class of emigrants from Virginia, led by higher motives, settled in the wilderness along the banks of the Chowan River, in the northern part of Carolina, a region which afterwards received the name of Albemarle. The Non-conformists, who met with intolerance and persecution in Virginia, where the English Church was established, had sought homes beyond the limits of that colony; and in the forests of North Carolina established themselves on scattered plantations, where they were under no restraint in the ex-



TURNING THE SIGN. DRAWN BY SNYDER.

ercise of their religion, and no subjection to obnoxious laws. Dealing fairly with the natives, they experienced only friendship and hospitality at their hands, and were under no necessity to congregate in villages for common defence, or to keep firearms except for the purpose of killing game, with which the woods and waters abounded. In their humble sylvan homes, scattered through the wilderness and along the banks of the river, they found contentment, peace, and religious freedom, free from license on the one hand and austerity on the other; and when, some years later, George Fox visited them, he found a people imbued with something of his own spirit, who gave him a cordial welcome, and among whom he enjoyed a season of rest, and successful teaching of his doctrines in their families. At this early period Albemarle was a veritable Arcadia.

"Increased in numbers by the accession of emigrants from New England and Bermuda, and under a government elected by themselves, and a few simple laws framed to meet their necessities and condition, they lived peacefully and happily. Their wants which were not supplied from their own fields and herds were met by a limited trade with New England, in which they exchanged their small surplus of products for a few foreign necessities. They were lovers of civil and religious freedom, and in their scattered homes they realized it more fully than any other colonists in America."





H. Whitrop Peirce

AT MILKING TIME.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

H. WINTHROP PEIRCE.



MR. PEIRCE delights in painting simple scenes in rustic life, the picture before us, which is in his usual vein, showing characteristics unmistakable to those acquainted with quiet country ways. The contented looking cow, the sturdy milker, the happy youngster in overalls, and the little tot with gathered daisies in her hand, all appeal to one's ideas of rural contentment. The soft carpet of grass and flowers in the picture reminds one of the meadow about which Hood speaks in one of his songs, where

"Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet."





H. P. BARNES.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-SIXTH.

MUCH of the pleasure which one derives from looking over many handsomely illustrated volumes is often given by the taste and fancy displayed in the little vignettes, initials, head and tail pieces and borders which are strewn amongst the reading matter. They may be considered as forming the condiments or dessert of the meal spread before one, and are to the more important illustrations as sauce or cheese or pickles to the roast or boiled,—not necessary for the satisfaction of one's hunger, but none the less making a perceptible and piquant addition to the pleasures of the appetite. It is even the case, sometimes, that the illustrations of this kind prove more satisfactory than the larger compositions which are intended to directly "illustrate" the author, because of an inadequate or unsympathetic artist having been chosen to design the latter. And it is frequently very interesting to

trace the spirit and action of the book as reflected in the emblematic work of the vignettes and other minor embellishments.

Mr. Barnes has a happy facility in drawing such dainty devices; and many which owe their being to his clever fingers may be found on the pages of the illustrated volumes which fill the booksellers' counters, particularly in the holiday season.

Hiram Putnam Barnes was born in Boston thirty-three years ago, and after leaving school found employment as a designer and engraver in the works of the American Watch Company at Waltham, where he made designs which were afterwards engraved on watch-cases. Most people have noticed the extraordinary landscapes and impossible animals, engraved in a



most mechanical and inartistic manner, which so many watches bear on their cases. We doubt not that Mr. Barnes's designs for this purpose were of a more artistic nature than the usual sort of thing; certainly if they were anything like his later work, they must have been so. In time, our artist relinquished this occupation and turned his attention to illustrating books and periodicals, which has now become his profession, and in which he has met with



OUT FOR A PLAY IN THE SNOW. DRAWN BY BARNES.

very gratifying success. He had previously worked to some extent in water-colors, one of his drawings having been shown at an exhibition of the Boston Art Club, from whence it was purchased by that well-known patron of art, Mr. Thomas Wigglesworth, of Boston. At present he is engaged upon commissions from some of the busy publishers of the modern Athens, which when completed and duly embodied in book form will doubtless entice many

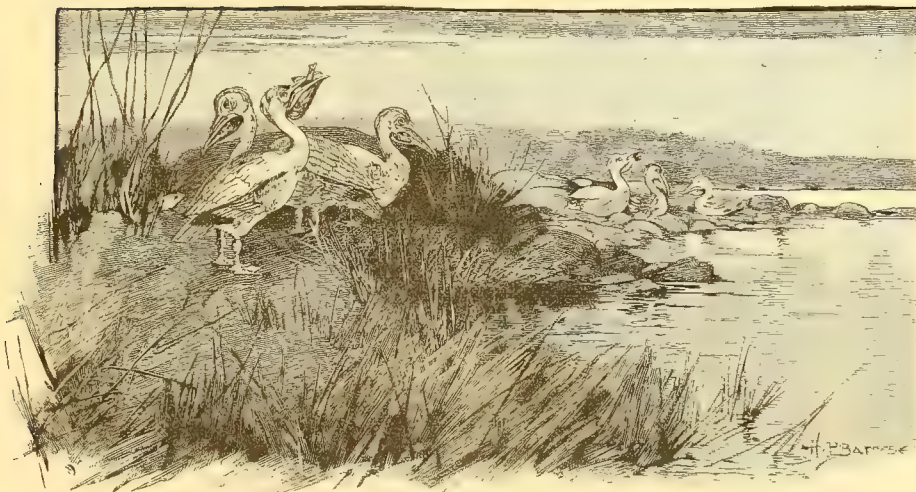
a dollar from the pockets of book-buyers. It should be said that much of Mr. Barnes's work has been executed for juvenile publications.

Among such are several of the drawings we print herein, that of the swallows and peacock feathers having accompanied these charming verses by Marian Douglas: —

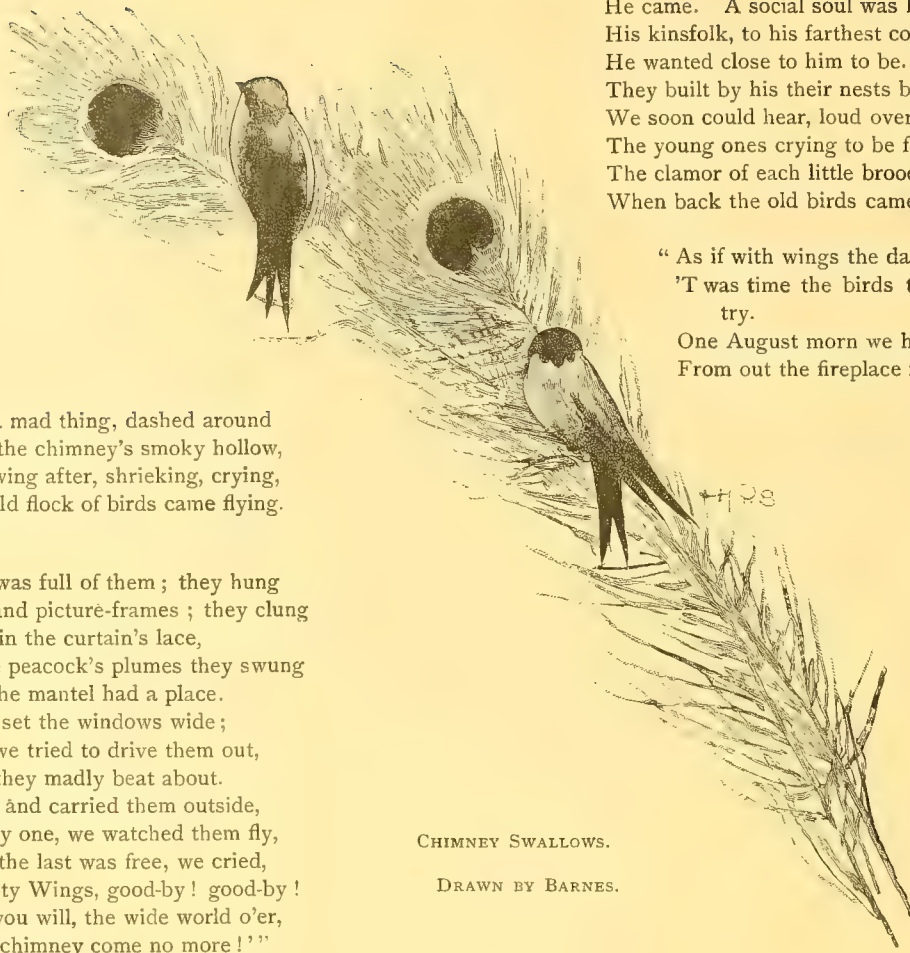


WAITING FOR DARKNESS. DRAWN BY BARNES.

“The wide old house was damp and chill,
The wind's changed voice was harsh and hollow;
But on the hearth we dared not light
A fire to make the evening bright,
For through the casing came the shrill,
Loud chatter of a chimney-swallow.
'Oh, let him stay, the dark-winged guest,'
I said, 'and build with us his nest.'”



PELICANS. DRAWN BY BARNES.



He came. A social soul was he ;
His kinsfolk, to his farthest cousins,
He wanted close to him to be.
They built by his their nests by dozens.
We soon could hear, loud overhead,
The young ones crying to be fed ;
The clamor of each little brood,
When back the old birds came with food.

“ As if with wings the days flew by ;
’T was time the birds their wings should
try.

One August morn we heard a sound ;
From out the fireplace flew a swallow,

That, like a mad thing, dashed around
And, from the chimney’s smoky hollow,
Close following after, shrieking, crying,
A whole wild flock of birds came flying.

“ The room was full of them ; they hung
To chairs and picture-frames ; they clung
Entangled in the curtain’s lace,
And on the peacock’s plumes they swung
That o’er the mantel had a place.
In vain we set the windows wide ;
The more we tried to drive them out,
The more they madly beat about.
We caught and carried them outside,
And, one by one, we watched them fly,
Till, when the last was free, we cried,
‘ Now, Sooty Wings, good-by ! good-by !
Go where you will, the wide world o’er,
But to our chimney come no more ! ’ ”

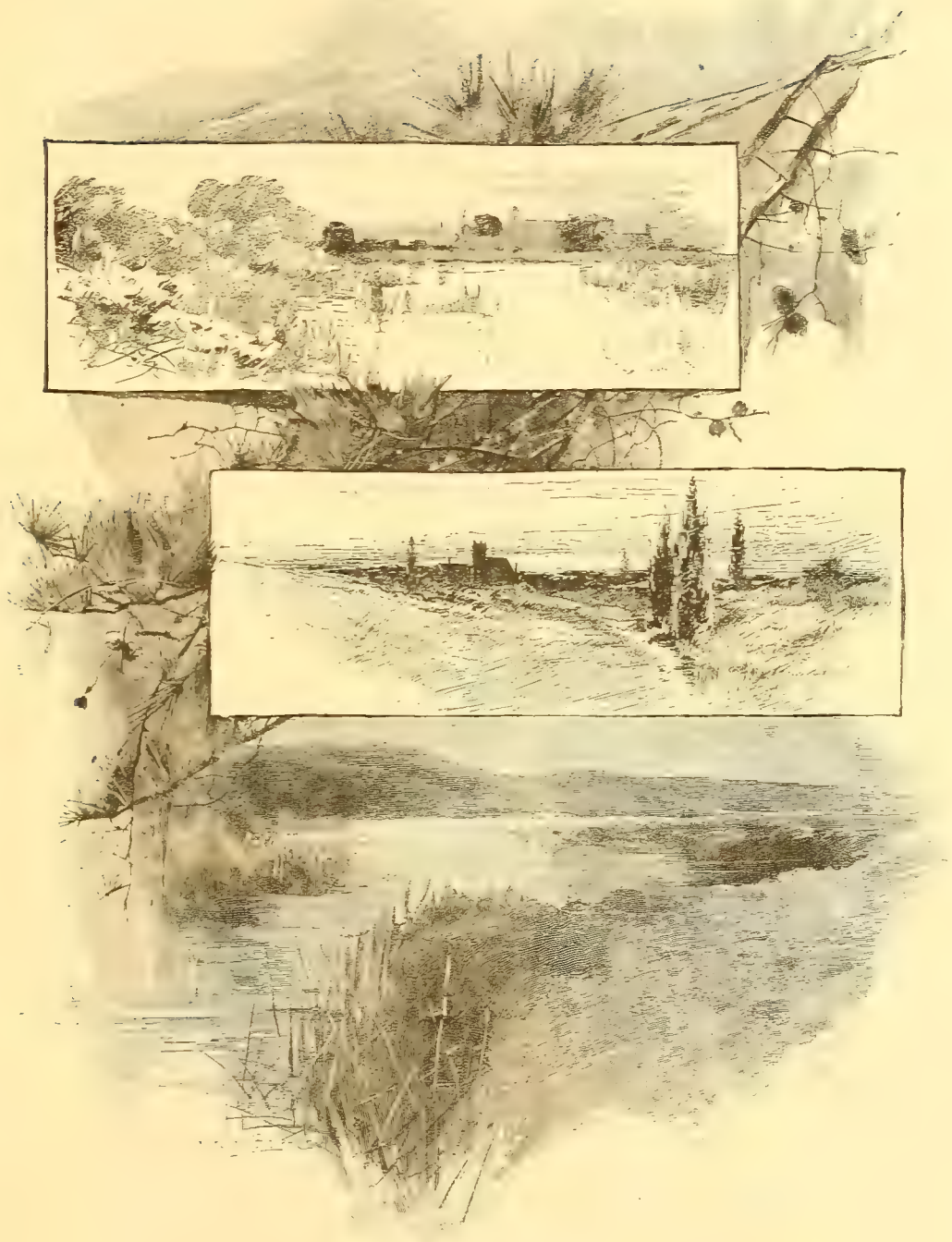
CHIMNEY SWALLOWS.

DRAWN BY BARNES.

After the Rain gives truthfully the aspect which such a place would present when the weather was clearing up after a shower.



AFTER THE RAIN. DRAWN BY BARNES.



DRAWN BY E. P. BARNES.



WINTER WOODS. DRAWN BY BARNES.

Our full-page illustration was drawn by Mr. Barnes to illustrate Tennyson's

LEONINE ELEGIACS

Low-flowing breezes are roaming the broad valleys dimmed in the gloaming :
 Through the black-stemmed pines only the far river shines
 Creeping through blossomy rushes and bowers of rose-blowing bushes,
 Down by the poplar tall rivulets babble and fall
 Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerly ; the grasshopper carolleth clearly ;
 Deeply the wood-dove coos ; shrilly the owlet halloos ;
 Winds creep ; dewes fall chilly ; in her first sleep earth breathes stilly ;
 Over the pools in the burn water-gnats murmur and mourn.
 Sadly the far kine loweth ; the glimmering water outfloweth ;
 Twin peaks shadowed with pine slope to the dark hyaline.
 Low-throned Hesper is stayed between the two peaks ; but the naiad
 Throbbing in wild unrest holds him beneath in her breast
 The ancient poetess singeth, that Hesperus all things bringeth,
 Smoothing the wearied mind : bring me my love, Rosalind.
 Thou comest morning or even ; she cometh not morning or even.
 False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my sweet Rosalind ?



MOONRISE. DRAWN BY BARNES.

We think those who see it will not fail to appreciate the delicacy and charm of this whole drawing and the success with which the artist has rendered the gracious aspect of a calm evening, in the lowermost landscape of the three, where

“Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest.”

There is a good evening effect, also, in the picture of the fox waiting for night to hide his contemplated foray on the poultry-yard.





E. P. HAYDEN.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-SEVENTH.



EDWARD PARKER HAYDEN was born in 1858 in Haydenville, Ohio, though the home of his family is in the town of the same name in Massachusetts. He studied at the Art Student's League in New York and afterwards under the landscape painters W. S. Macy and W. L. Picknell. With the latter he has usually spent a portion of the summer at Annisquam, that little fishing hamlet on Cape Ann immortalized by Whittier in his poem of "The Sisters," and which has lately also won some renown

as a resort of artists. Some of Mr. Hayden's earliest work as an illustrator was done for "Our Little Ones," and for this magazine he has supplied some drawings ever since. He has also contributed illustrations to "Harper's," "The Century," and other magazines, but has now, in the main, relinquished illustrating for painting. At the National Academy of 1890 his landscape, *A Rocky Pasture*, was given one of the places of honor, and received high praise from the critics, as did likewise his *Calm Day in December*, shown the same year at the Society of American Artists. Some of the engravings printed with this are from his landscape drawings, and will show his admirable talent in that direction, while others display the skill with which he delineates animals and birds. And going a little lower down in the scale of animal life, here is his illustration to Elizabeth A. Davis's "Only a Cricket Chirping Away," which it would be a pity to dissever from the verses.

"I'm only a cricket chirping away,
In the fading light of an autumn day.
When the flowers are dead, and the grasses dry,
And the shrill, bleak winds go whistling by,
Then I sing my song with a louder cheer,
For I know old Winter's hovering near.
I sing of the fireside's calm delight,



THE CRICKET. DRAWN BY HAYDEN.

When friends draw near with the lamps alight ;
 And I tell my tales in the humblest cot.
 And sing of the joys that are half forgot.
 For though only a cricket chirping away,
 In the fading light of an autumn day,
 I come and go with my song of cheer,
 To hush the cry of the dying year."



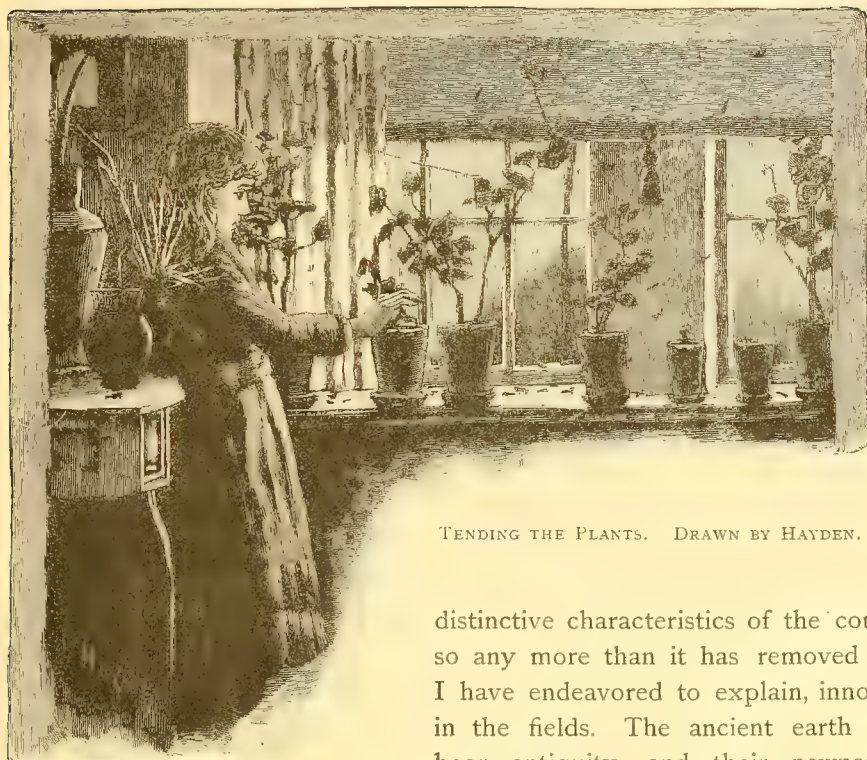
THE EXPRESS TRAIN. DRAWN BY HAYDEN.

A most satisfactory example of his landscape work is the engraving of a train passing through the fields, which shows that, after all, the march of science and the spread of a sordid utilitarianism has not yet spoilt Nature; and that even if it should be impossible for



IN WINTER.

DRAWN BY E. P. HAYDEN.



TENDING THE PLANTS. DRAWN BY HAYDEN.

her to harmonize with the steam-engine and the railroad, she seems fairer and more peaceful than ever after the noisy, smoky iron monster has sped through her quiet vales and left them calm once more — until the next train. In this connection, it is interesting to read what Richard Jefferies has written about "Some New Facts in Landscape:" —

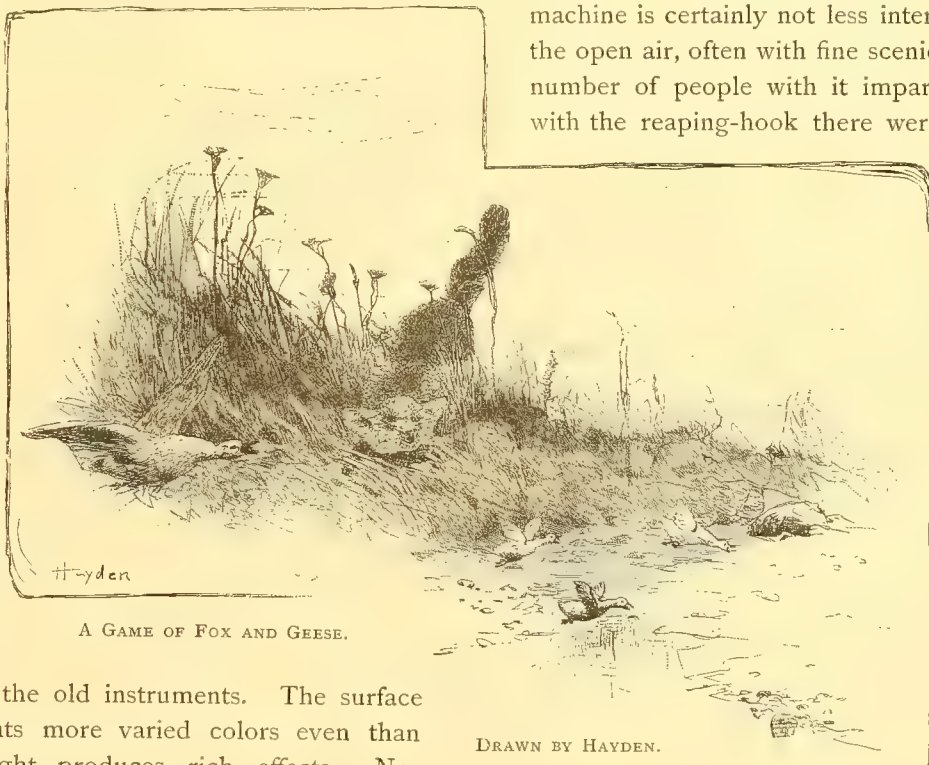
"The impression grew up that modern agriculture has polished away all the

distinctive characteristics of the country. But it has not done so any more than it has removed the hills. The truth is, as I have endeavored to explain, innovations so soon become old in the fields. The ancient earth covers them with her own hoar antiquity, and their newness disappears. They have already become so much a part of the life of the country

that it seems as if they had always been there, so easily do they fit in, so easily does the eye accept them.

"Intrinsically there is nothing used in modern agriculture less symmetrical than what was previously employed. The flails were the simplest of instruments, and were always seen with the same accompaniment,—the interior of a barn. The threshing-machine is certainly not less interesting; it works in the open air, often with fine scenic surroundings, and the number of people with it impart vivacity. In reaping more men in the wheat, but the reaping-machine is not without color. Scythes are not at all pleasant things; the mowing-machine is at least no worse. As for the steam-plough, it is very interesting to watch. All these fit in with trees and hedges, fields and woods as well, and in some cases in a more striking manner than the old instruments. The surface of the ground presents more varied colors even than before, and the sunlight produces rich effects. Nor

with the reaping-hook there were



A GAME OF FOX AND GEES.

DRAWN BY HAYDEN.



SNOW-BIRDS.

DRAWN BY E. P. HAYDEN.

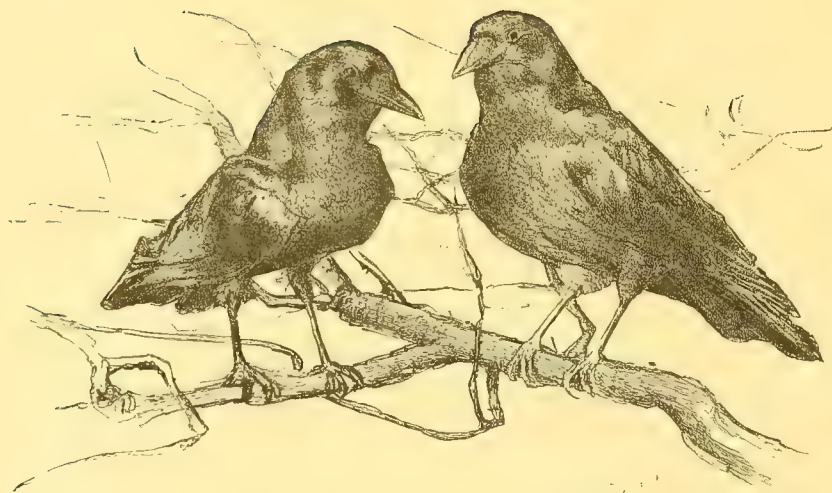
have all the ancient aspects disappeared as supposed, quite the reverse. In the next field to the steam-plough the old ploughs drawn by horses may be seen at work, and barns still stand, and old houses. In hill districts oxen are yet yoked to the plough, the scythe and reaping-hook are often seen at work, and, in short, the old and the new so shade and blend together that you can hardly say where one begins and the other ends. That there are many, very many things concerning agriculture and country life whose disappearance is to be regretted, I have fully stated elsewhere, and having done so, I feel that I can with the more strength affirm that in its natural beauty the country is as lovely now as ever.



A WALK BY THE RIVER. DRAWN BY HAYDEN.

"It is, I venture to think, a mistake on the part of some who depict country scenes that they omit these modern aspects, doubtless under the impression that to admit them would impair the pastoral scene intended to be conveyed. So many pictures and so many illustrations seem to proceed upon the assumption that steam-plough and reaping-machine do not exist, that the landscape contains nothing but what it did a hundred years ago. These sketches are often beautiful, but they lack the force of truth and reality. Every one who has been fifty miles into the country, if only by rail, knows while looking at them that they are not real. You feel that there is something wanting, you do not know what. That something is the hard, perhaps angular fact which at once makes the sky above it appear like-

wise a fact. Why omit fifty years from the picture? That is what it usually means,—fifty years left out; and somehow we feel as we gaze that these fields and these skies are not of our day. The actual fields, the actual machines, the actual men and women (how differently dressed to the conventional pictorial costumes!) would prepare the mind to see and appreciate the coloring, the design, the beauty—what, for lack of a better expression, may be called the soul of the picture—far more than these forgotten, and nowadays even impossible accessories. For our sympathy is not with them, but with the things of our own time.”





AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

FRANK T. MERRILL.



THIS noted book illustrator gives us in the production before us an excellent idea of the hand-to-hand conflicts which constantly occurred during the late war in the struggles for supremacy both on the land and sea. How uncertain are encounters of this kind! Homer truly says in the Iliad:—

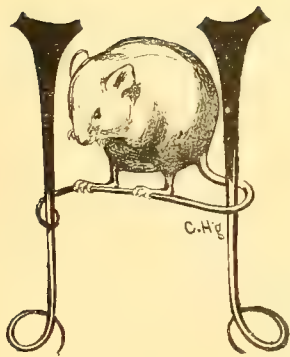
“The chance of war
Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain.”

The figures in the drawing are well defined, the surroundings true, and the action effective.



ALICE AND CARL HIRSCHBERG.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-EIGHTH.



OW many times has the question, "Should artists marry?" been asked and warmly discussed. If we look at the lives of the greatest masters we see that Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci died bachelors; on the other hand, Titian, Correggio, Rembrandt, Dürer, Velasquez, Murillo, Rubens, and Poussin lived happy married lives, for the aspersions cast upon Agnes, the wife of Dürer, have been proved by the latest researches to be without foundation. Three presidents of the Royal Academy—Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Sir Frederick Leighton—have remained celibates; and Turner never married, nor did Sir Edwin Landseer. Reynolds even told Flaxman, the great sculptor, that marriage would ruin him as an artist; but never was man more mistaken, for the wedded life of the Flaxmans was perfect. So also was that of William Blake, who said to his beloved wife only a day or two before his death, "Kate, you have always been an angel to me. Kate, we have lived happy, we have lived long; we have been ever happy together." Perhaps no artist's married life was ever more blest than that of Charles Robert Leslie, as may be seen from his autobiography and letters. All three of America's earliest great painters—Copley, Stuart, and Allston—were married, the last-named twice.

Much may be said on both sides, though the preponderance of evidence seems to be in favor of the matrimonial state. There would appear to be less opportunity for a difference of opinion as to cases where both of the contracting parties are artists. Without going back of our own time or outside of English-speaking countries; a number of instances occur where artist has married artist, and both have continued working in their respective directions in art with success. We will take England first, and there we find the following examples: Thomas and Mary Thornycroft, both sculptors, the former (now dead) executing among other works equestrian

statues of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, at Liverpool, while the best-known achievements of his wife were statues of four of the royal children, in character, as the *Seasons*, besides which she produced various sculptured representations of the princes and their sisters. Their son, Hamo Thornycroft, is now a Royal Academician and one of the leading English sculptors; and their daughters, Helen and Theresa, are both talented artists. The late E. M. Ward, R. A., the painter of such well-known historical pieces as *Dr. Johnson in the Antechamber of Lord*



CALLING IN VAIN. DRAWN BY ALICE HIRSCHBERG.

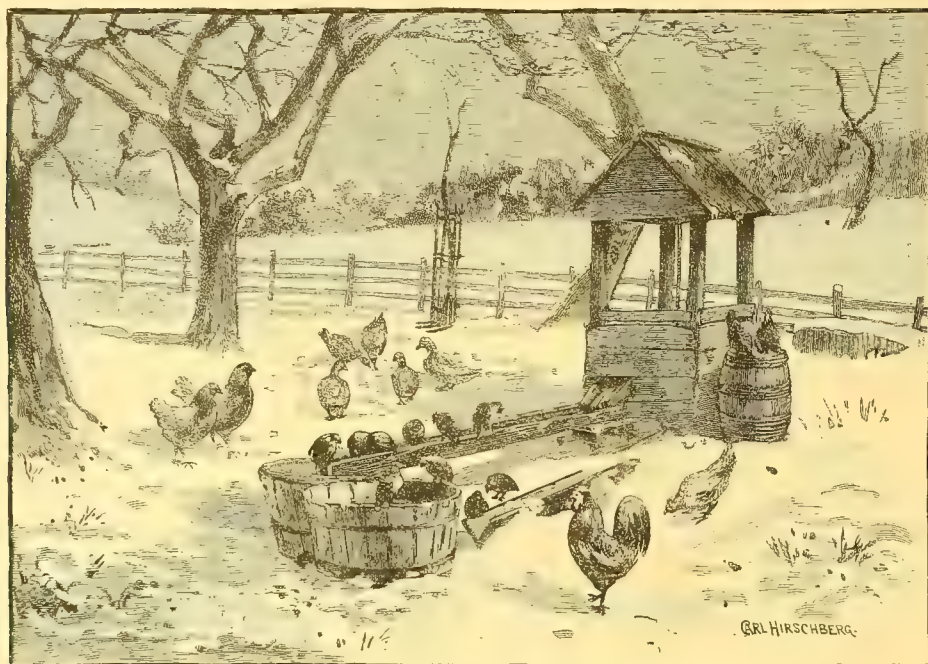
Chesterfield, *The South Sea Bubble*, and *The Last Sleep of Argyle*; and his wife, Henrietta Ward, whose father was George Raphael Ward, the engraver and miniaturist, and whose grandfather was James Ward, R. A., one of the best animal painters of England as well as a fine engraver. Mrs. Ward painted subjects somewhat similar to her husband's pictures, often introducing children, and among her works are *The Poet's First Love* and *A Scene from the Childhood of the Old Pretender*, both of which were shown at our Centennial Exhibition. Alma Tadema, whose works have won a world-wide fame, married for his second wife Miss Laura Epps, who is herself an artist of high merit, and whose charming pictures of child-life



THE DANDELION GIRL.

DRAWN BY ALICE HIRSCHBERG.

in Holland in the seventeenth century have for some years been a welcome feature of the London galleries. And then there is Alma Tadema's pupil, John Collier, who has painted



THE WELL IN WINTER. DRAWN BY CARL HIRSCHBERG.

many admirable portraits, including one of Darwin, of which a fine etching by Flameng has been published, and numerous ideal works; and Marion Collier, a daughter of Professor Huxley,



THE RESCUE. DRAWN BY CARL HIRSCHBERG.

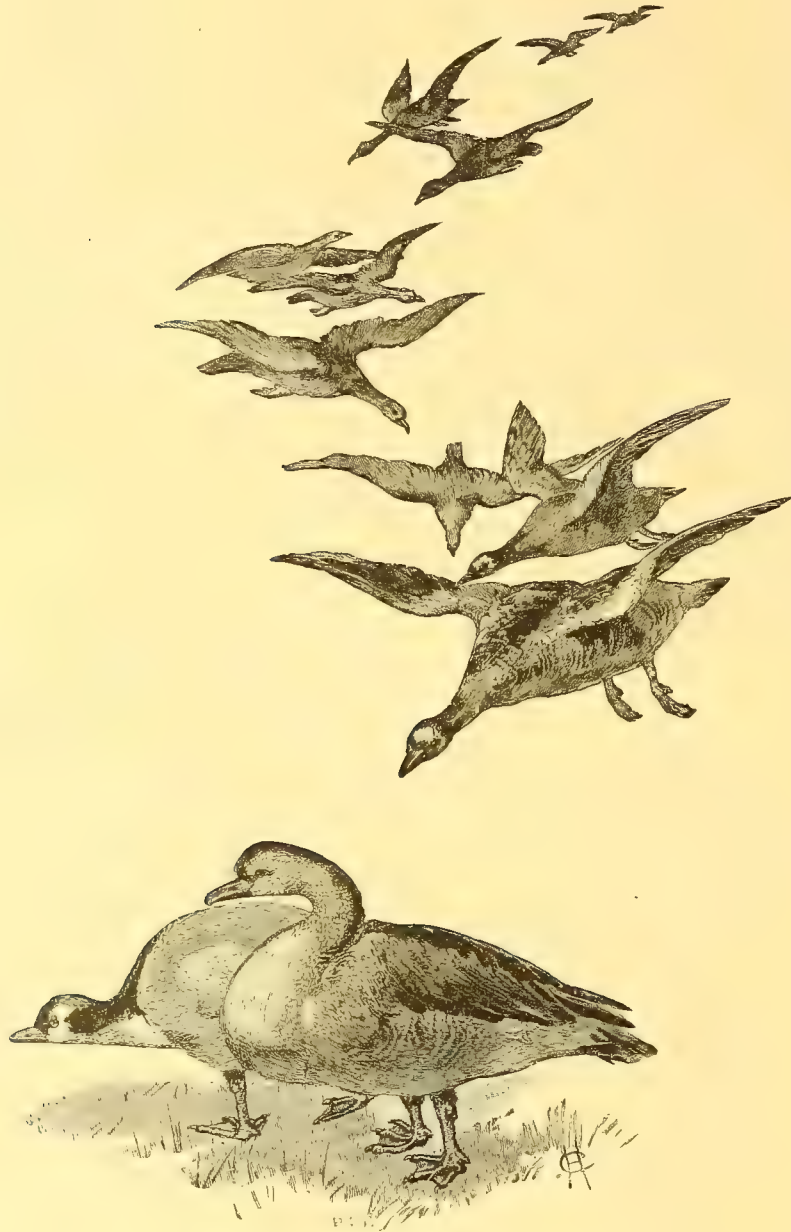
who died young two or three years ago, leaving behind her some canvases full of promise. The Peruginis, Charles and Kate, of whom the husband paints pictures of lovely, graceful



THE GRATITUDE OF SIR JOHN.

DRAWN BY ALICE AND CARL HIRSCHBERG.

girls (he sent a portrait of his wife to the Centennial Exhibition), and the wife pictures of children. She was the youngest daughter of Charles Dickens and the widow of Charles Allston Collins (son of William Collins, R. A., whose picture of rustic children swinging on a gate, called *Happy as a King*, was one of the most popular works ever painted, and



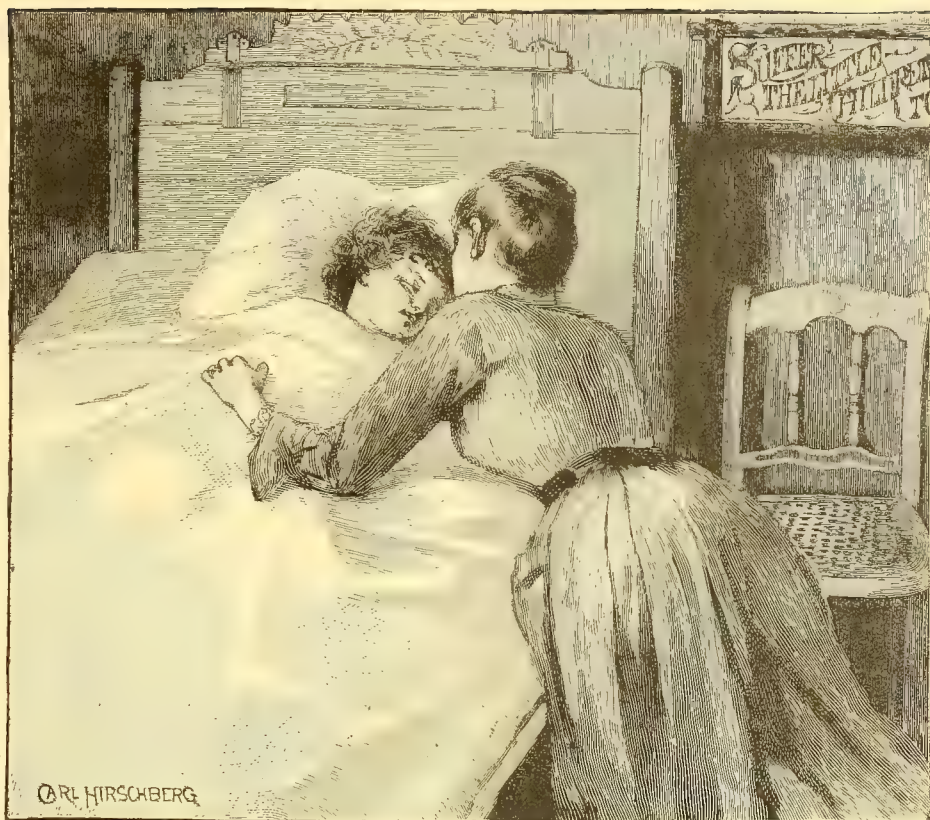
A DOZEN GEESSE. DRAWN BY CARL HIRSCHBERG.

brother of Wilkie Collins, the novelist), artist and writer. J. M. Jopling (now deceased) and his wife Louise, Ernest Normand and Mrs. Normand (known before her marriage as Henrietta Rae), and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lemon are other well-known English painters who have been constant exhibitors at the Royal Academy and the rest of the London exhibitions. In America we find the Morans, Thomas and Mary, and Peter and Emily, who have done so much first-class work in etching; Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Loop, the portrait-painters

(Mrs. Loop is one of the few women who have been elected associates of the National Academy); Swain Gifford and his wife, Fannie Elliot Gifford, — Mrs. Gifford paints birds in landscapes; Frank Duveneck, the painter of *The Turkish Page* and *The Professor*, whose wife (formerly Miss Elizabeth Boott and unfortunately now passed away) painted that dainty page of child-life called *Little Lady Blanche*; Thomas W. Dewing, to whose genius we owe *A Prelude*, who mar-

ried Miss Maria R. Oakey; J. Appleton Brown, the painter *par excellence* of the apple-blossoms and blue sky flecked with white clouds of May in New England, and his wife Agnes, whose pictures of kittens are so excellent; and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sewell, the latter having won recognition at the Salon as Miss Amanda Brewster.

Mr. and Mrs. Hirschberg, the subjects of this sketch, are both painters and illustrators, the first-named working in oil and black-and-white, and the last in water-color and black-and-white. Alice Hirschberg was born in England, and, like every English school-girl, took drawing lessons as part of her regular studies; but it was not till she was twenty-one years old, after seeing some water-colors by David Cox and William Muller in the Print Room of the British Museum, that she made any serious effort to work in that medium. She obtained leave to copy at the Museum, and then worked at Heatherly's studio in Newman Street, London. After her marriage she studied in one of the Paris ateliers for women, and exhibited a water-color in the Salon of 1884. Since coming to this country she has contributed every year to the exhibitions of the American Water-Color Society in New York. One of her most effective water-colors is *Maggie Tulliver in the Red Deeps*, from George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss," which she sent



MOTHER AND CHILD. DRAWN BY CARL HIRSCHBERG.



LEARNING TO SKATE. DRAWN BY CARL HIRSCHBERG.

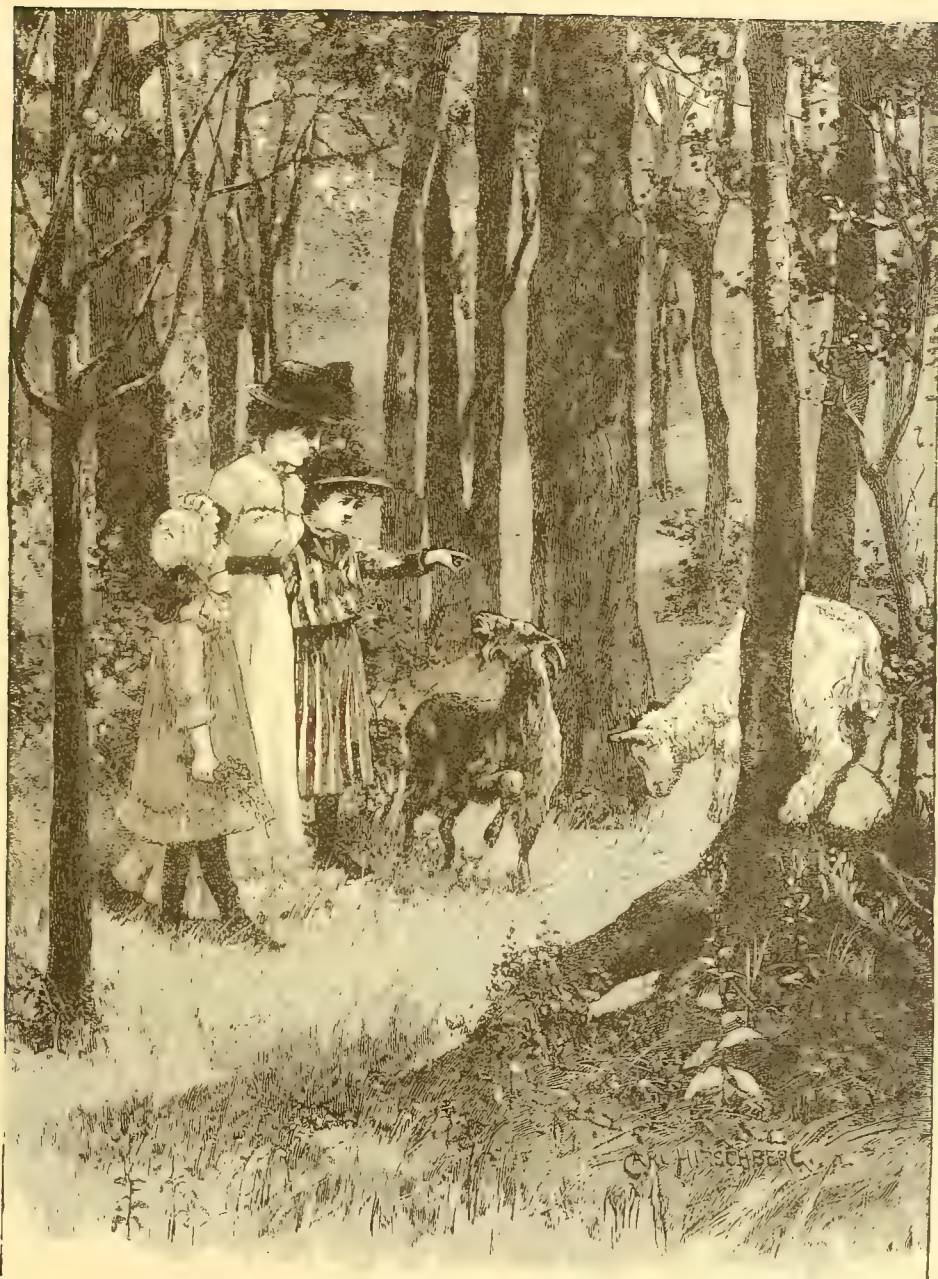
to the Society in 1887. Her *Trysting Place* has been published in an etching by W. L. Lathrop, and another of her drawings entitled *How de Do* has been engraved by F. Girsch and also published.

Her husband, Carl Hirschberg, is of Teutonic origin, as his name indicates, and was born in Berlin in 1854. Brought to this country when six years old, at fourteen he was apprenticed to learn the wood-engraver's art, but when seventeen he relinquished this pursuit and devoted himself to drawing on wood, studying at the schools of the National Academy of Design in



TAKING A SHORT CUT TO SCHOOL. DRAWN BY CARL HIRSCHBERG.

the evening, under Professor Wilmarth. In 1875, when the Art Students' League was formed, Hirschberg was one of the original members, and studied there under Walter Shirlaw. Then he went to England, where he spent some time, and meeting the lady who is now his wife, was married to her in 1882, after which he studied in Paris under Cabanel at the École des Beaux-Arts. Returning to New York in 1884, he sent his first work to the National Academy in 1885. This was entitled *Daffodils*, and in 1886 he exhibited *Decoration Day*, and in 1889 *The First Offering*, which shows the interior of a church with a little girl seated beside her



THE IMPRISONED KID.

DRAWN BY CARL HIRSCHBERG.

mother in a pew in the foreground, making her first contribution. His other works include *Her Namesake*, *Behind the Inn*, and *The Hum of Mighty Workings*.

We give several specimens of the clever work in illustration of both Mr. and Mrs. Hirschberg. The *Dandelion Girl* was drawn to accompany these pretty lines by Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, which were published in a juvenile magazine:—



THE HOMELY DOLL. DRAWN BY ALICE HIRSCHBERG.

MY DANDELION GIRL.

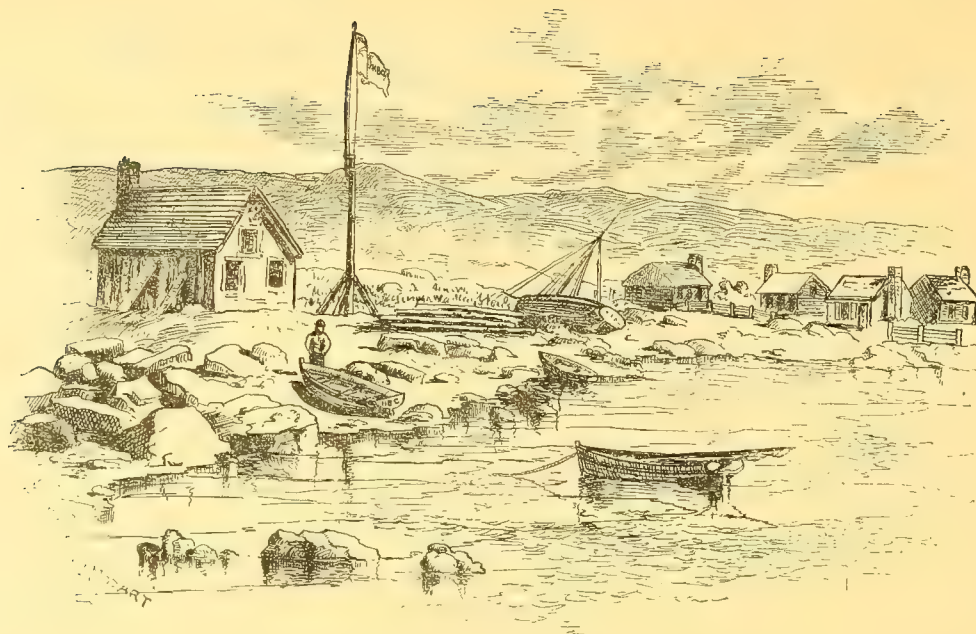
WITH hands too small to hold
All her sweet eyes could see
Of April's early gold,
Her frock uplifted she

In many a filmy fold,
And then like a white bee
She hither, thither sped,
The sunlight on her head
Gilding each fine-spun thread
Yellow as dandelions.

She could not bear to pass
One single flower by,
Each disk, so like bright brass,
Was lovely to her eye,
Strewn on the carpet grass
As thick as they could lie.
But, ah, her tears fell down,
When the lap of her white gown
Got stains of green and brown
From her dear dandelions.

The admirable picture showing a little girl opening the door to a cat with two mice in his mouth pertains to a bright story about this remarkable feline, whose name was "Sir John." He was so well mannered that he was allowed to sit at the table and eat his meals with the family. One day at dinner, after disposing of his portion of fish, he was given some bits left by one of the family; and at the next meal Sir John appeared as we see him in the drawing, leaped into his chair, and dropped one of the mice into the plate of the gentleman who had bestowed on him the extra morsels of fish. In this drawing both Mr. and Mrs. Hirschberg had a hand; and we suspect that she furnished the pretty little girl and her husband drew the thoroughly lifelike and faithful figure of the grateful mouser. At all events, both show themselves in these engravings as illustrators of marked talent and real additions to the ranks of our artists in black-and-white.





W. J. MOZART.

CHAPTER SEVENTY-NINTH.



THE discomforts, occasionally amounting to positive hardship, which painters have sometimes to undergo in working from Nature in winter are well described in a recent paper by Mr. H. P. Robinson, the eminent photographer of Tunbridge Wells, England, whose work with the camera from figures grouped in the open air with extensive landscape backgrounds has never been surpassed and probably not equalled. He says: "With winter we feel the 'season's difference.' Painting in the open is no longer a delight, and the painter, planted with his easel out in the dreary winter landscape, looks as miserable and out of place as draggled garden chrysanthemums in the November rains.

"Still, there are enthusiastic painters who, in the pursuit of their profession, are content to brave the fury of the elements, the fear of rheumatism, and the multitudinous ills to which suffering humanity is subject from fall of temperature and adverse hygrometrical condition. Numerous are the devices for making the situation less unbearable and to prevent the hand from stiffening, but nothing enables human nature to endure the misery for long. Thick boots and a slab of cork may save the feet from slush or snow; heavy coats, ulsters, rugs, furs may protect the body; but all fail to greatly alleviate the agony. When

"Sheathed is the river as it glideth by,
Frost-pearled all the boughs in forest old,"

the landscape-painter finds his work almost impossible. 'Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' says Sterne,—a sentiment so beautiful that many take it for Scripture,—but the shorn lambs of Art have not yet devised any effective method of defending themselves from the blasts of winter, and nothing is left except manful endurance, which after all is delivering Art into the hands of those who are physically the stronger.

"Yet it is possible that photography may be the providence that will temper the wind to them.

"It is perhaps from the causes just indicated that so few important winter pictures have been painted. For I think it must be conceded that the representations of wintry scenes have never equalled those of summer Nature in any age of art. I cannot call to mind at present any adequate rendering of snow. There is, of course, Gérôme's *Duel*, but the painting of the snow does not rise above the quality of figure-painter's landscape. In the Exhibitions a few winter subjects are sometimes shown, the best being those which Mr. J. Farquharson



HALIFAX IN A SNOW-STORM. DRAWN BY MOZART.

curiously alternates with Eastern scenes and Western portraits. These are perfect as far as they go, but they seldom go beyond an impressionist's rendering of snow. The pathetic wretchedness of the world in winter is suggested, but it is usually a memory, not a study. Then, again, there is Turner's *Frosty Morning* in the National Gallery, perhaps the truest rendering of a black frost ever painted. What we so seldom see on the walls of an Exhibition is any carefully studied representation of the more elaborate detail of wintry Nature: all the varieties of frost,—black frost, white frost, hoar frost,—hoar frost, that dream of beauty, when the frozen dew on the boughs sparkles with the radiance of jewels, and weaves arches, bowers, festoons, creating an arctic fairyland; and snow through its endless variety of effects, from the time the first thinly dancing minute flakes come down, then larger and more abundant until the whole air is dark with them, and the earth becomes a white and silent world, a world full of fresh subjects for the artist."

One of our native artists, D. Ridgway Knight, who is said to be the only American pupil of Meissonier, has overcome the difficulty by having a glass studio built in the garden attached to his house, and is thus enabled to paint in comfort in winter, and in other seasons too,

for that matter. A studio of this kind can be warmed; and Verestchagin, the Russian artist, has improved upon the original model by making one that revolves with the sun, so that the model or drapery will always have the same horizontal direction of the sun's rays upon it. The house is turned by a windlass, beside which the painter's easel is placed. Verestchagin has painted some striking snow scenes, which were lately exhibited with his other works in the United States; and many will remember—it would be difficult to imagine how any one having seen them could forget—his *Hanging in Russia* during a snow-storm, and *All Quiet at*



SHEPPERTON CHURCH. DRAWN BY MOZART.

Shipka! with the sentinel freezing to death in the snow. A famous "snow picture" is Meissonier's *1814*, which was lately sold in Paris for one hundred thousand dollars, and which represents the repulsed Emperor on his white horse gloomily riding through the snow-ruts, followed by his staff. It is stated that Meissonier contracted a severe cold in making his studies for this picture from horses which were led to and fro before him, for hours, through depths of snow and mud; and that he constructed a miniature landscape covered with models of wagons, tumbrils, cannon, and the other impedimenta of an army, which were drawn across his landscape covered with some white powder, suggestive of recently fallen snow. We have the companion and antithesis of this work in the same painter's *1807*, showing Napoleon at the summit of his glory, saluting and being saluted by his troops as they pass before him

to battle,—the battle of Friedland,—in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to which it came from the sale of A. T. Stewart's pictures. The same gallery owns another prominent painting wherein snow covers the ground, and that is Schenck's *Lost*, in the Miss Wolfe collection, which describes a flock of frantic sheep adrift in a snow-storm. A few years ago a pathetic and impressive work was exhibited at the Royal Academy by an English painter, J. W. Waterhouse. It was called *St. Eulalia*, and showed the lifeless body of the young saint lying at the foot of the cross on which it had hung, while the falling snow is fast covering it from sight. The legend relates that the body of *St. Eulalia* was shrouded by a miraculous fall of snow when lying exposed in the Forum after her martyrdom.

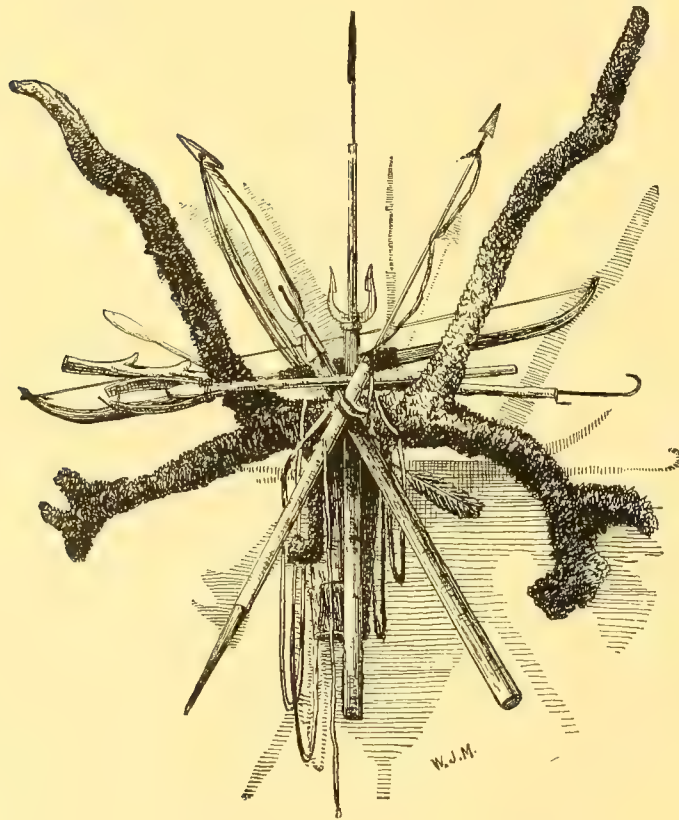
The drawing of Halifax in a snow-storm which Mr. Mozart has made, and which is here engraved, is a most effective and truthful representation of its subject, and evinces much talent in its originator. The woodcut of Shepperton Church, also from a drawing by Mr. Mozart, makes a pleasing picture of the sacred edifice written of in such a fascinating manner by George Eliot in "The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton:"—

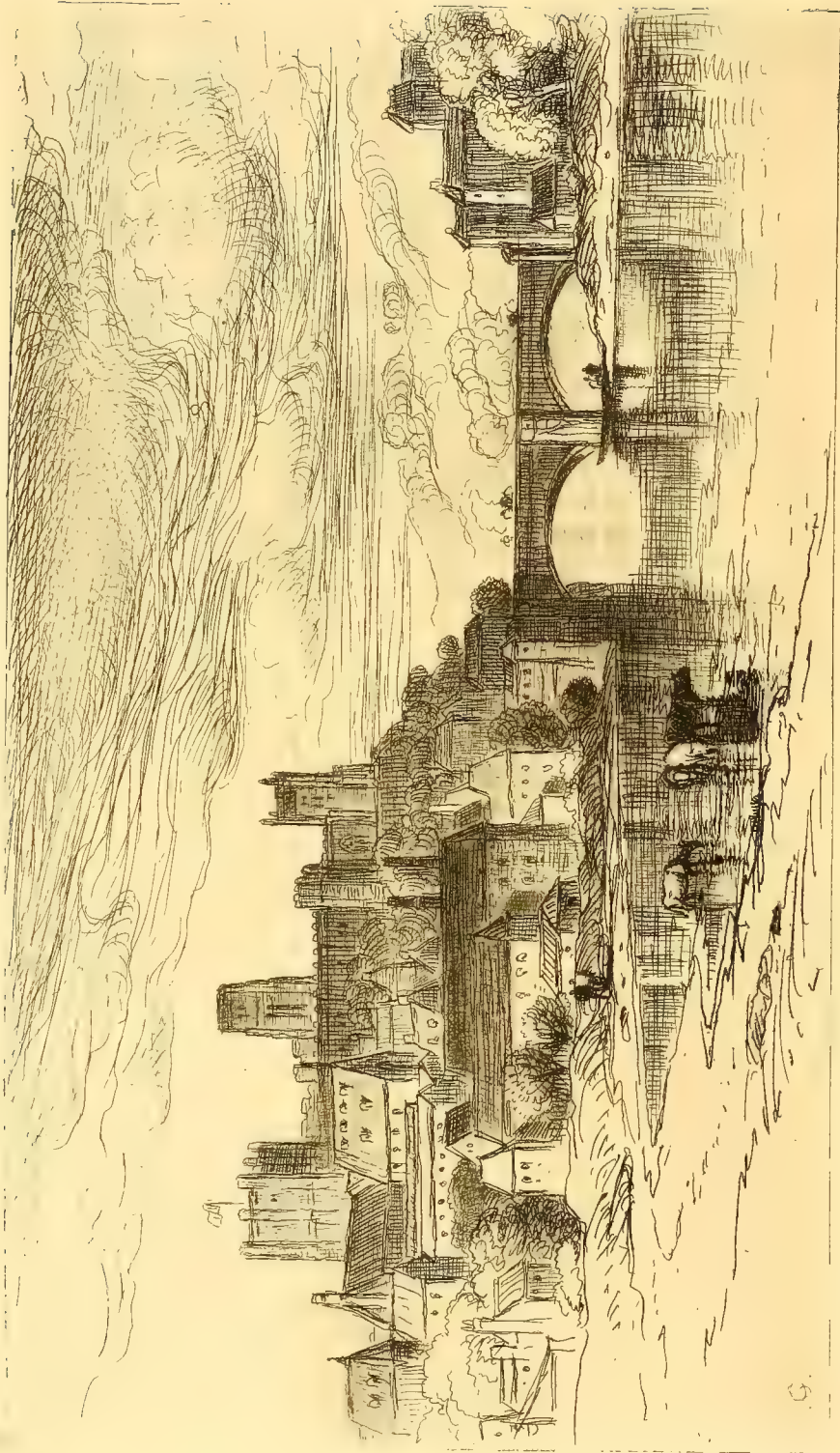
"Shepperton Church was a very-different looking building five-and-twenty years ago. To be sure, its substantial stone tower looks at you through its intelligent eye, the clock, with the friendly expression of former days; but in everything else what changes! Now there is a wide span of slated roof flanking the old steeple; the windows are tall and symmetrical; the outer doors are resplendent with oak-graining, the inner doors reverentially noiseless with a garment of red baize; and the walls, you are convinced, no lichen will ever again effect a settlement on,—they are smooth and innutrient as the summit of the Rev. Amos Barton's head, after ten years of baldness and supererogatory soap. Pass through the baize doors and you will see the nave filled with well-shaped benches, understood to be free seats; while in certain eligible corners, less directly under the fire of the clergyman's eye, there are pews reserved for the Shepperton gentility. Ample galleries are supported on iron pillars, and in one of them stands the crowning glory, the very clasp or aigrette of Shepperton Church-adornment,—namely, an organ, not very much out of repair, on which a collector of small rents, differentiated by the force of circumstances into an organist, will accompany the alacrity of your departure after the blessing by a sacred minuet or an easy 'Gloria.'

"Immense improvement! says the well-regulated mind, which unintermittingly rejoices in the New Police, the Tithe Commutation Act, the penny-post, and all guarantees of human advancement, and has no moments when conservative-reforming intellect takes a nap, while imagination does a little Toryism by the sly, revelling in regret that dear, old, brown, crumbling, picturesque inefficiency is everywhere giving place to spick-and-span new-painted, new-varnished efficiency, which will yield endless diagrams, plans, elevations, and sections, but, alas! no picture. Mine, I fear, is not a well-regulated mind: it has an occasional tenderness for old abuses; it lingers with a certain fondness over the days of nasal clerks and top-booted parsons, and has a sigh for the departed shades of vulgar errors. So it is not surprising that I recall with a fond sadness Shepperton Church as it was in the old days with its outer coat of rough stucco, its red-tiled roof, its heterogeneous windows patched with desultory bits of painted glass, and its little flight of steps with their wooden rail running up the outer wall and leading to the school-children's gallery."

William J. Mozart was born in Boston in 1855, and received his education in the public schools of that city. He began business life by entering an architect's office, and after two years spent therein took a course of practical instruction in carpentry. His next step upward was when he became assistant stage machinist at the Boston Museum; and while there some of his sketches attracted the attention of the late Thomas B. Glessing, then scenic artist of that theatre, who advised and encouraged him to devote all his spare time to the study of drawing. In 1878 Mozart became the assistant scene-painter at the Museum; but before this he had executed many designs for book illustration. After Glessing's death, in 1883, he left the

Museum and spent some time designing furniture, and then entered the employ of a large Boston publishing house as an etcher of photogravure plates, having previously studied photography, especially in its relation to the reproductive processes. In 1885 he left Boston and went to New York, where he has since remained, occupied both as an illustrator and an expert in "process" work. He furnished a number of drawings for a holiday edition of Tennyson's "Brook" and for the "Easter Hymn," and has made a large quantity of designs of all kinds, both decorative and illustrative.





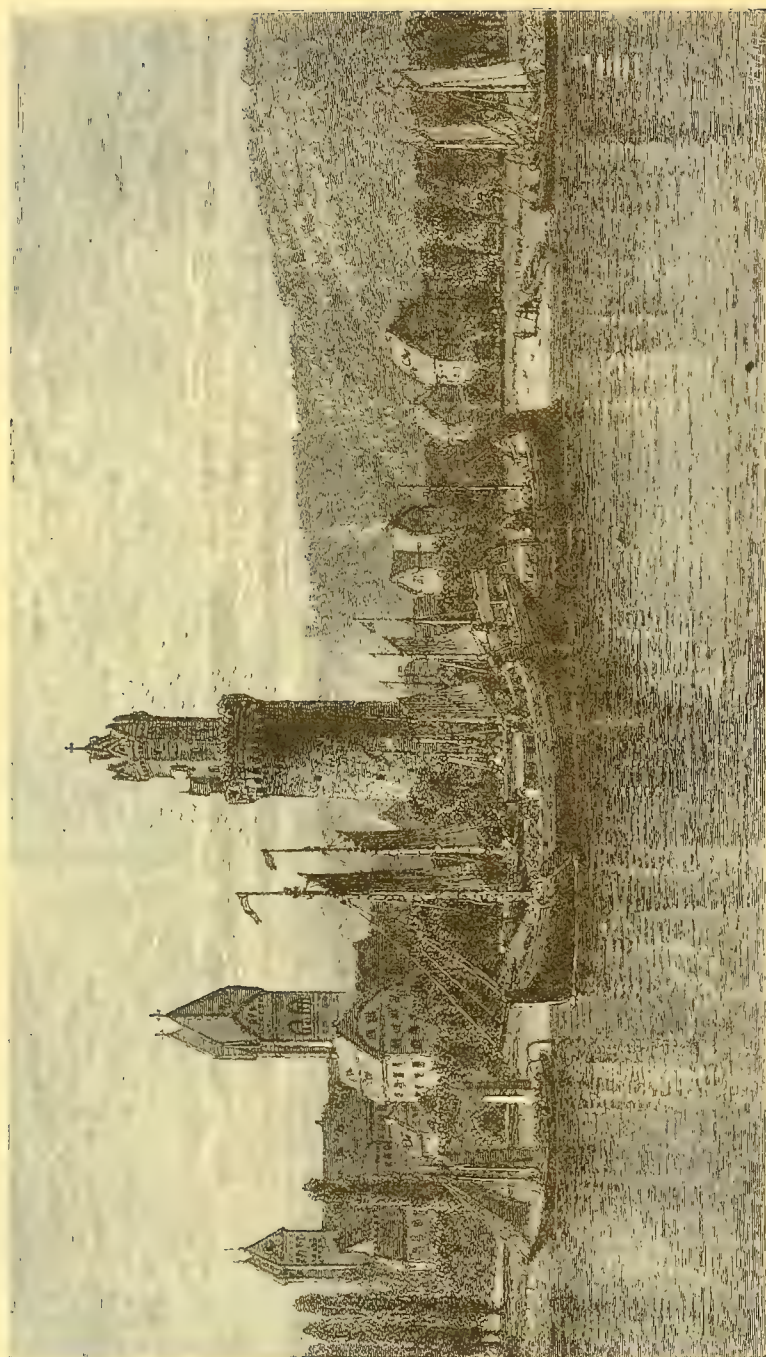
DURHAM, ENGLAND.

ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

SAMUEL COLMAN.

COLMAN was born in Portland, Me., in 1832, but has resided in New York from an early age, excepting some years which he spent in Europe. His plates at once challenge attention by their richness of color and their marked individuality. The work of most artists betrays influences of some kind, frequently amounting to reminiscences, but Mr. Colman's etchings stand absolutely by themselves alone. It may unhesitatingly be affirmed that his plates are among the most interesting of the works so far produced by the etchers of America.



ANDERNACH ON THE RHINE.

FROM A PAINTING BY SAMUEL COLMAN.



THE BATHING SEASON AT EAST HAMPTON. DRAWN BY COLMAN.

SAMUEL COLMAN.

CHAPTER EIGHTIETH.

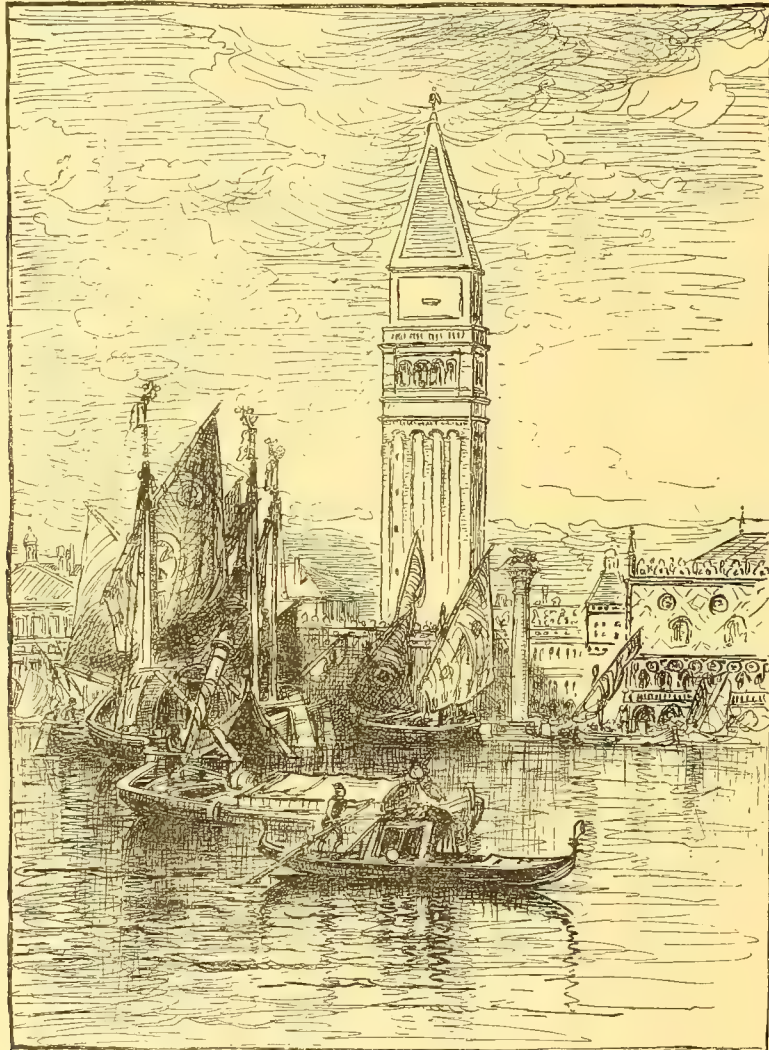


R. COLMAN was born in Portland, Maine, in the year 1832, but soon afterward his father moved to New York City, and established himself as a publisher and bookseller. The store of the elder Colman became a fashionable and favorite resort for artists and other art-lovers, and many of his publications were among the most beautiful books of the period. In such an atmosphere it was not strange that the son should have inhaled artistic pleasure, instruction, and inspiration; nor was it strange that the father, whose own tastes had produced it, should foster in the young life that he had called into existence the germs of an artistic career. Samuel Colman, however, being an artist by nature, — as is every artist, — took kindly to the environment that Fortune had ordained; and when he found himself a pupil in the studio of the now deceased and ever regretted master, A. B. Durand, his progress was rapid and thorough. At an early age he was often seen sketching the ships and the shipping, the waters and the sky, the wharves and the wharfmen; and (which cannot with truth be recorded of every neophyte) receiving from patrons of art the wherewithal to pursue his way.

The future opened auspiciously for the steady and diligent aspirant. The visions that had allured the boy deepened and widened their glory for his dawning manhood. In his eighteenth year he sent a picture to the National Academy Exhibition. It was accepted, well hung, and praised. What better encouragement did he desire? He enlarged the borders of his excursions, and began to study the scenery of that beautiful lake whose crystal waters the early French settlers called sacramental. Lake George, perhaps, never reflected from its peaceful shores the figure of a happier artist. To the White Mountains, also, he turned his steps, painting there the studies for many pictures that are now safely and honorably housed in the galleries of the metropolis. And then — to Europe.

It was in 1860 that he first found himself in the romance and the splendor of the French and Spanish capitals; and the two years that he spent in the studios and the museums, the cathedrals and the palaces of the Frank, the Castilian, and the Moor, were doubtless appreciated

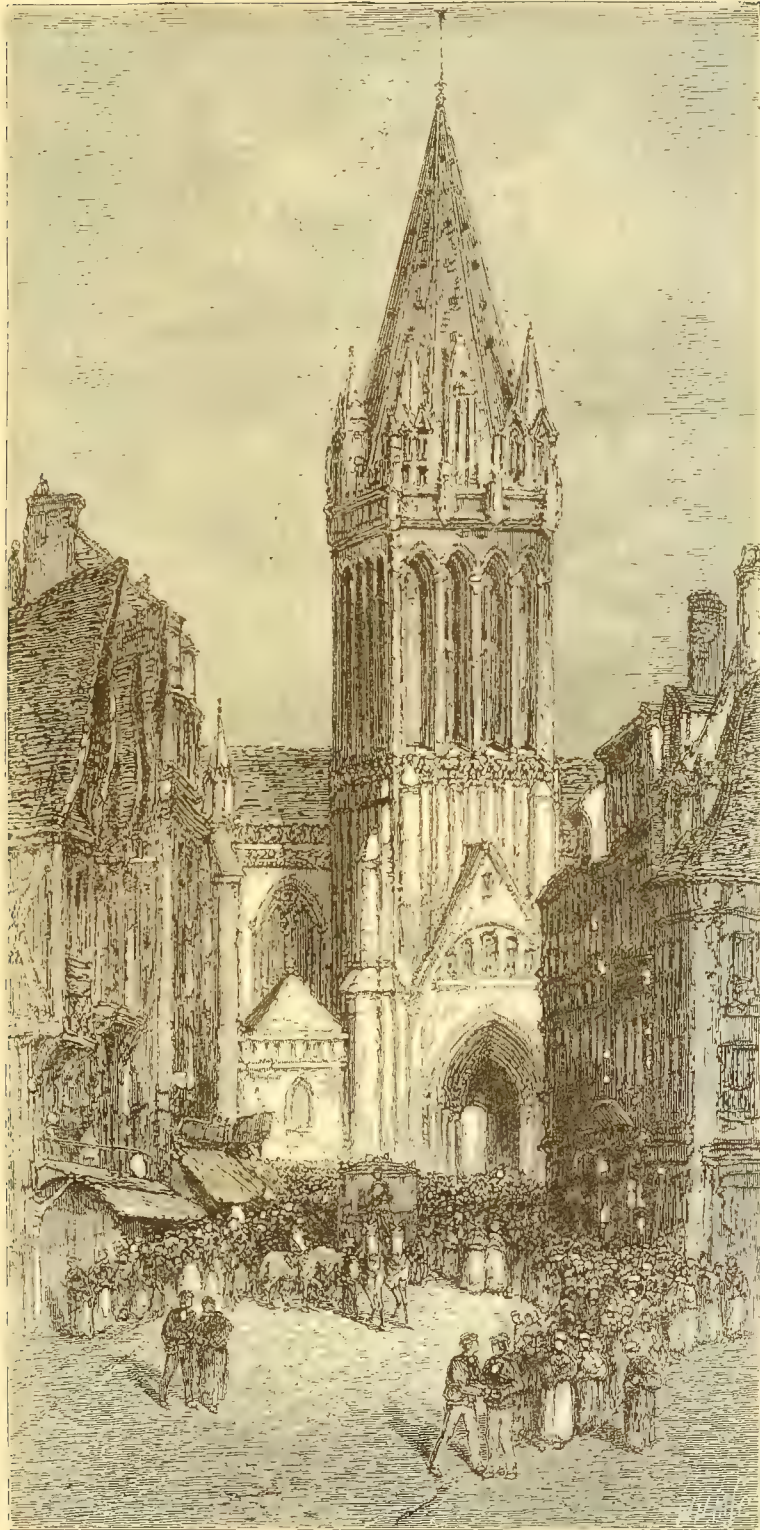
as much as have been similar opportunities by any intelligent traveller. Not appreciated only, but improved; for when he returned to America, and was welcomed by an election as Academician, there came with him those now well-known architectural studies which afterward reflected themselves in his most popular pictures in oils and in water-colors. The first of these finished productions were the *Harbor of Seville*, the *Tower of Giralda*, and the *Bay of Gibraltar*, concerning the last-named of which a critic wrote at the time of its exhibition that, while the subject is not a promising one for picturesque treatment; while Turner in his admirable work made it an almost subordinate object, struggling for notice amid a splendid array of sunlit clouds and sea; and while Achenbach, in a work of scarcely inferior merit,



THE TOWER OF ST. MARK'S. DRAWN BY COLMAN.

depicted the rock as a distant object, darkly gleaming in a stormy sky, Colman, not caring to follow either of these distinguished precedents, shows us the grand old historical monument, on a tranquil summer's day, lifting its majestic summit from a calm, unruffled sea into a serene and cloudless sky, and glowing in the golden rays of the noonday sun.

Like all his other pictures thus far, the *Bay of Gibraltar* was painted in oils; but in 1866 Mr. Colman, who had previously shown fondness for water-colors, united with several brother artists, and organized the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors, now the American Water-Color Society. He was elected its first president. For five years he held



A STREET SCENE IN CAEN, NORMANDY.

FROM A PAINTING BY SAMUEL COLMAN.

the position, having been re-elected each year, but resigned it in 1871, on the occasion of his second visit abroad,—this time to Switzerland, to Germany, to Northern Africa, and to Rome, as well as to Paris, to Madrid, and to Seville,—staying four years, and being not less industrious than during his previous visit. The old towns in France, especially in Normandy, the old castles on the Rhine, and the fine old tombs in Algeria and the neighboring provinces, seem to have been his chief attractions. It is doubtful whether St. Peter's itself made upon him so deep an impression as did the cathedral at Caen, the castle at Andernach, or the marvellous tomb of Sidi Bou Hac at Tlemcen. Two of these pictures the engraver has been extremely happy in reproducing. In one of them we see an ancient citadel rising in the perspective above the cross-crowned towers of the cathedral on the left and the sunny slopes of the mountain on the right, holding its castle in the air higher than the gleaming belt of light behind it, and casting its majestic and mantling protection upon the houses, the vessels, and the rippled, sparkling Rhine,—a scene of glory and of peace. In the other we are introduced to rare old Norman architecture and pleasing modern festivity, the sun himself being pressed into service, and throwing a blaze of light athwart the concourse of a thousand happy men and women, and the richly sculptured cathedral-front.

During the last twelve years Mr. Colman has produced many more works in water-colors than in oils, and his contributions have been among the strongest, if not themselves the strongest, attractions of the Water-Color Society's annual exhibitions in the rooms of the National Academy of Design. Most artists who paint exclusively in oils assume a patronizing attitude in the presence of a water-color exhibition. They admit the cleverness of the clever works in it, but they deny that they cannot equal them by using oils; while, in addition, they assert that many of the robuster effects produced by the latter means are impossible to the painter in water-colors. Even those subtler and more evanescent expressions which the water-colorists profess to have a monopoly of, they will promise to show you in their studios, saying: "The characteristics that you produce with water-colors, I can produce with oils,—if not directly and absolutely in all cases, at least by the help of contrasts; while a score of effects that with your materials you can never produce—that you will admit you can never produce—I can produce in an hour."

This is not the place to settle the dispute between the two classes. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that while the possibilities of the water-color painter have for the most part been uncovered and discovered, the possibilities of the oil-painter are practically illimitable. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that, among English-speaking peoples at least, modern art in water-colors has been the forerunner and the promoter of a new and serious study of Nature, especially in the department of landscape,—a department in which it has won its brightest and most enduring triumphs. "I believe it to be impossible," says a living English Academician, "to exaggerate the charm of pure water-color" (by which he means water-color without body-color of any sort) "as a means of artistic expression. Many of Nature's loveliest phases, especially those where atmospheric effects are the leading feature, are rendered far better by it than by any other means. The mere material seems delightfully void of all materiality. That *crux* of a painter in oil, which daily vexes his soul, namely, the endeavor to get rid of a painty look in his work, and the difficulty, as Sir Joshua says, of 'finding the means by which the end is obtained,' never trouble the water-color painter." These words would awaken a response, probably, in the heart of Mr. Colman, who has devoted himself so loyally and successfully to this branch of the fine arts; and no intelligent artist would deny that they are more or less true.

Mr. Colman's brush is not less busy than in his earlier days. Its master is a scholar in the matter of drawing, and in the matter of large and clear lighting. His poetic invention is real and active, and his execution is vigorous and firm.



ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-FIRST.



ARTHUR QUARTLEY is distinguished for having, after only four or five years of professional life, put himself among the first of the marine painters in this country. He was the son of a well-known English wood-engraver, Frederick William Quartley, and was born in Paris, France, May 24, 1839. Soon afterward his parents took him to England, and, in his thirteenth year, to America. In early manhood he was apprenticed to a sign-painter in New York City, and for several years followed his trade there. For about ten years he was in business in Baltimore. Meanwhile, for many months, he had spent his spare moments in studying the art of painting. When the desire for practising it became too strong to be restrained, he broke away from business and got himself a studio in 1873. He had already fretted and chafed himself into an illness.

In 1876 he came to New York in pursuit of a wider field of work, and painted his *Low Tide*, now owned by Mr. J. B. Thom, of Baltimore, which is his first important picture,—a stranded vessel on the wet sand; a morning effect, gray-toned, and exceedingly simple. Its sentiment is fine and complete. Not dissimilar is his *Oyster-Season, Synepuxent Bay*, in the possession of Mr. John W. McCoy, of the same city. Through the shallow water an ox-team is drawing a cart full of oysters taken from a vessel just unloading. Mr. John Taylor Johnston bought his *New York from the North River*, a strong sunlight pouring down upon the water and illuminating a ferry-boat and other river-craft. It was in the Paris International Exhibition of 1878. Mr. Colgate, of Twenty-third Street, New York, owns his *Afternoon in August*, which somewhat resembles, but has not copied, a Ziem.

Mr. Quartley never attended an art-school, and never took a lesson. He never even had a drawing-master. He had no fixed method of arranging his pigments on the palette, nor of painting a picture. He began anywhere on the canvas, sometimes with the foreground, sometimes with the horizon, sometimes with the sky at the zenith. His *Close of a Stormy Day*, in the Academy Exhibition of 1877, was painted in this wise: "Having been kept by a storm for three days in a house on the shore," he says, "at sunset there was a glorious break-up, and I went out to see it. It was too grand, too awe-inspiring, too rapidly changing, for me to attempt making a sketch of it then. In the morning, after dreaming over the scene, I made a colored drawing of it,—a delightful way of doing; your mind is not confused by the changes that so swiftly succeed one another. After I had begun to paint the picture, it seemed a total failure. For months it stood upon the easel. I tried a dozen times to get at it, but I could not reach the subtilty and true significance. There are perhaps fifty or sixty days' work on the canvas; but it does n't follow that four or five days would not have made a better picture. It is very strange how sometimes every touch seems to tell, and at other times no touch seems to produce anything."

His *From a North River Pier-Head* shows the beauty that lies in the homeliness of many surroundings of the metropolis. The scene is near the Barclay Street Ferry, where one of the docks is devoted to the storage of oysters brought thither by small coasting schooners and sloops. There is a long row of buildings, each one displaying a sign-board with a dealer's name. The natural composition of the lines is awkward, and the subject in general is ill-favored. But at daybreak in summer, when the sun shines athwart the structures and the vessels, and begins to dispel the mists that hang about Trinity Church spire, the Western Union Telegraph Building, and the new Post-Office, the scene is beautiful. "Who would have thought," exclaimed a spectator of the picture, "that we had anything in New York as picturesque as that?"

Mr. Quartley did not repeat himself in his marines. Each work is the result of a distinct impression. He struggled to keep out of mannerisms, and was entirely successful in the



MORNING ON THE SOUND. DRAWN BY QUARTLEY.

effort. "Moonlight," he said, "is not so hard to paint as sunlight; it is impossible to paint a true moonlight, but you can easily produce something pretty to hang on your walls. Moonlights, too, are almost always salable." He painted but few of them. "The most difficult thing in a marine," he continued, "is to make the whole picture hang together. To get the sky alone is not hard; to get the water alone is not hard; but the water partakes so much of the effect of the sky, that, unless a hearty sympathy is preserved between them, the result is worse than a failure. Marine painting is much more difficult than figure-painting. The figure-painter has his model constantly before him, but the marine painter is forced to catch the movement of the water when the darks may turn to lights a dozen times while he is making the simplest sketch. It nearly sets one crazy. In painting water, I try for motion above all things, and the ten thousand reflections from the sky."

The reader will scarcely fail to notice the brilliant execution of Mr. Morse, whose engraving of Mr. Quartley's *Afternoon in August* is one of the finest woodcuts that any country can



AN AFTERNOON IN AUGUST.
FROM A PAINTING BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY.

produce. The shimmer of the ruffled waves, the softness and warmth of the sky, and the proximity to color—if not its very presence—in a reproduction in black-and-white only, are truly delightful features. To go back to Mr. Quartley, it may be said in conclusion that his genius was as indisputable as were his earnestness, industry, and originality; and that both his subjects and his style were native products.

In 1879 Quartley was made an associate of the National Academy. In 1881 he contributed to its exhibition *An April Day, New York*; in 1882, *Morning off Appledore*; in 1883, *The Queen's Birthday*, a view of the North River front of New York as it appears on May 24, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth, with the British flag seen flying from the many English steamships at the piers; in 1884, *Lofty and Lowly*, a fine yacht passing a lumbering coaster, and *Dignity and Impudence*, a ship distanced by a saucy little tug; in 1885, *Trawlers off Plymouth, England*; and in 1886, the last year which was to see any work from his vigorous hand, *The English Channel, off Hastings*. As will be seen from the titles of his later pictures, he had visited Europe and was painting on the English coast; but the end was near, for he returned home only to die. He passed away in New York on the 19th of May, 1886, having just been elected a full member of the National Academy; and one of the most promising artists we ever had was thus early lost to us.





J. ROLLIN TILTON.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-SECOND.



HE proverb says "All roads lead to Rome;" and certain it is that the Eternal City has been found at the end of many ways along which the lives of American artists have led. Some of them lived so long in Rome and loved her so well that they never left her until the great compeller Death called them away; and among such was the artist whose name heads this paper.

Another faithful lover was James Edward Freeman, N. A., the painter of many charming pictures of Italian youth, and the writer of that delightful work, "Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio," who died in Rome a few years ago, after having lived there nearly half a century. One is reminded by these of Rawdon Brown, the Englishman who went to Venice for a short stay in 1833, and died there fifty years afterwards, never having in the mean time revisited his native land. Brown was a man of culture, a great favorite with his countrymen, and accomplished a remarkable work for the British Government in resurrecting from the voluminous Venetian archives the numerous papers relating to English history. Browning wrote this sonnet on him soon after his death:—

"Sighed Rawdon Brown: 'Yes, I'm departing, Toni!
I needs must, just this once before I die,
Revisit England: *Anglus* Brown am I,
Although my heart's Venetian. Yes, old crony—
Venice and London—London's Death the Bony
Compared with Life—that's Venice! what a sky,
A sea, this morning! One last look! Good-bye.
Cà Pesaro! no lion—I'm a coney
To weep! I'm dazzled; 'tis that sun I view
Rippling the . . . the . . . Cospetto, Toni! Down
With carpet-bag and off with valise-straps!
"Bella Venezia, non ti lascio più!"
Nor did Brown ever leave her; well, perhaps
Browning, next week, may find himself quite Brown!"

Rinehart, the Baltimore sculptor, best known, perhaps, by his statue of "Endymion," died in Rome after a residence of some fifteen years; and there, in the Protestant cemetery which holds the graves of Keats and Shelley, rest the remains of his fellow-artist in marble,

Joseph Mozier, who sojourned in the ancient city twenty-five years. There also have lived and worked for the greater part of their active life many other of our most famous artists. There William W. Story, poet and artist, modelled his *Cleopatra*, where Hawthorne saw it in the clay and immortalized it in his "Marble Faun;" there Randolph Rogers conceived his *Nydia*, one of the most popular of modern creations, which is said to have been duplicated nearly a hundred times; there Thomas Crawford worked on his *Orpheus*, his "Beethoven," and the equestrian monument to Washington now in Richmond; there Paul Akers (who was the warm friend of Tilton) embodied in marble his *Lost Pearl Diver*; and there have worked through long and fruitful years Harriet Hosmer and Margaret Foley. Among those Americans who have handled the brush rather than the chisel in Rome are William Page, who at one time much influenced the work of the subject of this sketch; T. Buchanan Read, whose written "Sheridan's Ride" is more famous than his painted one, though not better; Elihu Vedder, the painter of *The Cumean Sibyl*, *The Questioner of the Sphinx*, *The Sea Serpent*, and *The Greek Actor's Daughter*, and the illustrator of Omar Khayyam; and Eugene Benson, to whom we owe "The Strayed Maskers." To one at all familiar with these names and the personalities for whom they stand, what reminiscences they recall of artist-life in the Eternal City, what evenings of mingled wit, wisdom, and jollity at the old Caffé Greco, where in earlier days have sat Reynolds, West, Flaxman, Thorwaldsen, Vernet, Gibson, Turner, Cornelius, Overbeck, Vanderlyn, Keats, Washington Irving, Allston, Coleridge, Hans Christian Andersen, Byron, Shelley, Cooper, and Thackeray! What a list it is!

Doubtless the reason why the American sculptors outnumbered the painters is to be found in the fact that Rome furnished not only the stimulus of the sublime works of antiquity and an unexcelled artistic atmosphere, but that there could be found infinitely better models, cheaper marble, and more skilled assistants than America could produce. Indeed, of men who could cut well in marble from the sculptor's clay model there must have been (in the earlier days to which most of the artists here noted belonged) a great lack in the United States. Something, also, must be set down to cheaper living and more patrons; for the studios of Rome were one of its sights, and many were the pictures and marbles sold to wealthy Englishmen and travellers of other nationalities. And Americans of more means than taste making the grand tour who, at home, engrossed in business and politics, would never think of entering a studio except for the purpose of having their portrait painted or modelled, would when in Rome be very apt to buy a work of art because it was one of the things to do.

Florence, too, has had its share of our noted artists who long made it their home. From the ranks of those who are gone we recall the sculptors Hiram Powers, Horatio Greenough, Joel T. Hart, John A. Jackson, and Thomas R. Gould, and the veteran Boston portrait-painter, Francis Alexander, who stayed in the city of the Medici half a hundred years, and whose daughter Francesca's exquisite drawings of Tuscan peasantry Mr. Ruskin has made known to all the world by his rich tribute of praise; while of the living are Thomas Ball, Larkin G. Mead, Walter Gould, Isaac Craig, and Henry Newman. Powers, Jackson, Gould, and Alexander all died in Florence.

John Rollin Tilton was born in Loudon, New Hampshire, in 1828. He went to Portland, Maine, while still a mere lad, and there earned his living by painting signs and decorating railway cars and stage-coaches. Some gentlemen of taste noticing and approving his work, they encouraged him to try landscape-painting, in which he succeeded sufficiently well to be able to go to Italy, which he did in company with his friend Paul Akers, the sculptor, soon after reaching manhood. The two students lived together in Florence for a year or two, the young painter studying and copying in the galleries, and about 1853 they proceeded to Rome, where Tilton spent the remainder of his life, which

came to an end in 1886. He was a graduate of no art academy, and never studied under any master, but was always a fervent admirer and close student of the Venetian school of painting, especially of Titian, the secret of whose manner it was always his hope to discover. The beauties of Rome and Venice, perhaps, mostly engaged his brush, but he painted also in the Italian lake country, in the Bernese Alps, on the shores of the lovely Bay of Naples, amid the ruins of Paestum, in Greece, and even as far south as Egypt. Henry T. Tuckerman says: "Two subjects especially have been thus rendered by Tilton again and again, with a peculiar effectiveness all his own,—Rome and Venice, over which venerable and memorable cities he flings the veil of mist and sunshine, that wreathes them with a kind of poetical and suggestive charm, vague indeed, but on that very account pleasing in certain moods of mind, and true to a phase with which every one who has long sojourned in Italy is familiar. A very strong light is requisite to perceive the real merit of Tilton's landscapes; in some of them he has sacrificed distinctness too absolutely, while in others his success is remarkable. . . . In the instances where he has best succeeded, unless the picture is seen in a strong light, its details cannot be made out; the landscape which in a certain mood may take the eye and imagination in his studio at Rome, when hung in a dark parlor in America often becomes totally ineffective. Moreover, there is not always a just relation between the atmospheric effects and the substantial objects; so that rare skill in the former may not alone render the work, as a whole, satisfactory. Tilton reminds us of those poets whose sentiment and imagination are active to a degree out of proportion to their reflective and logical powers. That he has a remarkable feeling for color, a rare ability to represent the effects of sunshine and vapor, is undeniable; and sometimes he succeeds in exhibiting this ability in combination with the other requisites for landscape art; but sometimes, again, this harmony and congruity has not been achieved, and therefore it is not surprising that critics disagree in regard to his merits. Yet we have seen a view of Rome, and one of Venice at sunset, by Tilton, the first impression whereof was vague and dim; but in a strong light, and contemplatively regarded, they have proved the most striking, true, and illusive representations of those memorable cities, appealing to memory through the eye and imagination, and bringing home to the senses and the heart the solemn, golden light that broods over their distant aspect, with all the soft, luminous, and vague beauty of the real scene. Tilton's light-studies may be fairly included in the original triumphs of American landscape art."

Many of his pictures—he worked both in oil and water-color—were purchased by wealthy English people, among whom were the Marquis of Sligo, Sir William Drummond Stuart, Lord Amberly, Lady Ashburton, and others. At the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, in 1873, Sir Francis Grant, then its president, spoke in flattering terms of Tilton's picture of *Kem Ombres, Upper Egypt*, which had been hung "on the line" at the Academy Exhibition of that year and had achieved a distinct success. This picture, with the *Plain of Thebes* and another Egyptian landscape, were in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts, of New York. *Lake Como* and *Venice* belonged to H. B. Hurlbut, of Cleveland; two pictures of the same subjects to Martin Brimmer, of Boston; the *Island of Philae* to Samuel Hawk, of New York; *Venetian Fishing Boats* to Fletcher Adams, of New York; *Venice* to J. P. Morgan, of the same city; and an Egyptian landscape to Mrs. A. Mitchell, of Milwaukee.

One of his most important works is *Rome from Mount Aventine*, now in possession of the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, which also owns a *Venetian Fishing Boats* by this artist. Of the *Rome*, the London "Times" said in 1878: "He values his picture not so much as a masterpiece of landscape-painting, as it is, but for the importance it will have in after-times as a faithful historical memorial of Rome as it was, and as, if he had his way, it should never cease to be. Few men have, by a quarter of a century of loving familiarity, made themselves more minutely acquainted, not only with every inch of its ground and every

stone of its buildings, but, what is much more, with every phase, shade, and *nuance* of its ever-changing, ever-charming atmosphere. There can be nothing more true, yet nothing more exquisitely got up, more genially idealized, than this long-meditated picture of *Rome from the Aventine*." It formed one of a collection of nineteen paintings and one hundred and nine water-colors by Tilton which were exhibited at the American Art Gallery in New York in the autumn of 1880. Of this collection a writer in the "Evening Mail" said: "Mr. Tilton reverences Nature too deeply to palter with facts and generalize and compose. He finds his hands full with the ministry of interpreting what One greater has already composed, and believes that nothing has such weight and power as truth even in the world of art. Therefore we understand the absence of exaggeration, and his quality of simplicity and directness of statement, where the underlings would deal in feverish metaphor and idle paroxysms of drawing and color." The critic of the "World" wrote: if a critic "cannot see color in Tilton's works, we feel that the fault must be in him, and we want to examine his brows and see if the bump of color has been properly developed. . . . The landscape of Rome is the finest landscape of the subject in existence, and one of the finest landscapes in existence. It angers an enthusiast that this picture should be exposed without a whirlwind of applause, for its qualities are grand, its color is Titianesque." In contradistinction to these flattering notices, there were not lacking some severe remarks from the critics of other journals. Perhaps the fairest, certainly the most sober and self-contained estimate was that published in the "American Art Review," which ran as follows: "Mr. Tilton may be classed with the older school of American landscape-painters in so far as the general scheme of his work is concerned, but the results obtained by him are far superior to the average excellence of that school. The spirit of French landscape which has permeated the most recent work here, as in all Continental countries, is entirely absent from his painting. The disciples of this school aim at rendering Nature's moods, rather than at depicting any very striking portions of the earth's surface. The sentiment of their canvases is all-important; and in the work of each of the greater men we find that this sentiment is quite peculiar to himself,—an interpretation of a phase of Nature that we had hardly perceived until he spoke. There is nothing of all this in Mr. Tilton's pictures. They are records, more or less successful because more or less artistically conceived, of various grand and impressive views. That they are always accurate one does not doubt, in so far, at least, as topographical accuracy goes. There is more question about the subtler realities of atmosphere and light and color. Yet they are not to be classed with the panoramic pictures that have no quality outside of a map-like fidelity to material facts of land and water. Mr. Tilton has studied his art very thoroughly, and his work is usually well conceived and sometimes 'picture-like,' if we may so say. There is a great difference, however, between his canvases in this respect. The *Granada* and the *View of Cairo* are here deficient; but the two best pictures, the *Rome from the Aventine*, and the *Temple of Minerva at Ægina*, are, as compositions, very good. The view of Rome has the Tiber with all its bridges in the middle distance, and a long horizon line of buildings, in the midst of which rises the dome of St. Peter's, a small object on the canvas, yet well dominating the whole, as does the real dome in any and every real sight of Rome. The hour is late, and the curious dark-brown of the Roman twilight is well portrayed. There is a certain hardness of effect in all Mr. Tilton's pictures, but it is less noticeable here than in any other. It is a picture very unlike everything we have been accustomed to finding good in scheme or treatment, but one is not on that account less ready to say that it *is* a good picture, capable in treatment, and making as much as could well be made, perhaps, out of a panoramic subject. In the rendering of light of any kind Mr. Tilton is at his weakest, so where there should be the most of glow and brilliance his work is most disappointing. His *Cairo* is not Cairo at any possible hour of the day or night. Twilight in Cairo is warm and brilliant, even when much duskier than here portrayed. The *Granada*,

too, looks cold and Northern, though we cannot say from experience what may be the actual atmospheric effects in Spain. The most satisfactory picture in the room, we think, is the *Temple of Minerva*. It is the best in composition, because less panoramic than the others. The more arid character of Grecian landscape makes it a theme of the sort best suited to Mr. Tilton's brush, which fails when it touches decided greens. In this picture we may examine the artist's *technique* at its best. Again, there is no trace of French example to be found. His brush, though it does not seek after a so-called 'Pre-Raphaelite' abundance of detail, is yet very minute in its working. The columns of the temple, for example, are done with tiny, careful little strokes, even where there is a uniform effect of color desired over a certain space. It is, perhaps, this timidity of handling which gives the hard effect to Mr. Tilton's pictures. It is certainly the cause of their not being seen to the best advantage by most of the visitors to the collection. The minute manipulation tempts spectators to view them very closely, while they are, in fact, as much benefited by a distant view as far broader work could be. The actual atmosphere then somewhat softens the handling, and conceals the lack of painted atmosphere which a closer inspection makes so apparent. The two pictures of which we have spoken in detail gain the most in this way. No one who has seen them from well across the room will deny, we think, that they are *good* pictures. They are not great, and whatever poetry there may be found in them comes from the scenes portrayed, and not from the soul of the artist. Surely he has put nothing into the *Rome* or the *Temple of Minerva* which we should not all of us have seen for ourselves had we been standing in his place. They are quiet pictures, all of them, as far removed as the poles from any sensationalism, — solid, straight-forward, and sincere; so, although they do not charm us greatly at first sight, they grow into our liking. We can look at them many times with pleasure, and shall remember them for long."





THE CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY
WALTER SATTERLEE.

MR. SATTERLEE, a New York artist of recognized merit, whose style is somewhat after that of Julien Dupré, has spent considerable time in France, especially in Brittany, studying the peasants, their costumes and their ways.

His thoroughly characteristic painting, "The Confidential Friend," which was exhibited for some time in the Academy of Design, represents two peasant girls walking down one of the white, fern-fringed roads near Carcameau. We see in the opposite character of their faces that curious combination that friendship so often links together, — one sad, pensive, and gloomy; the other bright and cheerful, its owner striving by her little confidences to drive away the cloud overshadowing her friend.



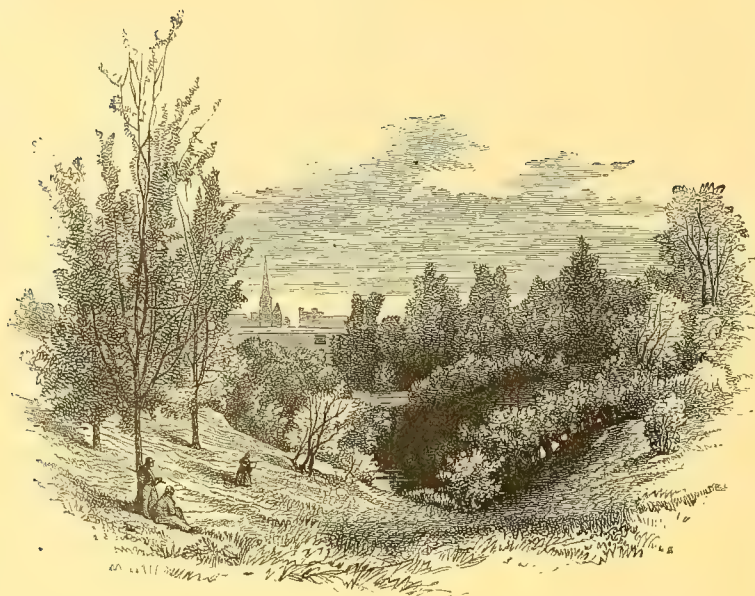
A. F. BELLOWS.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-THIRD.



WATER-COLOR painting is an art of great antiquity, the first use of water as the vehicle of pigments being made by the Egyptians in decorating the walls of their temples and tombs; and its employment can be traced in the frescos of ancient Rome and Pompeii, through the wide range of mediæval art, from the sublime works of Michael Angelo to the exquisite illuminations of missals and manuscripts made by the monks. But from the time when, in the fifteenth century, the brothers Jan and Hubert Van Eyck made their all-important improvements in the use of oil-colors, the more delicate medium was neglected; and if we except the work of Dutch and Flemish artists in landscape and flower-painting, and the admirable miniatures in water-color executed by Hilliard, the Olivers, Hoskins, Cooper, and others, may be said to have so remained until the end of the eighteenth century, at which time it sprang into vigorous life in England. Paul Sandby, who

was born in 1725 and died in 1809, has been called "The Father of the Water-Color School;" and although the title is not strictly just, he did much to deserve it. After him followed a long line of English water-color painters, including such men as Cozens, Girtin, Bonington, Cotman, Varley, Prout, Hunt, De Wint, Copley Fielding, David Cox, Müller, and, above all, Turner. These men, especially Girtin and Turner, "liberated," as Monkhouse says, "water-color from the bonds of archæological and topographical illustration and made it rank as a fine art," and conducted "the most original and national of all art movements in England." Redgrave says: "It is impossible to conclude our notice of Turner and his art, without some more definite account of his works in water-color. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that



THE DELL. DRAWN BY BELLOWS.

light, a world of infinitely tender gradations of tint and color, — gradations so minute as to be almost unappreciable by other men, and such as it seemed hopeless to realize by the practice which then prevailed; he had, therefore, to invent his own methods. . . . All these, with numerous other resources, were, if not invented by him, applied so judiciously, and with such consummate manipulative skill, that we never for a moment are led to a consideration of the process by which the effect is produced, being so fully satisfied with the truth of the impression it imparts. Water-color seemed to lend itself readily to the imitation of those effects in Nature he so much loved to represent, — Nature lost in a blaze of light, rather than dimmed with a twilight gloom, — and thus it happens that his works in this medium mostly embody some evanescent effect, be it flood of sunshine bursting forth after storms, or careering in gleams over the plain, the mountain, or the sea; or some wrack of clouds, some passing shower or rainbow of promise refreshing the gladdened and glistening earth.

“Turner’s water-color paintings, indeed, epitomize the whole mystery of landscape art. Other painters have arrived at excellence in one treatment of Nature:

he shows even as a greater artist in these works than in those painted in the nobler medium. In oil he had the body of ancient art before him, and great masters of execution in almost every varied style. But in water-color what was there in the beginning to guide him; what had he to adopt, what to improve upon? The art all but began with him; weak and feeble, in its very childhood as to executive means, hardly a resource had been invented by which to express the wonderful qualities which Nature presents to the artist’s eye, and which Turner, more especially, was gifted to perceive. Nature revealed to him a flood of atmospheric



A SHADY NOOK. DRAWN BY BELLOWS.



DEVONSHIRE COTTAGES.

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT F. BELLOWS.

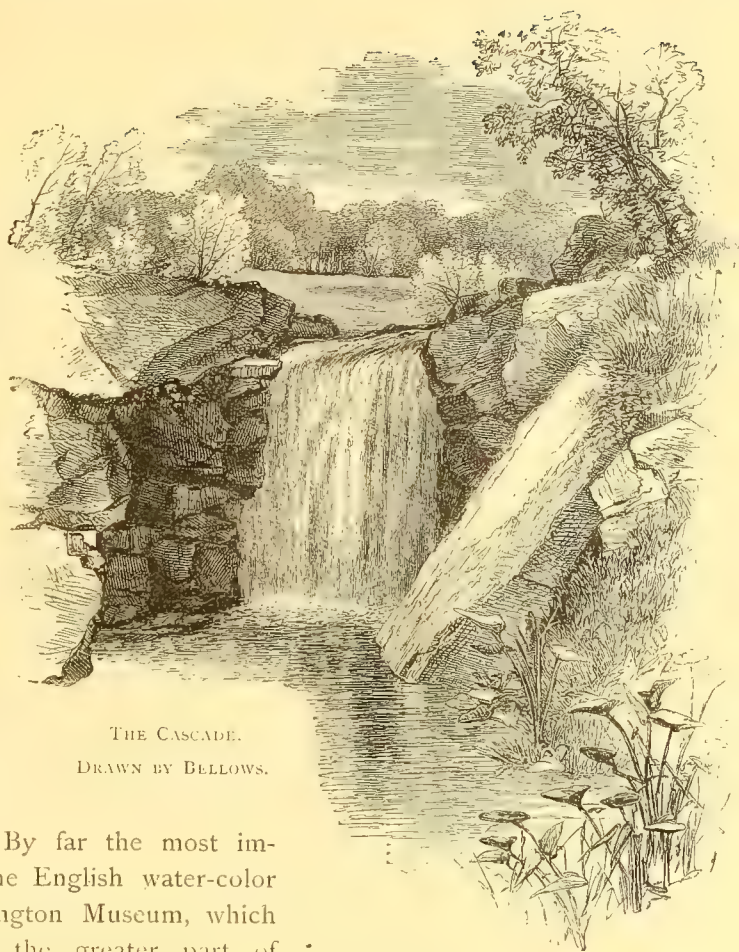
thus, Cozens, in grand and solemn effects of mountain scenery; Robson, in simple breadth and masses; De Wint, in tone and color; Glover, in sun-gleams thrown across the picture, and tipping with golden light the hills and trees; Cox, in his breezy freshness; and Barret, in his classical compositions, lighted by the setting sun. These were men that played in one key, often making the rarest melody. But Turner's art compassed all they did collectively, and more than equalled each in his own way."

The two great water-color societies of England are the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colors, organized in 1804, and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, founded in 1831. Both are in a prosperous condition, and their annual picture-shows are among the features of the London art-season. By far the most important collection of the works of the English water-color painters is that at the South Kensington Museum, which comprises many hundred examples, the greater part of

which were either given or bequeathed by John Sheepshanks, William Smith, and the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend. The National Gallery

has a superb collection of water-colors and drawings by Turner, and the British Museum possesses nearly two hundred and fifty of his sketch-books, all crowded with drawings — "It would appear from the unnumbered sketches Turner left behind him that he thoroughly appreciated and acted up to the maxim of 'No day without a line,' and that his sketch-book was always in requisition" — and specimens of the work of many other water-color painters, including all schools, ancient and modern.

It will be interesting, perhaps, to look at water-colors from a practical point of view and see how they are valued in the auction-room, taking the London sales of about a dozen years as an indication. At the sale in 1875 of the notable collection of water-colors which had belonged to Mr. William Quilter, David Cox's *Hayfield*, which the artist, who considered this his best work, had originally sold for fifty guineas, brought

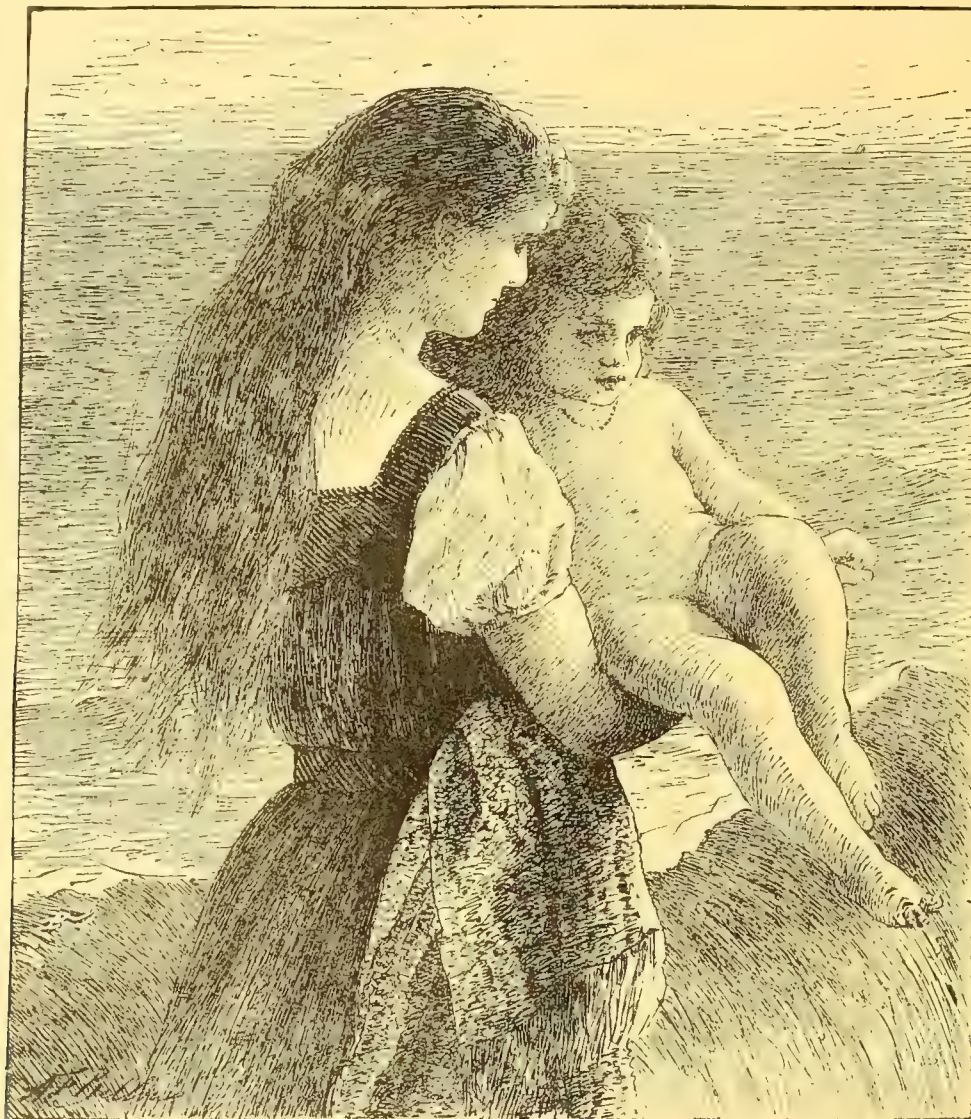


THE CASCADE.
DRAWN BY BELLOWS.



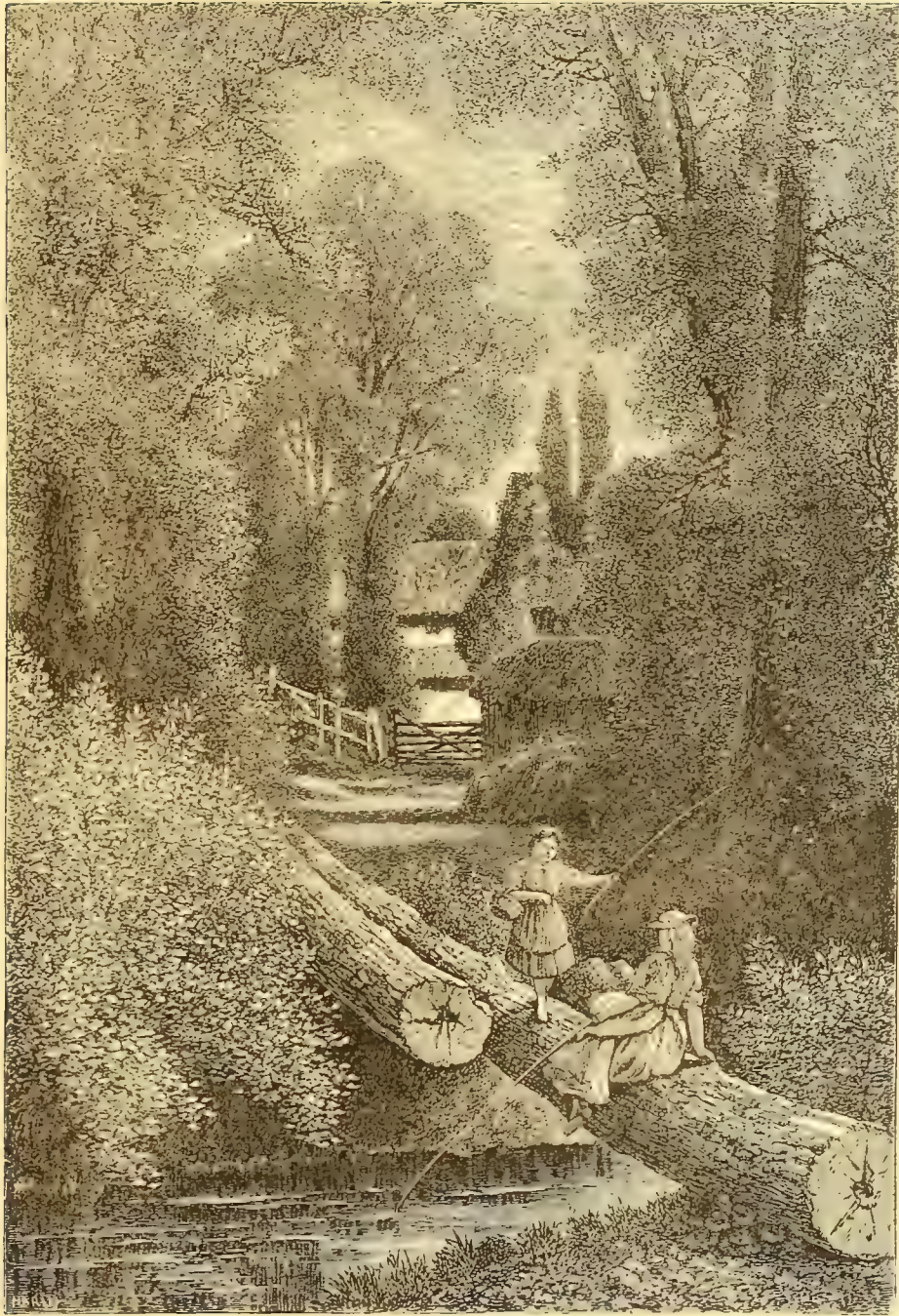
A QUIET POOL. DRAWN BY BELLOWS.

£2,950; Fortuny's *Interior of a Morocco Carpet Warehouse* fetched £1,470; Prout's *Church of St. Pierre, Caen*, £840; William Hunt's *Too Hot*, £787; Turner's *Oberwesel*, £1,627; Copley Fielding's *Mull of Galloway*, £1,732; De Wint's *Southall*, £1,732; and J. F. Lewis's *School at Cairo*, £1,239. The entire collection realized a little over £70,000. In the same year Turner's *Grenoble* sold for £1,680; in 1877 Landseer's *Venison House* bought 570 guineas; and in 1878 Turner's *Chain Bridge over the Tees*, 1,420 guineas. The year 1881 saw the same painter's *Ingleborough* realize the enormous figure of £2,310, while his *Fall of the Tees* was knocked down at £1,270, and *Hastings from the Sea* at £1,102. The next year Turner's



INTO THE SEA. DRAWN BY BELLOW'S.

Lake of Lucerne went at £1,491, and his *Scene in Savoy* for £1,207, both of these being sent to auction by Mr. Ruskin; and 1883 beheld Rosa Bonheur's *Highland Cattle* vended at £850, and her *Scottish Raid* for £1,837. Detaille's *Scots Guards in Hyde Park* brought £1,123, in 1884; and Fred. Walker's *Lilies* 1,300 guineas, and Burne-Jones's *Love Disguised as Reason* £700, in 1886. The following year Meissonier's *The Smoker: a Reverie*, obtained £860, and Fred. Walker's *Spring* 2,000 guineas. His *Autumn*, however, was disposed of for just half that amount. These figures show that higher prices are paid in England for water-colors than anywhere else, and that native work commands the most money.



A BYWAY NEAR TORQUAY, DEVONSHIRE.

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT P. BULLOVS

Our space will hardly allow us even to glance at water-color art on the Continent, with its numerous able followers in Italy, Spain, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and France. The last-named country possesses a notable water-color organization in the *Société d'aquarellistes Français*, whose first exhibition was held in Paris in 1879, and among the brilliant names on whose roll are those of Detaille, the two brothers Louis and Maurice Leloir, Heilbuth, Isabey, Vibert, Worms, Lambert, Madeleine Lemaire, De Neuville, and many others. The two large and sumptuous volumes published in Paris a few years since, with exquisite reproductions of the works in water-colors of the members of the Society, are well known in America as forming one of the finest art books ever issued.

The beginning of the water-color movement in our own country may be held to date in 1853, when a few pictures were placed on a screen in the Art Department at the Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, New York, and catalogued as "Water-Color Paintings by Members of the New York Water-Color Society." The life of this society seems to have been a short one, and it did not long survive this effort. A few years later a couple of hundred water-color drawings by English artists arrived in New York, and were offered for sale at auction; but the prices bid for them being deemed insufficient, they were withdrawn, and the larger part of them sent back to England. In 1863, however, the collection of Mr. John Wolfe, which comprised some excellent examples of the English school, was disposed of in New York and attracted much attention, and the next year a number of French and German artists contributed water-colors

to the New York Metropolitan Fair. The spring of 1866 followed with a collection of water-color sketches exhibited by the French Etching Club, and in the autumn of that year the Artists' Fund Society made a special display of water-colors which occupied the east gallery and corridor of the National Academy. There were but few American works among them, as the process of painting in water-color was but little known in the United States; but so much interest was evinced that a call addressed to professional artists and amateurs, signed by Samuel Colman, William Hart, William Craig, and Gilbert Burling, and inviting them to a meeting held in Burling's studio on Dec. 5, 1866, was sent out; and this led to the formation of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors. Its first officers were Samuel Colman, President; Gilbert Burling, Secretary; and James D. Smillie, Treasurer; and the first exhibition was held in the National Academy in December, 1867. For the following six years the Society continued to exhibit with and under the control of the Academy; but in 1874 it had grown so much that it felt warranted in assuming a more independent character, and opened its annual display under its own management. Since then its success has been great, and its yearly exhibitions have become an important part of the art life of the metropolis; and whereas in its early years contributions from foreign artists were gladly received in order to fill up the walls, it is now called upon every year to reject



BUILDING CASTLES IN THE AIR. DRAWN BY BELLOWES.

many drawings by native painters for lack of space, and but few examples of European work are hung. The Society adopted a new constitution in 1877, and is now known as the American Water-Color Society.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has a score or so of water-color drawings bequeathed by Miss Catharine Lorillard Wolfe, among which are good examples from the hands of Meissonier, Fortuny, Detaille, Louis Leloir, and other eminent exponents of the art, and it also owns about forty water-colors of American landscape by William T. Richards. But Vassar College possesses what is probably the best public collection of water-colors in the United States. It is mainly the production of English painters, and includes works by the following artists: George Cattermole, George Chambers, Cotman, David Cox, Peter De Wint, Copley Fielding, Sir John Gilbert, Girtin, J. D. Harding, J. F. Herring, W. L. Leitch, J. F. Lewis, Prout, David Roberts, Clarkson Stanfield, Turner, and Varley. Turner is represented by six examples, one of which, *The Pass of St. Bernard*, includes a dead body in the snow, by Stothard, and a dog by Landseer. There are also water-color drawings by some Americans, such as Homer Martin, William Hart, William T. Richards, and Henry Farrer.

Albert F. Bellows was enrolled among the early members of the Water-Color Society, and became a constant contributor to its exhibitions and one of the most successful and popular water-color painters in America. He was born in Milford, Massachusetts, in 1830, and at an early age showed a strong disposition to an artistic career; but this bent of mind was not pleasing to his parents, who preferred that he should embark upon a business life. A compromise, however, was agreed on, and at the age of eighteen, after a short time spent in a lithographic establishment, he entered the office of an architect in Boston, where he stayed three years, making such progress in his profession that at the end of that time he was able to enter into partnership with an architect of established reputation. But after remaining with him a short time Bellows decided to give his whole attention to the graphic arts, and accepted a position as principal of the New England School of Design. This he held for several years and then resigned it in order to study abroad, which he did for some time, principally in Paris and Antwerp, returning to America in 1858. The following year he was elected an associate of our National Academy of Design, and in 1861 became an Academician. At a later date he revisited Europe and spent many months in England, studying its rural scenery and the works of its leading water-color artists, which influenced his style to a considerable degree. After his return to America Bellows established his studio in New York. He died at Auburndale, Massachusetts, after a painful illness, which he endured with the utmost fortitude, in the autumn of 1883, leaving behind him the reputation of a kindly and urbane gentleman. In 1868 he was made an honorary member of the Royal Belgian Society of Water-Colorists (an honor which requires a unanimous vote of the members of the institution, and is rarely bestowed upon foreigners), and he was also a member of the New York Etching Club, the Philadelphia Society of Etchers, and the Society of Painter-Etchers of London.

His early works were mostly in oil, and *genre* in character. Among them are *The First Pair of Boots*, *The Sorrows of Boyhood*, *The City Cousins*, *The Lost Child*, and *Approaching Footsteps*. The later achievements of his hand were largely landscape—though he still sometimes painted figure-pieces—and were for the greater part in water-color. To the Paris Exposition of 1878 he sent *A New England Village School* (in oil), and a water-color entitled *A New England Homestead*. At the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 were his *Sunday in Devonshire* (oil), and the following water-colors: *Study of a Head*, *Autumn Woods*, and *Sunday Afternoon in New England*. His oil paintings include among others *Stage-Coaching in New England*, *The Parsonage*, *Flowers for the Hospital*, *The Christening Party* (engraved in the "Art Journal" in 1872), *Into the Sea*, *Building Castles in the Air*, *A View of Godalming, in Surrey*, *A Country Byrway*, *A Byrway near Torquay*, *Devonshire*, and *Devonshire Cottages*. The list of his water-

colors is a very long one. Some of the most important, perhaps, are *The Notch at Lancaster*, *Afternoon in Surrey*, *The Thames at Windsor*, *The Reaper's Child*, *Borders of the New Forest*, *After the Service*, and *The Dark Entry, Canterbury Cathedral*. Bellows was an etcher of much merit, and a number of his plates have been published. They include *The Dark Entry*, *The Inlet*, *The Millstream*, *A Bygone Highway*, and *The Messenger*. Mr. S. R. Koehler thus wrote of them in the "American Art Review:" "The plates executed by Mr. Bellows are a potent argument in favor of etching as a painter's art. Few American painters have equalled Mr. Bellows in popularity, and a great many of his works have therefore been reproduced. But, although I should be loath to be numbered among those who would speak slightly of the noble art of the engraver, it must be said that in none of these reproductions are the individual traits of the artist—his excellences as well as his shortcomings—so fully expressed as in his own etchings. The tenderness and delicacy of his best water-color drawings, verging sometimes on lack of strength, are there; his peculiarities of handling in foliage, tree-trunks, ground, and sky. In the process of transmutation which the original undergoes as it passes through the engraver's brain and hand, something of these characteristics must necessarily be lost, and something, however slight, of the reproductive artist's individuality must be added; and thus while the outward semblance of the original may apparently be strictly adhered to, its finer peculiarities—its flavor, so to speak—are apt to be lost."

Those pictures of Mr. Bellows which have been reproduced by other hands than his own (and few American artists have had as many of their pictures translated into black-and-white) are as follows: *Safely Landed*, *The Village Elms*, *The Old Millstream*, *A Shady Nook*, *The Battle Bridge at Concord*, *In the Harbor*, *Fishermen in Port*, *The Old Mill*, *At Dawn*, *The Ferry*, *Fording the Stream*, *Peaceful Eve*, and *Sunday Evening*.

Bellows's art was in perfect sympathy with the country life of both Old and New England, and his paintings of quiet rural scenes in those favored portions of the earth are full of charm and beauty. He has represented one phase, in particular, of the New England landscape with marked success, and no one at all familiar with the originals of his pictures can fail to bear witness to the fidelity of the copy. There is the roomy old farmhouse with its great dooryard elm bending graceful branches protectingly over the gambrel roof; there the village meeting-house, whose slender white spire has pointed heavenwards for so many changing years; and there the country road runs, flecked with sun and shade, from which one sees, with Whittier,

"Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,
And human life, as quiet, at their feet."

A word should be said of Bellows's love for introducing the noble tree, the elm, into his pictures. He painted it many times, and always with the greatest success. He was equally as happy in painting landscape in Devonshire, or the Isle of Wight, as in New England, as the two larger engravings herewith printed will show. S. G. W. Benjamin, in his "Art in America," rightly says that Bellows is justly entitled to be called the American Birket Foster.





FRED. B. SCHELL.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-FOURTH.



FEW people are sufficiently familiar with the processes of book-making to appreciate the amount of thought, time, labor, and money which must be expended in manufacturing an important illustrated book, from the hour when the idea of it first occurs to that which sees it in the bookstore, one of the novelties of the holiday season. Let us suppose that some one has suggested the illustrating and issuing in an artistic and expensive manner of some work of merit or great popularity, — it will most likely be verse, not prose, — and that the publisher has undertaken to carry out the scheme. The poem or poems being fixed upon, the questions to be determined at the outset are those of size, of price (which will govern the sum that may be expended upon the book), of the approximate number and nature of the illustrations, of the method of reproduction to be adopted (whether etching, wood-engraving, or one of the numerous processes now so largely in use), and who shall be the artist or artists chosen to make the drawings. These being settled, then come the details, — as to what kind and size of type; how much margin shall be left around text and pictures; about how many of the latter shall be full-page, how many

half-page, how many still smaller; shall half titles be used; what about initial letters, head and tail pieces;* as to divisions or subdivisions, if the poem has such, and other minor queries, all to be answered, and that carefully and well. These points in their turn disposed of, the poem must be carefully read and studied, and the places where illustrations will be most appropriate decided upon and indicated for the guidance of the artist, unless, as in some cases, that matter is left wholly or mostly to his own judgment or to mutual consultation and consideration. Then, the illustrator or illustrators having received the necessary instructions and the poem placed in the hands of the compositor, the work is actually begun. As the designs come in from the artist, they must be inspected, and care taken to see that they agree with the text and that a due deference to the facts of history in costume and other accessories has been observed. The writer remembers a case where an artist had represented one of the characters being served with some refreshments, including a pot of tea, the scene of the story being laid in the time of Edward VI., whereas tea was not introduced into England until fully a hundred years later. And of course if real personages or places are to be depicted the *likenesses* must be looked after. If, as frequently happens, several artists are employed, it is necessary to see that in the illustrating of the portions allotted to each, the treatment, in the main, of the pictures should be of similar nature, and the de-

sired harmony of general effect be obtained; that is, if the heroine be a blonde, she must be so drawn by both A and B, and also by C, if there is a C. It is often the case that one artist will furnish the figure drawings, another the landscapes, still another the architectural illustrations, if such be called for, and a fourth the decorative work, or there may be several at work on each of these portions. Sometimes one artist does the whole work, and, on the other hand, as many as fifteen or twenty have worked together on one book. Then the reproduction of the accepted drawings must be seen to and proofs of the cuts or plates closely examined and compared with their originals; nor must the fitting together in due



THE GENTLE STREAM. DRAWN BY SCHELL.

and well-appearing proportion of the pictures and the reading matter, from the mechanical and practical—in short, the printer's—point of view, be forgotten. These trifling things accomplished and cuts and type all ready, the question of paper comes up, what weight, what tint, what quality to use, and then how many copies to print. And when the presses have begun to revolve and the big sheets are being rapidly thrown off, before each “form” of so many pages is printed, a carefully made proof of it must be submitted to the person whose task it is to see that the press-work is all it should be,—a very important point. The binding, too,—of what nature shall its material be, and what shall be its color or colors and the design of the die for stamping on the cover; and shall it be stamped in gold or color, or part in each, or what not? And shall the whole edition be bound at once or a part only? And some of the beautiful books lately issued have called for the exercise of still further care and taste in the choosing and designing of additional appointments of luxury, including

specially devised ornamentation for the paper inside the covers, for the paper covers which protect the covers of the book itself, and for the box or portfolio which envelops all. So it will be seen that a great deal of hard work, directed by knowledge, experience, and taste, and often accompanied with much originality, goes or should go to the making up of a fine book in these days of fine books. Of course it is not always made in this fashion, but it does not seem too much to say that it ought to be. In many cases, too much is left to the binder, the printer, the engraver, even to the artist; there is no sufficient general supervision, and the result almost always suffers. Examples of books which appear to have



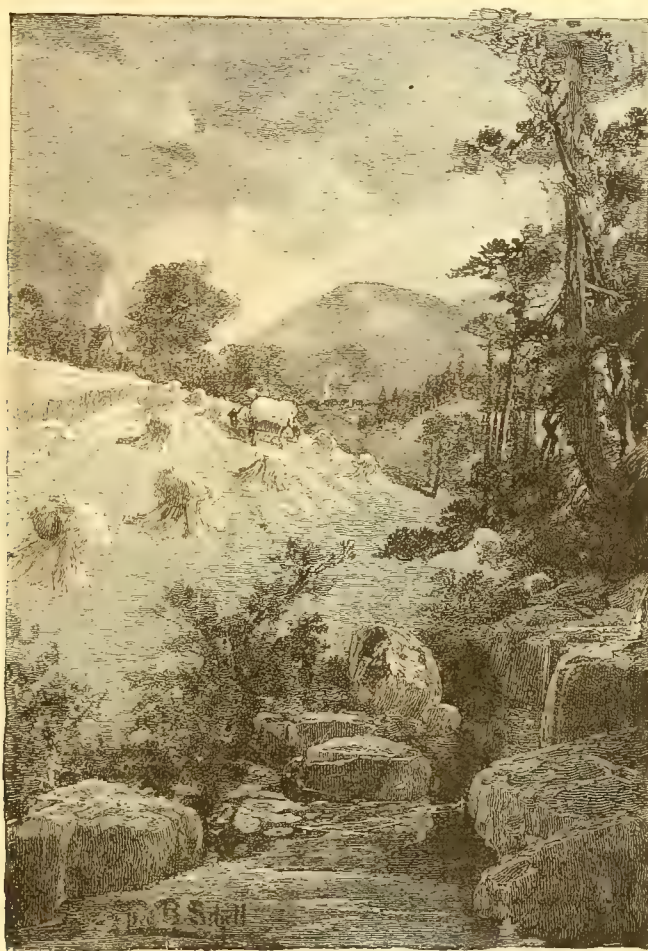
"This deep mountain gorge
Slopes widening on the olive-plumèd plains
Of fair Granada."

DRAWN BY SCHELL.

been "pitchforked" together can be found for sale in our bookstores, and at good round prices too. Somebody buys them, also, wonderful to tell (the same people, one supposes, that buy poor pictures largely because a high price is asked for them); and that is enough, doubtless, for the publishers who are satisfied to put such things on the market. In contradistinction to this, it is now the custom in large publishing-houses to have a special art department with a competent man at the head of it whose duty it is to look after all such questions of quality, fitness, and execution.

Mr. Schell has done not a little work in the way of helping to make good books, having for a number of years past been one of our most satisfactory and skilful illustrators and

now holding the position of head of the art department of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Like so many of our ablest black-and-white artists — Abbey, Darley, Pennell, Parrish, the Morans, and the Sartains — Schell's home was in Philadelphia, where he was born and educated, and where he commenced his career by learning the art of wood-engraving. He studied at the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts under the lamented Robert Wylie, and then became an illustrator, his chosen subjects being landscapes. He has contributed



"Come with me to the mountain."

DRAWN BY SCHELL.

many admirable drawings to such important illustrated publications as the subscription edition of Longfellow and "Picturesque Canada," and has recently returned from Australia, where he had completed the task, which occupied him three years, of superintending the illustrating of a monumental work entitled "Picturesque Australasia." He has painted considerably in water-colors, and has exhibited works in this medium in the principal cities of the United States.

Two of the illustrations given herewith are from drawings which Mr. Schell made for George Eliot's Poems, the first being for the opening lines of "The Spanish Gypsy," and the other was drawn for "Agatha."

"The Gentle Stream" is in perfect unison with these pretty lines of William Motherwell's:

"The water, the water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee."

The water, the water!
 That sleepless, merry heart,
 Which gurgles on unstintedly,
 And loveth to impart
 To all around it some small measure
 Of its own most perfect pleasure.



THE NEW MOON. DRAWN BY SCHELL.

"The water, the water!
 The gentle stream for me
 That gushes from the old gray stone
 Beside the alder-tree.
 The water, the water!
 That ever-bubbling spring
 I loved and looked on while a child,
 In deepest wondering,
 And asked it whence it came and went,
 And when its treasures would be spent."



THE VENDEAN VOLUNTEER.

FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS HOVENDEN.



THOMAS HOVENDEN.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-FIFTH.

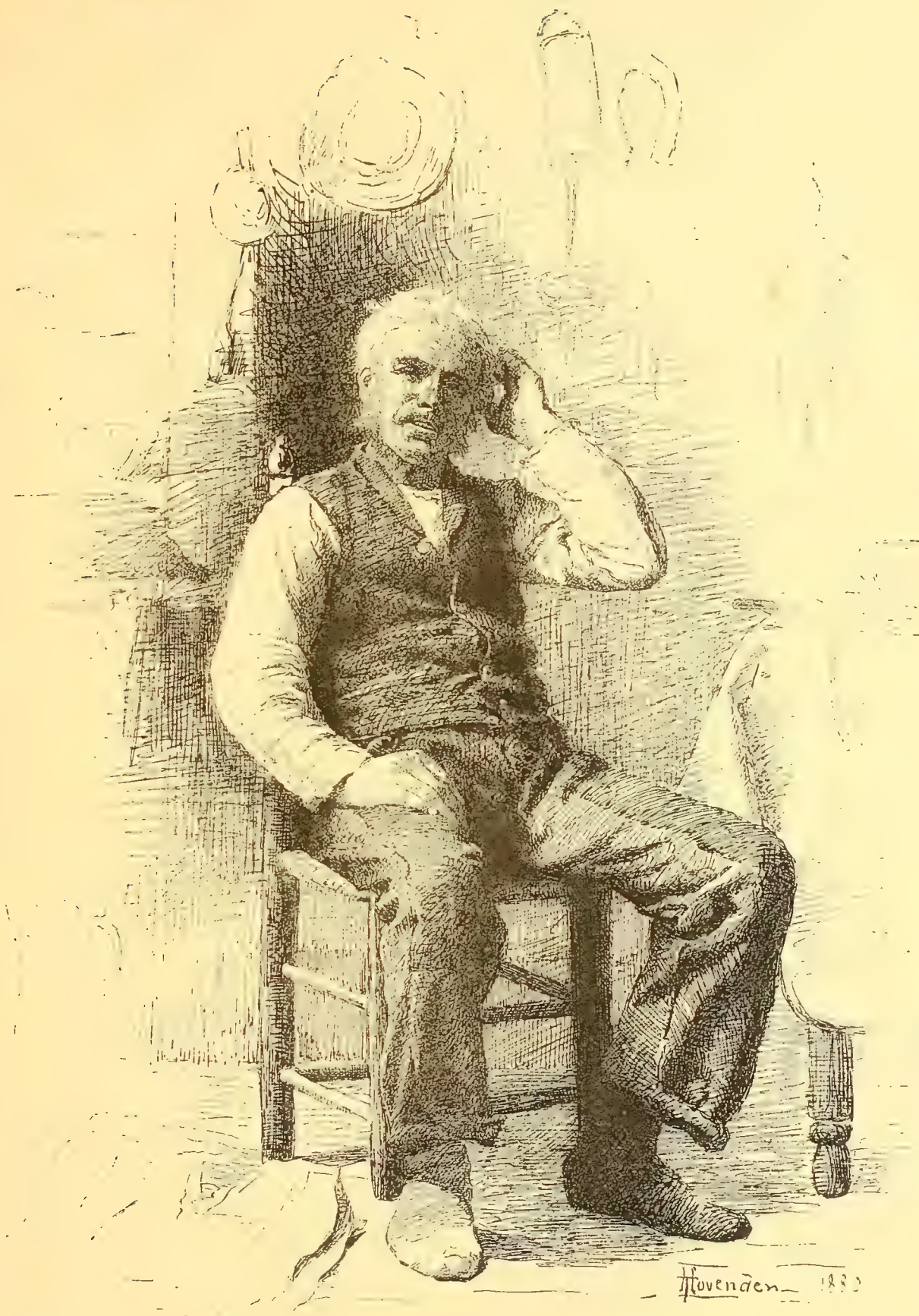


O visitors to the annual exhibitions in the National Academy of Design, Mr. Thomas Hovenden's name is well known. It has appeared on *The Pride of the Old Folks*, and the *Loyalist Peasant Soldier of La Vendée*, 1793; *Pendant le Repos*; *What o'clock is it?* and *The Challenge*; all of them figure-pieces, and all of them possessed of characteristics so peculiar that the spectator would be in little danger of mistaking a Hovenden for any other picture in the display. The artist was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1840, and, after a course of study in the South Kensington Museum, London, came to America in 1863, and attended the lectures in the National Academy in New York, although it was not until eleven years afterward that he adopted art as a profession. In 1874, in pursuance of his plans for life-work, he went to Paris and became a pupil of M. Cabanel, the celebrated figure and portrait painter. He stayed there one year, and is still living in France. To the Salon of 1876 he contributed his *Image-Seller*, and to the International Exhibition of 1878 his *Breton Interior*. The picture which we engrave from a large photograph taken by Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, was painted for the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and was admitted there. The scene is another episode of the war in La Vendée. An old peasant is sharpening a sword for a young volunteer who is about to start upon an expedition. He glances along the edge of the blade and tests its sharpness, while the youthful soldier, his son, and the father of two fine children, waits in full uniform to receive it. At his feet lies his powder-horn; in a great chair in the corner, near a tall dresser, is his musket; by his side hangs his scabbard. In front of the fireplace, the grandmother and one of his children are moulding bullets over the charcoal burning in a brazier. All the accessories serve admirably to complete the story. The soldier's wife, her arms thrown protectingly over the cradle in which her infant is sleeping, is evidently Spartan in temper. She wishes the sword to be sharp, and she wishes her husband to defend his country; yet in the mirror of her face are reflected emotions sad and pitiful; it is hard for her to part with the father of her children, and the protector of them and her. The old woman, on the contrary,—is she a mother-in-law?—seems willing that he should proceed to give battle to the enemy. She is sure that he will soon be victorious and at home again. The old man and the boy observe quietly the preparations,—the former in his second childhood. Our engraving, it is necessary to explain, does not quite indicate the full size of the painting.

Mr. Hovenden had the pleasure of selling this work almost as soon as it was put in the exhibition, to an English gentleman, for a thousand dollars. It probably marks his farthest reach as an artist hitherto, and is on the whole as pleasing a production as he has yet sent

from his studio. That he has grown much during the last two years is the most gratifying fact of his career,—the most gratifying, because these years have witnessed a crisis in his history. The young American who goes to Paris and becomes cognizant of the most approved French methods of art-work, usually at first appears somewhat brilliant to his old friends. The novelty and rapidity of his execution strike them favorably. They praise him easily; but they want something more. “Will he,” they ask themselves, “use his new acquisitions in the service of creations of his own? Has he the creative spirit at all? Has he the gift of producing something which shall stir a human soul? Has he a message to deliver to man?” It takes such an art-student some time, we do not say two years, to vindicate his right to praise of the best sort; and the gratifying thing about Mr. Hovenden is that, having been before the public some time subsequent to his training in a foreign land, he has shown himself capable of independent poetic expression. He has grown since he left his master. He has done enough to satisfy his friends that he is fully entitled to the name of artist, and fully deserving of their hopes. And all this is true in spite of a certain crudeness in coloring which has heretofore lessened the effect of the paintings that he has sent to this country. We have not seen the original of the picture engraved. Perhaps in this latest work he has overcome this obstacle, or at least given promise that he will overcome it. Mr. Hovenden displays a power of portraying and awakening wholesome and tender sentiment, and, at the same time, his methods are simple and sober.





THE PUZZLED VOTER.

BY THOMAS HOVENDEN.

[PHOTOTYPIC FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.]



H. BOLTON JONES TANGIER

TANGIER, MOROCCO.

BY H. BOLTON JONES.

[FROM A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.]





Wm. H. and S. 1877. All rights reserved.

MRS. NICKLIN.

ETCHED BY STEPHEN J. FERRIS.

FROM A PAINTING

BY

GILBERT STUART.



STUART painted the portrait of Mrs. Nicklin about 1795, when she was in her thirtieth year. She was one of Philadelphia's celebrated beauties, the wife of Mr. Philip Nicklin, and the daughter of Chief-Justice Benjamin Chew.

This plate shows notable characteristics in Mr. Ferris's method of etching, he believing in finish, and striving to obtain depth of tone and suggestion of color by close and careful working.



H. BOLTON JONES.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-SIXTH.



R. H. BOLTON JONES is a native of Baltimore. In 1877 he went on a sketching tour through Brittany and Spain. Three years before, he had begun to exhibit in the National Academy in New York. To the Centennial Exhibition he sent his *Ferry Inn*, and to the Paris Exhibition of 1878 his *Return of the Cows, Brittany*. In the Salon the same year he was represented by *A Heath in Bloom, Brittany*. In 1879 Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, of Boston, bought another Brittany landscape from the brush of Mr. Jones.

We have engraved one example of Mr. Jones's work, a landscape-scene in Brittany. The effect the artist has attempted to render is that of a quiet, cloudy day in October. The gray sky has a break near the horizon,—not enough to show blue, but just enough to make the clouds very light. The low hills lie off against this, hazy and blue. The delicate silver poplars rise quietly, having lost many of their leaves, and many of those which remain are so silvery in color that the relief against the clouds is very slight. The trunks are a bright silver-gray, relieved here and there by rich masses of brown, green, and gold. The stunted oak in the centre is a deep, rich spot of russet-green; while the willows just back are more or less golden, and make the half dark run through the centre of the picture. The planks of the old bridge form another silver-gray note in the green grass. The dead ferns give some purple and gold through the foreground, while the rushes furnish notes of dark green and blue. Under the bridge, dank, deep shadows make the dark; the only life is of three magpies in the road.

Mr. Jones's pictures always appear to us to have meaning and significance of a deep and valuable sort; to penetrate beyond the surface of the scenes of which they are representations; and to bring out and forward some of the inner and fascinating truths. Yet with all this he is unusually free from pedantry and stiffness. One would almost as soon call Daubigny pedantic or stiff. In the face of the triumphs of the French school, it boots little to find fault with a commonplace and monotonous range of subjects. The evil—if it be an evil—is so fashionable as almost to be respectable. The best landscape-painters in the world are at the present moment both commonplace and monotonous in the range of their subjects, taking the word "subject" in the popular and obvious signification of the term. But an artist's theme may be commonplace without being either paltry or *banal*, and it may be monotonous without being either vapid or wearisome. Besides, what to one man is commonplace may to another be extremely significant. A bit of bare heath with a cart-track over it is in itself a commonplace subject, and has often enough been treated as if it were so; but in the hands of John Crome it becomes a scene of true beauty. To many persons Jules Dupré is stupidly monotonous, but to others he is extremely versatile in his variations in the same key.

Mr. Jones's work is always refined and delicate, sensitive sometimes to the subtler aspects of things, and happy in the modest exposition of them. Probably he is and will be much oftener attracted in the region of landscape than of figure painting. At all events, in the former sphere his faculties operate harmoniously and successfully, and he is able to perform, however slightly, the functions of a seer. It is a high prerogative to stand face to face with Nature and to tell what she is thinking about; but the history of art is of little service if it has not told us that there are landscape-painters who have done even that. The work contributed by Mr. Jones to the New York Academy Exhibition of 1880, while much more important than the example in Mr. Thomas G. Appleton's possession, was not so spontaneous nor unmannered. It was a French landscape, with road, farmhouse, and green poplars, on a sunny day, but there were unwonted hardness in texture and thinness in execution, and—what was less happy still—a certain Gallic treatment which visitors at previous exhibitions in the same place have



OCTOBER, NEAR SOUTH ORANGE, N. J. DRAWN BY JONES.

noticed occasionally also in Mr. Hovenden's landscapes and figure-pieces. You said to yourself that Mr. Jones and Mr. Hovenden had been studying under the same master in France, and, unconsciously to themselves, had brought away his trick; that they did not care for the trick at all, but were in pursuit of Art herself; that they themselves would be the first to denounce and to correct themselves did they know of their mistake; and that, perhaps, in their case, it was rather a slight and tentative mannerism that you detected, not so serious as to deserve the name of trick. And when one recalled some previous works of these painters, and remembered how simple and unaffected and honest was their style, how far away from any imitation of French provincialism, how free from any slavish dependence upon a foreign master, or indeed upon any master other than themselves, this impression was likely to be deepened.



A CLOUDY DAY IN OCTOBER, BRITTANY.

FROM A PAINTING BY H. BOLTON JONES.



JOHN G. BROWN.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-SEVENTH.



RT," said Mr. John G. Brown, while talking with the writer, "should express contemporaneous truth, which will be of interest to posterity. I want people a hundred years from now to know how the children that I paint looked, just as we know how the people of Wilkie's and Hogarth's times looked. I paint what I see, and in my own way. With Munich art I have no sympathy; you can't go out to Nature and find the things the Munich artists produce. And this is the test of the merit of a picture. Suppose that I wished to paint a horseshoeing scene: I would go where they shoe horses; I would study the performance on the spot, and endeavor to reproduce it faithfully. I desired to paint some Grand Menan fishermen, and I went to Grand Menan and painted them from the life,—their fish, their clothes, their boats. In other words, I did precisely what a good newspaper reporter would have done, and the result differed only in the means by which it had been obtained. Of course, I embellished my fishermen; I did not copy them as they stood before me as models. I put J. G. Brown into them. And a good reporter in like manner would have put himself into them.

"Half of the foreign stuff that is sold here I feel is a swindle on the public. The works of Jules Breton, L. Knaus, Oswald Achenbach, Meissonier, and Gérôme are admirable, to be sure; but I can't think anything of Corot. I can't understand him; I can't understand how an intelligent being can paint clearly the windows in a house across a river, and then make the trees on this side of the same river look like smoke. The trees are nearer than the windows, but they are all blurred and obscured. Corot's *Orphée* does not seem to me to be even an idealization of Nature. Diaz, while not true in his facts, is nevertheless beautiful in color. But I can't see anything in a Corot.

"Morality in art? Of course there is. A picture can and should teach, can and should exert a moral influence. Carl Hübner's *Poacher*—a man shot simply because he stole a hare—revolutionized the game-laws. It made their cruelty and injustice so obvious that they were wiped out. Millais's *Huguenot Lovers*,—you can't look at the picture without being better for it, can you? Landseer's *Chief Mourner*—a dog resting his head on his master's coffin—is finer, more pathetic, than anything that ever was written. French views on this subject, I know, are altogether of another sort; but a Frenchman's education and training are different from an Anglo-Saxon's. Nevertheless, there is a moral in everything,—in the way a man looks and talks,—and his work ought to have this in it, and will have it in it. Demaille and Bouguereau I admire. Every figure in one of Demaille's paintings is a bit of character; if he introduces a piece of landscape, it is just as good as any one can paint

anywhere. In the catalogue of the recent Cottier collection of pictures, I marked at least fifty canvases that had been painted right from Nature, and were fresh and unconventional. And I don't condemn an artist because he belongs to a particular school. If you look sharp, you will find good in any work of an earnest man. Beauty in tone, in harmony, we can all recognize at a glance, but I can't see where Corot's *Orphée* has it, although the picture is valued at ten thousand dollars. How is it? Am I mistaken? I must be. Yet my eyes are always freshened by Nature every twenty-four hours, and it seems to me that I should see something in these men if they have it in them. I can show you in Whittredge's studio some of the most beautiful studies ever made,—studies that will compare favorably with the



THE CHALLENGE. DRAWN BY BROWN.

work of any landscape-painter in the world,—studies of American scenery seen with his own eyes. Why don't we worship Whittredge instead of worshipping foreigners?

"People like to be gagged a good deal,—perhaps that is the reason,—and the picture-dealers are the ones that do it. They have made it fashionable to buy European works. They have caused it to come about that Americans who profess to enjoy the sight of American pictures are considered to be 'off color;' so that, according to the ideas of the last ten years in this country, there cannot be anything more degrading than to be an American artist. Why, if Whittredge had gone to England and lived there, he would have made a fortune! That is what Boughton did. Some of his beautiful little winter-scenes, painted while he was in New York, brought here only fifty dollars. They are selling in England



“BY THE SAD SEA-WAVES.”

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN G. BROWN.

for five hundred. He never would have gotten thirty per cent of his present prices if he had stayed here. Winslow Homer, one of our truest and most accomplished artists, has never been appreciated in this country; but he carries things in his pictures a thousand miles farther than Corot ever did.

"The fact is, that an artist should go direct to Nature and use his own eyes—or his glasses, if he has to wear them. I teach my pupils to see,—that is all. First, I set them to drawing things that are still, that don't change; in this way they learn textures. Meanwhile, I let them paint a little in order to rest themselves till they draw again. Beginning early, they get to handle the brush as easily as they breathe. Next, I put before them flowers and fruit, things that do change; then I take them out-doors to Nature, and let them draw objects that are changing every moment in the sunshine; and that is all there is in teaching art. Geometry and mathematics the pupils can learn at home at night. Guy is one of the best painters in his knowledge of these branches, which are indispensable in the delineation of perspective. I never let a pupil paint from one of my pictures; no one of my pupils ever copied a picture of mine, or ever desired to. Hence their paintings have individuality; they paint like themselves, not like Piloty or any other man. *Technique* I don't teach; it comes by practice. Here are two studies by Mr. Gilbert Gaul, which are equal to anything they bring over from Europe. I taught him simply how to see, not how to put on the paint."

Mr. J. G. Brown was born in Durham, in the north of England, on the 11th of November, 1831. His earliest pictures were portraits of his mother and a little sister, and were painted when he was nine years old. When in his teens he had a strong prejudice against schools of art; but having seen in his eighteenth year how superior to his own were some drawings made by a comrade who had attended school, he entered the government art-school at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, then under the direction of W. B. Scott, "God bless him, the fine old fellow!" For one year he studied in the Edinburgh Royal Academy, and received a prize in 1853. He went to London, painted a few portraits, in the autumn of that year came to this country, and in 1856 opened a studio in Atlantic Street, Brooklyn, where he resumed his portrait-painting. In 1860 he took Mr. Boughton's studio in the Tenth Street Building, New York City. He was elected an Academician in 1863, and has been a Vice-President of the Academy and the chairman of its school committee. He is now a Vice-President of the Artists' Fund Society, and a member of the Academy hanging committee.

Mr. Robert Gordon, of New York City, owns Mr. Brown's *Curling in Central Park*; Mr. J. J. Stuart, of New York City, his *Marching along*, children playing soldier and crossing a rustic bridge; Mr. Denis Gale, of Philadelphia, *The Passing Show*, boys standing on the curbstones and watching a travelling circus, each face being a study of character; Mr. Hurlburt, of Twentieth Street, New York City, his *St. Patrick's Day*, a little girl pinning a green rosette on the lapel of a boot-black's coat; Mr. Fairbanks, of New York City, his *Hiding in the Old Oak*, three children in the hollow of a tree, which the sunshine warms; and Mr. Guild, of Boston, his *Little Strollers*, young Italian musicians with harp and violin in the snowy street. All Mr. Brown's pictures are stories. Concerning *The Passing Show*, which was in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, the London "Athenæum" said, "The painter has set himself to portray a bit of genuine Nature in a careful, natural manner, and he has succeeded in calling forth corresponding sympathies in the spectator." *By the Sad Sea-Waves*, which we have engraved, was exhibited at the National Academy Exhibition of 1878.



GEORGE FULLER.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-EIGHTH.



THE stronger part of art is not its language, but the idea which that language expresses." I know of no words more fitting than these to place at the head of this sketch of the life and work of George Fuller. With him the *idea* of a picture was always, and rightly, the most important thing, and everything else was to be subordinated to it. His journals kept while in Europe contain the following passage, written at Venice: "It pleases me to see how the old fellows went at their subject to tell their story, and how scumbling, glazing, light and dark shadows, took care of themselves. Yes, and drawing too; not that these things are less important, but that something is more." This is not to say that drawing, composition, and other technical qualities should be slighted or disregarded,—on the contrary; but they should not, as in many cases they do, overpower the idea, or, as they often are, be called on to hide the lack of thought or originality in the work. There is no scarcity of good executants or of masters of *technique*, but George Fuller's are rare indeed. You will meet with sound drawing and correct composition everywhere, especially in France. Go to the Salon, see the endless yards of canvas which cover its walls; and among their bold nudities, their startling scenes of blood and death, their dashing examples of *chic* and skill, how many pictures will you find that can afford any higher satisfaction than that to be derived from the sight of so much industry, cleverness, and learning? Most of them are emphatically *hand-painted* only; into a certain number some—even much—thought and mind have been put; but how many, or rather, how few were done with the painter's heart in them, and can speak again to other hearts, telling a story of something beyond paint, of something higher even than good drawing and able brush-work, of something which makes for true beauty and goodness!

This George Fuller's pictures do, and it is enough—far more than enough—to outweigh such deficiencies of drawing and handling as they sometimes contain. A *Winifred Dysart* or a *Quadroon* is of more worth to the world—I do not mean the world of painters or of critics, many of whom generally, and naturally, are prone to judge pictures too much by their "outsides," if I may use the expression—than scores, nay, hundreds of the admirably painted, soulless nymphs, bathers, sirens, and female divinities of all kinds which, with their companion pictures of war, crime, and suffering, make the Palais de l'Industrie every year one great apotheosis of flesh and blood. Truly, to its authors, the body *is* more than raiment.

George Fuller had another great gift, second only to that of expression,—the gift of color, which made him the fortunate possessor of the two things in art that cannot be learned, although they may be developed. Ruskin says, in "Modern Painters:" "To color perfectly

is the rarest and most precious (technical) power an artist can possess. There have been only seven supreme colorists among the true painters whose works exist (namely, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Tintoret, Correggio, Reynolds, and Turner); but the names of great designers, including sculptors, architects, and metal-workers, are multitudinous." And "Had Leonardo and Raphael colored like Giorgione, their work would have been greater, not less, than it is now." Form alone, without expression or color, is like a dead man, still beautiful but without life,—the eyes dull and glazed, the hue of health gone from the cheek, and the lips bloodless. David, Ingres, and Bouguereau have given us many works worthy of admiration and honor for their drawing, composition, and other high qualities, but how few of their creations live! David's heroic nudités—his *Sabines* and *Oath of the Horatii* and so on—have no movement in them; they are dead and cold. Let us read what Thackeray said of this painter in his "Paris Sketch-Book:" "I have seen, in a fine private collection at St. Germain, one or two admirable single figures of David, full of life, truth, and gayety. The color is not good, but all the rest excellent; and one of these so much-lauded pictures is the portrait of a washerwoman. *Pope Pius*, at the Louvre, is as bad in color as remarkable for its vigor and look of life. The man had a genius for painting portraits and common life, but must attempt the heroic; failed signally, and, what is worse, carried a whole nation blundering after him. Had you told a Frenchman so twenty years ago, he would have thrown the *démenti* in your teeth, or, at least, laughed at you in scornful incredulity. They say of us that we don't know when we are beaten; they go a step further and swear their defeats are victories. David was a part of the glory of the empire; and one might as well have said then that *Romulus* was a bad picture as that Toulouse was a lost battle. . . . Of the great pictures of David the defunct, we need not, then, say much. *Romulus* is a mighty fine young fellow, no doubt; and if he has come out to battle stark naked (except a very handsome helmet), it is because the costume became him, and shows off his figure to advantage. But was there ever anything so absurd as this passion for the nude which was followed by all the painters of the Davidian epoch?" Bouguereau's *Youth of Bacchus*, painted about a hundred years later than these lifeless classicalities, has much the same defects despite its grace of line, and its author was not unfairly hit when a French artist drew a clever parody of the work in *La Caricature*, showing the principal figures as made of gingerbread! But see Delacroix's passionate figures, wreathed in glowing color. One can almost hear his tiger snarl at the hissing serpent (in the picture sold at the Morgan sale), and there is terrific energy in the damned souls who struggle and writhe in the black water which curls about the boat of old Charon as it carries Dante and Virgil over Acheron. Millet saw little in the pictures of Delacroix's rival but "figures of wax, conventional costumes, and a repulsive insipidity in invention and expression," but the works of that master he found "great by their action and invention and by the riches of their coloring." In turn, what Henley, the admirable English critic, has said of Millet applies almost equally to Fuller: "He was enamored of the heroic in art and in life; he held sincerity for a cardinal virtue and affectation for one of the deadly sins. . . . To beauty of form he was in some sort indifferent, at all events as compared with greatness of soul. The qualities that affected him in art were the reverse of those most vigorously pursued by the more distinguished of his contemporaries. Mere gracefulness of line and vivacity and charm of coloring, mere gallantry of phrase and brilliancy of expression, appear, whatever the medium, to have had no sort of attraction for him; he cared nothing for the commonplace, and nothing for artifice, for trick, for insignificant and unprofitable dexterity; he was a thousand-fold more curious of matter than form, of meaning than expression, of essentials than externals." Yet George Fuller, though certainly a romanticist rather than a follower of the classic school, worked neither in passion nor in pain, and was not moved, like Delacroix, to paint the crusaders of Scott or the corsairs of Byron, Don Juan or the Master of Ravenswood, a tragedy of Venice in her glory or Nineveh in her



WINIFRED DYSART.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE FULLER.

fall, nor with Millet to portray the life of the toiling peasant, often sad, sombre, and monotonous even if touched with the dignity of labor. Only once did our American painter's brush linger over a theme of sorrow,—when in his *Quadroon* he drew the curse of slavery, and then not till years after that curse had been lifted from the land. Fuller's art refers back to older teachers than the men of 1830 and their school, and, after all, is mainly original in subject and manner. He painted but one nude subject, the *Arëthusa*, which has its place, however, among the most chaste and poetical renderings of the figure ever produced. Pictures with a "subject" or of a literary nature were not attractive to him; and except the one or two "witch" paintings, he made none such. Even to name his creations was difficult for him, and they were seldom christened until they were done with. To show upon canvas something of the purity and loveliness of a sweet young girl, some

"Fair and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies,"

was his delight and his most successful undertaking.

George Fuller was born on the 17th of January, 1822, at Deerfield, Massachusetts, a lovely hill-village in the western part of the State, renowned as the scene of some fierce fights between the settlers and the Indians in the seventeenth century. He came of good New England ancestors, some of whom had fought well in the Revolutionary War, and several of his relations had practised art with some success, either professionally or as amateurs. His father was a farmer, and his mother—from whom he mainly inherited his intense love of beauty—the daughter of a lawyer. At thirteen years, according to his father's wish that he should become a merchant, he was taken to Boston and placed first in a grocery and then in a shoe store, but remained at neither long, and soon returned to the home farm, resuming his studies at the country school. He had by this time begun to draw, but his mother, whom he deeply loved, being troubled by this indication of his artistic tastes,—she was much opposed to his becoming a painter,—he ceased filling the blank spaces of his school books with sketches, and even forbore to carry a pencil, that he might not be tempted to cause her trouble. When fifteen years old he joined a party of young men who were going on a surveying expedition to Illinois, for the purpose of making surveys for the first railway projected in that State, and remained with them about two years, when he returned to Deerfield and once more took up his studies, walking each day two miles and a half to school through the meadows beside the beautiful Deerfield River, drinking in those visions of color which he afterward reproduced in his canvases. In the journals which he kept while in the West he had permitted himself to resume his sketching, and it was now evident that his future life must of necessity concern itself with art and not with business. Even his mother had to withdraw her opposition, now useless, and Fuller proceeded again to Boston. This was in 1840, and in the following year he accompanied his half-brother Augustus, a deaf-mute, who painted miniatures and portraits in small country towns, to Waterloo and other places in New York State, where they met with satisfactory success in executing portraits of the people at fifteen dollars each, or so. Henry Kirke Brown, afterward famous as a sculptor, had been for a time with the surveying party in Illinois, and Fuller and he became fast friends; so it was natural that our artist should ask his advice as to his future career. The answer, which came at the end of the year 1841, was most encouraging and full of Brown's sincere faith in his friend's abilities and future success in the profession of art, if he would apply himself closely to study. Brown also offered him all the assistance in his power; and Fuller went to Albany and began to draw in the sculptor's studio, where he remained nine months, making rapid progress, until Brown and his wife went to Europe, when we find him again in Boston, where he spent the winters of 1842 and 1843, his summers being passed on the

farm at Deerfield. In the latter year he was elected a member of the Boston Artists' Association, and wrote to Brown, who was working in Rome, telling him what the Boston artists were doing and praising especially the works of Allston, calling him "the greatest of modern painters." In this letter he said, "I have concluded to see Nature for myself, through the eye of no one else, and put my trust in God, awaiting the result," — significant words, and fully justified by his after work. For some six years, beginning with 1842, Fuller, though he could not be called prosperous, supported himself by his art in Boston (his prices being now a little higher) and on such portrait-painting expeditions as the one already mentioned, and visited the old home from time to time. In 1846 he sold in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, for six dollars, his first imaginative picture, called *A Nun at Confession*. His mother had died in 1845. His first studio in Boston was in School Street, but he afterward shared a room in Tremont Row with Thomas Ball, the sculptor, who was then a portrait-painter. At this time he used to spend many pleasant evenings at the house of his aunt Mrs. Hildreth, the wife of the historian, a lady of considerable repute as a miniature painter. In 1847 his friend Brown had returned from Europe and taken a studio in New York, where he asked Fuller to join him, which offer he accepted. The next ten years of his life were passed in study and work at New York, varied by excursions to Philadelphia and some of the Southern cities, during which last-named trips he made many studies of negro life. While in New York he was a valued member of the cultured circle which often met at the house of the Browns, and which included such men as Bryant, Henry Peters Gray, William Page, Daniel Huntington, Sandford Gifford, Quincy Ward, Larkin G. Mead, W. J. Stillman, H. G. Marquand, A. B. Durand, and Samuel Colman. He painted a good portrait of his friend Brown, which was exhibited at the Academy, which had elected him one of its Associates in 1853, and at this time he drew many portraits in crayon, besides painting numerous ones in oil.

In January, 1859, the death of a brother called him home; and in June of the same year his father died, leaving the farm and those dependent upon it to the painter's care. Fuller did not hesitate to make the sacrifice thus demanded of him and leave the practice of his loved art to become a farmer; but before doing so, he took the opportunity which just then offered itself of visiting Europe, and in January, 1860, he left New York on the ship "American Eagle" bound for Liverpool, in company with his friend William H. Ames and W. J. Stillman. The voyage was a very rough one, but speedy, as they sighted Torbay when only fourteen days out from Sandy Hook. Stillman parted from them in London, but met Fuller again in June at Geneva, and introduced him to Ruskin, who was travelling with Stillman, and who was much interested in the young American painter and his opinions on art and the old masters. Fuller first visited London, where he met Rossetti and Holman Hunt, then Paris, Naples, Rome (here he saw Overbeck), Florence, Bologna, Venice, Milan, Nuremberg, Munich, Brussels, Antwerp, The Hague, and Amsterdam. He did not study in any academy while abroad, but studied the pictures of the old masters, among whom he especially delighted in the great colorists, Titian, Veronese, Rubens, Velasquez, and Tintoretto, together with Rembrandt, Correggio, and Murillo. In the letters he wrote home he said much of the works of these giants and also praised Van der Helst's *Burgomasters* and the pictures of Bellini and Francia, giving as well interesting opinions about the achievements of some modern painters — Delacroix, Decamps, Millet, Frere, and Meissonier — which he saw in Paris.

The month of August found Fuller back in Deerfield again, where he cheerfully took up the burden of duty which had fallen from his father's shoulders, and for fifteen years the world of art saw nothing of him. Only a few friends knew that the time which could be spared from the fields and the barn was spent in painting. At first he painted in one of the rooms of the house, but afterward converted an old carriage-house into a studio, where he worked on Sundays and in the winter. Shortly before his death he built a new and larger studio out of an old house which stood opposite his own. His subjects were elaborations of his

sketches made in Europe, small landscapes, and portraits of his children (he had married in 1861) and relatives or friends, often never finished, and as often destroyed because they failed to meet his requirements. It may be said here that Fuller's manner of work changed completely during those years of quiet growth when he was nourishing and perfecting his art. His early work is hard in outline, minute and careful in finish, and entirely different from that shown in the pictures of his later period. The lady who became his wife was Miss Agnes Higginson, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in whom he found a true and sympathetic helpmate. His work on the farm was successful, and many improvements had been carried out; but having, like many of his neighbors, devoted himself to raising tobacco, the decline of prices in 1875 forced him into bankruptcy, and this was the means of restoring him to art. By working hard during the winter of 1875-76 he completed about a dozen pictures and took them to Boston in February, where they were seen by a prominent dealer, who liked them and put them on exhibition. They met with much warm praise and a ready sale, and now at last he was successful and soon was able to devote all his time to his art, relieved from anxiety and debt and free to attempt larger and more important pictures. No longer young, he was still full of work and of inexhaustible hope and courage.

In 1878 he sent to the National Academy two of the best pictures he ever painted,—*By the Wayside*, a little girl blowing a dandelion; and the *Turkey Pasture in Kentucky*, negro girls tending turkeys,—the finest of his landscapes. In 1879 he sent the *Romany Girl*, a beauty in which the gypsy type intended was somewhat doubtfully expressed, but with a face full of a piquant and elusive charm. With this was shown *And She was a Witch*, a girl shrinking into a doorway at the sight of an old woman (perhaps her grandmother) being led away to prison for witchcraft, in Puritan times. 1880 saw the *Quadroon*, which, for pathos and expression, must be reckoned his greatest work. It is a girl sitting in the cotton-field with her thoughts far away, and whose face and sadly questioning eyes cannot be forgotten. The whole story of slavery is told in that mute protest. In 1881 he contributed *Winifred Dysart*, the loveliest of all the young girls which he painted and the very embodiment of innocence and maidenly charm. Being elected a member of the Society of American Artists, he contributed to their exhibitions several works, the most important of which were (in 1882) *Evening—Lorette, Canada*, a peasant girl in the cornfield flushed with the ruddy glow of a sunset sky, and *Priscilla Fauntleroy*, a delicate and timid maiden in white, with golden hair. In 1883 he sent *Nydia*, suggested by the blind girl of Bulwer's romance, standing startled as if about to flee. Besides these he painted a number of portraits of Boston people (especially of ladies and children) and the following pictures, among others: *Arethusa*, *A Gatherer of Simples*, *Psyche*, *The Bird-Catcher*, *Girl and Calf*, and *Fedalma* (George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy"). The *Arethusa* shows the lovely nymph of the Greek legend lying nude beside the fountain in which she dips her fingers. It is full of an exquisite purity and delicacy, and the flesh-tones, modelling, and foreshortening are wonderfully fine. But alas! he was not destined long to continue producing such works as these; for he died after a short illness on March 21, 1884, at his winter home in Brookline, Massachusetts, and was buried at Deerfield.

A few weeks after his death a memorial exhibition of his works was held at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which comprised one hundred and seventy-five paintings, the result of forty years' labor, and included not only all the best, but the greater part of all the pictures of value which ever left his hands. This can be said of few similar exhibitions. The collection was the event of the art season in Boston, and the impression it made only deepened the feeling that America had lost one of her most original geniuses. About the same time fifty-four of the pictures which remained in his studio at the time of his death were sold in Boston for \$17,740. There were originally sixty-three to be disposed of; but five were withdrawn before the sale, and on four others, which were limited at high figures (for American paintings), no bids could be obtained. These four were *Arethusa*, held at \$6,000, and *Nydia*.

And She was a Witch, and *Girl and Calf*, each limited at \$4,000. The *Arethusa* was afterward bought by the contributions of friends and admirers of the artist and given to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where hung already his fine *Portrait of a Boy*, presented by E. W. Hooper. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, owns three of his paintings, *Nydia*, *And She was a Witch*, and the *Ideal Head of a Boy*, all the generous gift of George I. Seney. In the Public Library at Woburn, Massachusetts, hangs his portrait of Mr. Winn, the founder of the library; and one of his ideal heads is in the possession of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. The *Romany Girl* belongs to J. S. Williams, New York (the original study for the same being in the collection of Thomas B. Clarke of the same city); the *Turkey Pasture* to W. H. Abercrombie, Brookline, Massachusetts, who is fortunate enough to own several others of Fuller's pictures; *Evening — Lorette, Canada*, to J. H. White, also of Brookline; *By the Wayside*, to Mrs. George Faulkner, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts; *A Gatherer of Simples*, to Mrs. D. P. Kimball; the *Quadroon*, to Mrs. S. D. Warren; *Winifred Dysart*, to J. Montgomery Sears; *Psyche*, to W. A. Tower; *Priscilla Fauntleroy*, to F. L. Ames; and *Fedalma*, to Charles E. Lauriat, all being Boston people. The greater part of his portraits are owned in Boston and its suburbs. The *Nydia* has been etched by S. J. Ferris, and published, and several of Fuller's best works have been exquisitely engraved on wood by W. B. Closson, who was intimate with the painter and worked under his friendly eye when cutting the blocks, and who has produced what are undoubtedly the finest reproductions of the master's paintings which have been made. Indeed it is not too much to say that they have never been surpassed if equalled for faithful rendering by any wood-engravings. They include *Winifred Dysart*, printed herewith, *Psyche*, *The Turkey Pasture*, and *An Ideal Head*. Both Timothy Cole and W. J. Linton (whose cut is here given) have engraved the *Romany Girl* on wood, while Frederick Juengling cut a block from the study for the picture, and F. E. Fillebrown has done the *Gatherer of Simples*. But no method either of the hand or mechanical in its nature has yet reproduced the elusive charm of Fuller's paintings with entire success, nor can it do so as long as it translates them without color. Two years after his death a sumptuous memorial volume was published in Boston by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., the profits of which were to accrue to the benefit of his family. It contained an admirable sketch of Fuller's life by W. D. Howells, an estimate of his genius by F. D. Millet, reminiscences of his early days by Thomas Ball and W. J. Stillman, a sonnet by Whittier, and an article on his methods in painting by the Boston artist, J. J. Enneking, in whose association with Fuller "there was as much of the relation of master and pupil as was possible to one of Fuller's ideas in art." (He never really took any pupils.) The book also included a paper on Fuller's work as judged by an engraver, by Closson, a list of his works, a fine portrait of the painter, engraved by G. Kruell, Cole's engraving of the *Romany Girl*, Closson's engravings mentioned above, and a view of the Deerfield house, etched by Edmund H. Garrett. To it I am indebted for many of the facts contained in these pages. Articles on Fuller have been published in the "Century" and the "American Architect" by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer (who also wrote the preface to the catalogue of the memorial exhibition at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts), and in the "Magazine of Art" by Charles DeKay, and there is an appreciative review of his work in Edward Wheelwright's article entitled "Three Boston Painters," contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly."

It is no small thing to us to know that George Fuller's character was as noble and devoid of aught unworthy as his paintings. The man was worthy to have done his work. In appearance, too, he was striking,—of good height and generous mould, crowned by a finely bearded, strong, and gentle face. The writer's own acquaintance with him was of the slightest, yet he well remembers that "good gray head," seen not many times, but of too rare a type to forget. I used to meet him now and then coming from his Tremont-street studio to the restaurant where he often lunched, where other Boston painters could generally



THE ROMANY GIRL.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE FULLER

be seen, and which happened to be the one I usually frequented. I recollect very plainly the first time we ever spoke together, when I went to his studio, through the kind offices of a relation of his who was a friend of mine. The *Arethusa* was just finished and stood on the easel, the chief adornment of the plain room. How modestly he talked as he showed his work; and how sure I felt, as I reverently looked and worshipped, that though I had visited many more richly appointed studios presided over by men of greater outward brilliancy, fresh from honors won as the accomplished pupils of famous masters in Paris and Munich, I was for the first time in the presence of an artist to whom the word "great" might not unwarrantably be applied. One other occasion I recall, of being at a dinner given to a well-known art teacher in Boston where George Fuller was a guest, and sat nearly opposite to me. Little enough in these reminiscences, but it is something to me to have been "near the rose," and so I set them down.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's tribute to Fuller in the catalogue of the Memorial Exhibition is so just, so sympathetic, and so thoughtful that I cannot forbear quoting somewhat largely from it here, the more so that I feel, because of its appearance as prefatory to an exhibition catalogue only, it must have failed to reach many who did not see the collection, but who, I am sure, would like to read this eminent critic's appreciative words:—

"The charge of mannerism is one that could not fail to be brought against any art so single in its aim, so uniform in its feeling and its processes, as was Mr. Fuller's. And I do not deny that certain of his canvases may be counted which give color to the charge, which are dilutions or repetitions of happier creations, rather than true creations in themselves. But this is merely to say that no man is always at his best. Weak essays we find in the legacy of every prolific painter. Sometimes we may be justified in feeling that they would have been fewer if he had gone differently about his work; if, for example, in the case of a very 'individual' painter, he had widened his range a little more. But oftener these lapses are but due to the fact that there are times when even the most earnest, enthusiastic, conscientious, and ambitious of workers will fall below himself,—will be less clear of sight, less sensitive in feeling, less happy in conception, less eloquent in speech, than in his strongest hours. And so I think it is with Mr. Fuller. When we look at his work as a whole, we do not feel that he was mistaken in limiting his efforts within a certain comparatively narrow range. On the contrary, we feel that his fine works are finer than they would have been had he diffused himself more widely, and that his weaker ones would probably not have gained in such a case. I do not think the vice of mannerism often or deeply affects his work; and I do not think it would have been well replaced by the opposite vice of uncongenial effort. And, after all, it is the inalienable, though often ignorantly and bitterly disputed, right of a man to be judged by his best work, not by his weakest, or by any possible drawing of averages between them all. Averages can tell us little in intellectual things,—nothing more than what I have just noted as to the *relative quantity* of his good work,—and hence as to the wisdom or unwisdom of his artistic course. His poor performances may rightly be condemned in and for themselves; but though we count them ten to one, they do not affect the intrinsic value of such good ones as are found beside them. Let a man paint but a single great picture, and he remains a great artist to the end of time, whatever may be our decision as to how many more of equal excellence he might have left us had his course been different.

"Thus it is I would have Mr. Fuller judged,—by his best pictures, and not by any drawing of averages between them all. Yet I would not for a minute have it thought that we need to push such justice to the verge of charity in his case. No, I repeat, Mr. Fuller's good works are not one, but many, and so many that even if we do draw an average, we are quite content with the wisdom of his course; we feel that he did the best thing for himself that he could have done. But even if all these points be granted me,—if the originality of Mr.

Fuller's art be recognized, and also the fact that it was better for him to develop that originality along one special line than to dilute or smother it by attempting many;—there still remains a question to be answered. What is the nature of that originality; given its strength, what is its quality? And this, of course, is the most important point of all. For originality is not in art, any more than in other departments, always a good thing *per se*,—only a thing which, if its quality be fine, is the very best thing possible. I have already said, in passing, that I think the quality of Mr. Fuller's art to be valuable and delightful. In attempting a fuller answer and explanation, I cannot fall back again upon theories or decisions for which, if clearly set forth, universal acceptance may be asked. When we cease discussing what ought to be in art, and begin to discuss what *is*, with regard to any special artist, a certain latitude must be allowed for the exercise of personal tastes and sympathies. That is to say, we must acknowledge the right of every man to judge for himself. But this by no means presupposes the equal rightness of all such different judgments. There are laws which control criticism even when it comes down to the special examination of work in which feeling and sentiment play so large a part as they do in Mr. Fuller's; only, unfortunately, they are laws which cannot be demonstrated in words,—laws which can only be absorbed by much practice in critical thinking, much acquaintance with the work of all lands and times. I believe most fully in the rightness of my own feeling with regard to Mr. Fuller's work. If I did not, I should not dare to speak at all. Nor should I *care* to speak at all, for I should implicitly acknowledge that all art criticism is a matter of whim and fancy and mere casual 'taste,' without solid basis, and therefore without interest for a rational mind. Nevertheless, I cannot attempt to *prove* myself right. I can only leave it to the pictures on the wall to bear me out in what I say. To me, then, Mr. Fuller's art seems not only individual, but very delightful in quality; and it seems individual and delightful in both its factors on the intellectual side of conception and feeling, and on the material side of execution too. These two sides must both be well developed if art is to be really fine; and it is hard to say which is of more importance. *Technique* is even more important in painting than is style in writing. The sensuous side of painting—that side which appeals to the bodily sense and not the mind—is of far greater relative value than is the sensuous side which poetry owns as well. Mere manual execution, even apart from color and light and shade, has a worth which can hardly be overestimated. Indeed, that artistic individuality of which I have already spoken often consists of nothing more than a new and charming method of execution quite dissevered from any novelty of thought or feeling; and no matter how original, how charming a man's thoughts and feeling may be in themselves, they cannot benefit us much through art unless they are beautifully expressed. It is a great point, then, that Mr. Fuller's execution should be both personal and attractive, and a still greater point that it should be so perfectly in harmony with his ideas and feelings. This is, indeed, one of the truest tests of really fine performance, this harmony between matter and manner. Look at the *Winifred Dysart*, for example, which seems to me the pearl in Mr. Fuller's treasury; could anything be more homogeneous, more complete? Could there be greater affinity between conception and expression? Idea, sentiment, color, line, are all made doubly telling and impressive by the delicate, vague, and misty, yet clearly intentioned handling.

"So peculiar to himself is this handling of Mr. Fuller's that it has not escaped those charges which the lover of conventionality in art, he whom we delight to brand with the name of *Philistine*, is only too apt to bring against anything which bears the stamp of freshness and personality. It has been charged now with affectation and again with uncertainty, indecision, want of clearness, and therefore, of adequate expression. But look at the *Winifred Dysart*, at the *Romany Girl*, at the *Turkey Pasture*, at the *Priscilla*, at the *Nydia*, or at some of the portraits of young girls (I remember one in particular of a girl in white against a russet landscape background), and try to imagine what they would be if translated by any other brush;

you will see that matter and manner form, in fact, but one single thing; that they could not be disassociated without the loss of all value in them both. *Winifred*, painted by some dashing but prosaic Parisian brush, would be as lost to us as a dashing Parisian beauty had she fallen under Mr. Fuller's poetizing hand.



THE QUADROON. DRAWN BY GEORGE FULLER FROM HIS OWN PAINTING.

"This manner Mr. Fuller elaborated for himself in his Deerfield retirement, as may be seen in his early portraits. It was the result, not of any desire to be eccentric, but simply of the desire to express himself in the most sincere and adequate way. And we may congratulate ourselves indeed that he found just what he sought.

"Of course, with a manner of this sort, it is easier to fail than with one less self-inspired, less dreamy and poetic. The more prosaic, commonplace, and conventional a painter's manner

is, the less danger will there be of the public's finding tangible deficiencies and sins. And, indeed, Mr. Fuller's manner did not always serve him with unvarying docility. In looking at some of his pictures,—and these are the ones that have been called 'mannered,'—we feel that he has not perfectly expressed his intentions. His hand has a tentative, groping, uncertain accent which leaves us unimpressed or puzzled. But this, as I have said, is because no man is always at his best,—not, I am sure, because the manner was wrong, or might better at times have been exchanged for any other. The brush that could give us *Winifred* and the *Turkey Pasture* had surely found the language that suited it the best."

A noted New York art-writer penned the following just as Fuller's star was rising into full view:—

"Mr. George Fuller's *Romany Girl* was one of the charming figure-pieces in the latest National Academy Exhibition in New York City. It hung in the principal gallery on the southern wall, and near it was Mr. Porter's portrait of a seated lady, with Mr. McEntee's solemn and wild landscape between them. Its author had other pictures in the same place, and also in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, and he had exhibited before; but, by common consent, the *Romany Girl* was pronounced to be the best and the most interesting of the series. The mistiness which Mr. Fuller likes to envelop his landscapes and figures in—as, for example, his *And She was a Witch*, in the same exhibition—is less extensive than usual; at least a part of the girl stands out in clear air. Why he is so fond of mistiness is not perspicacious. The fondness long ago resulted in a mannerism. Perhaps Mr. Fuller supposes that mistiness is akin to mystery. At all events, it is not certain that his mistiness had better be dispensed with. Mr. Fuller seeks, first of all, to bring his subject, whatever it may be, under the most exclusive conditions of pictorial treatment, and he is never loath to sacrifice literal fact for spiritual truth. His artistic sense is cultivated to extreme sensitiveness in this direction; for while, like an artist, he is ready to humor Nature, like an artist, too, he is eager to compel her. The realistic successes of such a painter as Alma Tadema, for instance,—and we mention Alma Tadema because he is a favorite of Fortune, and a prince in such successes,—are doubtless contemplated by him with languor, if not with aversion. 'Why,' he would say, 'these archæologic resurrections, these antiquarian researches, these painstaking elaborations for textures, this unholy and earthly glare? Is it the function of Art to make a bookworm of an artist; to produce by sheer laboriousness what a dealer will pronounce curious and marketable; to imitate natural objects so cleverly that the wayfaring man may be deceived thereby?'

"When we say that Mr. Fuller possesses a highly sensitive observation, that he is a superior colorist, and that he has the poetic instinct and faculty, it is easy to add that the *Romany Girl* deserved all the success that it found on the occasion of its first public exhibition. In his fifty-seventh year, for the first time in his life, Mr. Fuller sees fit to take the public into his confidence, and show them of what stuff he is made; for, until the exhibition of the *Romany Girl*, the public certainly did not know how true and large a painter he really is. We await with lively and almost unrestricted expectation this admirable artist's further revelation of himself.

"To the Academy Exhibition of 1880 Mr. Fuller sent *The Quadroon*, a nearly life-size figure of a girl in the foreground of a cotton-field. She faces the spectator, who, in her nose and lips, detects only the faintest traces of a negro origin. She is a gypsy rather than a quadroon, and has little but her heritage of toil in common with the three black slaves in the distance behind her. Her coal-black eyes and hair are finely painted, and the effect of the work as a whole is noble in the extreme. This picture was very cordially received, and it preserved and sustained the reputation which the *Romany Girl* had created. It showed that Mr. Fuller understands how to invest human beings with the decorative charms of fancy. It showed that he has sympathy with art in its aspect of 'silent poetry,'—poetry in the sense in which it

is used by a well-known modern critic, who describes it as 'simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things.' For, in the strictest signification of the terms, Mr. Fuller's quadron picture is beautiful, impressive, and widely effective. Whatever else may or may not be true of it, this at least is true. May we go a step further and say of its author that he is a poet also in Shelley's sense of the word, namely, that he is the hierophant of an unapprehended inspiration? Doubtless even this praise, too, belongs in part at least to George Fuller. And supreme praise it is."

The following admirable paragraphs are from a review printed in the Boston "Advertiser" a few days only before Fuller's death, and it is a pleasure to be able to give to them here a greater permanence and a wider circle of readers than they could have in their original form:

"Mr. Fuller's manner is the best manner *for him*. To turn from it would be to turn his back upon himself. 'This following in some approved European rut is getting tiresome to men of individuality,' said an American artist, himself of proved originality and force, in a letter written not long ago. 'What art needs in this country is a basis of its own, when it will not be necessary to resemble some favorite foreign artist in order to sell, or to get approval; when we can lift our eyes, and exclaim, "*Unto us an artist is born!*"' This was written apropos of the criticisms on Mr. Fuller's *Nydia*, exhibited in the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists. It is hardly necessary to remark that many of these comments were exceedingly unfair and narrow-minded. They did not go below the surface of the question; it was a pure matter of paint; they did not inquire whether the work had expression, whether it signified anything, whether it was a genuine picture of a true character, or anything of the sort. On the other hand, the color was pronounced impure, the drawing faulty, and demands were made that the artist should come forth from the mist and mystery in which he had been accustomed to hide his creations. As reasonable a demand it would be to summon Rembrandt to throw a little daylight on to his *Ronde de Nuit*, so as to illuminate certain inconsistencies. This is the old story. Painters are criticised for what they are not, rather than for what they are; and we doubt not it was always the same. There were wiseacres who thought it a great pity Raphael could not color so well as Titian, and that Titian could not design so well as Michael Angelo. It is easy for any dunce to see what a man is not. If Mr. Fuller would only paint like—say Bouguereau, it would suit some matter-of-fact persons to a T. It is necessary to insist upon the point that Mr. Fuller is an idealist, a thinker, a dreamer, a poet; that painting, with him, is only the chosen means of expressing certain visions, of presenting to the world certain imaginary personages, creatures of his brain, spirits from the fairyland of his gracious fancy. There have been men who painted for the love of painting, and who, having nothing particular to say, said it so brilliantly that they have left names of undying fame to the world of art; Mr. Fuller does not belong to that class of painters. 'Art for art's sake' is an empty phrase to him; he paints in order that he may say something, express his thought, deliver his message. In spite of some stammering, he has done this successfully. His ideas are beautiful; he strives hard to deliver them in a beautiful envelope, and often he succeeds. Let it be borne in mind that the more elevated the subject the greater the difficulties met with in the effort to adequately treat it, and it will be perceived how great are the obstacles he has vanquished."

I will also venture to repeat here some words which I wrote in a letter to the London "Artist" shortly after the close of the Fuller Memorial Exhibition:—

"His portraits of children and young girls are hardly to be praised less than his ideal works. The purity, freshness, and grace of maidenhood, and the winning beauty of children had a special attraction for his brush; and he portrayed them with a sympathetic insight which is among the rarest of a painter's gifts. His work in this direction, for tenderness, simplicity, and truth, will worthily stand with that of the two great English painters of youth and child-life, Reynolds and Millais. I particularly remember a portrait of a plump little blue-

eyed child with flaxen hair, standing on the grass, in a dress of dull green with a blue hat and a doll in her arms; another of a girl of eight years, bareheaded and with long dark curls, holding her apron up to catch the apple-blossoms slowly falling,—her dress and stockings were a dark but rich red; still another of a simple-faced young girl of some twelve years in a frock of a golden-brown color, and one of a maiden in her teens with a white dress and a white daisy or two in her belt. All of these and most of his similar portraits were painted with the simplest of out-door backgrounds. I hardly recall one of his child-pictures which gave for background or surroundings the interior of a room or even furniture or other accessories. All were painted naturally with Nature around them.

"As a painter of landscapes alone, Fuller must have won great fame in the future, as the few pictures of this nature which he lately painted fully show. This is very evident, also, in the landscape background to the *Quadroon*.

"He was a most patient worker and conscientious artist, his own severest critic, and often toiled at a picture for years before he parted with it. He kept the conception in his mind until he had painted it to his satisfaction, though I do not think he ever quite realized his intention,—as what great painter does or can? His *Cupid*, painted in 1854, is nearly identical in pose, and the red of the drapery, with his *Bird-Catcher*, a work of the year 1880. But what a gain the latter shows!

"He was a man who revered his art, and had an ideal which he faithfully endeavored to attain. He never painted for money alone, or used his brush for unworthy ends. He was an original painter, and an American painter,—not an echo of the Paris or Munich Academies. Scarcely a trace of the influence of any master or school is seen in his works, save possibly in some of his landscapes there is a hint of Corot, or in his other pictures an infrequent suggestion of a great old master,—perhaps one of Correggio's warm and golden tones, or a red of Titian's, somewhat sobered. Nourished in solitude and under many difficulties, his style was all his own. Nothing could be further from the realistic tendency of modern art than the works of Fuller. He hated 'realism' when it was without any admixture of higher qualities, as it too often is. Indeed, George Fuller was more than anything else a painter of the ideal, of sentiment, and of the mystery of poetry. His color, though always subdued, was of the finest quality,—luminous, harmonious, and subtle; his dealings with *chiaroscuro* masterly; and if in drawing he did not always excel, his *Arethusa* proves that it was not for want of ability. He preferred to lay stress on elements even more important in a work of art,—thought, feeling, poetry. I do not say that his work was without faults,—on the contrary; but in the light of his great qualities they were rightly overlooked."

Whittier's beautiful sonnet, published in the memorial volume, will fitly end this tribute to—

GEORGE FULLER.

Haunted of beauty, like the marvellous youth
Who sang Saint Agnes' Eve! How passing fair
Her shapes took color in thy homestead air!
How on thy canvas even her dreams were truth!
Magician! who from commonest elements
Called up divine ideals, clothed upon
By mystic lights soft blending into one
Womanly grace and child-like innocence.
Teacher! thy lesson was not given in vain.
Beauty is goodness; ugliness is sin;
Art's place is sacred: nothing foul therein
May crawl or tread with bestial feet profane.
If rightly choosing is the painter's test,
Thy choice, O master, ever was the best.



MID THE APPLE BLOSSOMS.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING

BY

JOHN L. BRECK.

MR. BRECK, whose father was a lieutenant-commander in the American navy, was born at sea, near Hong Kong, in 1860.

When he was twenty years of age he visited Munich and from there went to Antwerp, where he occupied himself for a year with his studies. - In 1886 he visited Paris, where for three years he was a pupil of Claude Monet, the head of the impressionist school. He has exhibited in the Salon, and received an award from the Paris Exposition.

Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his teacher, he relies almost entirely on strong coloring, which of necessity is lost somewhat in the excellent reproduction before us.





THE LAKE OF NEMI.
FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE LORING BROWN



GEORGE LORING BROWN.

CHAPTER EIGHTY-NINTH.



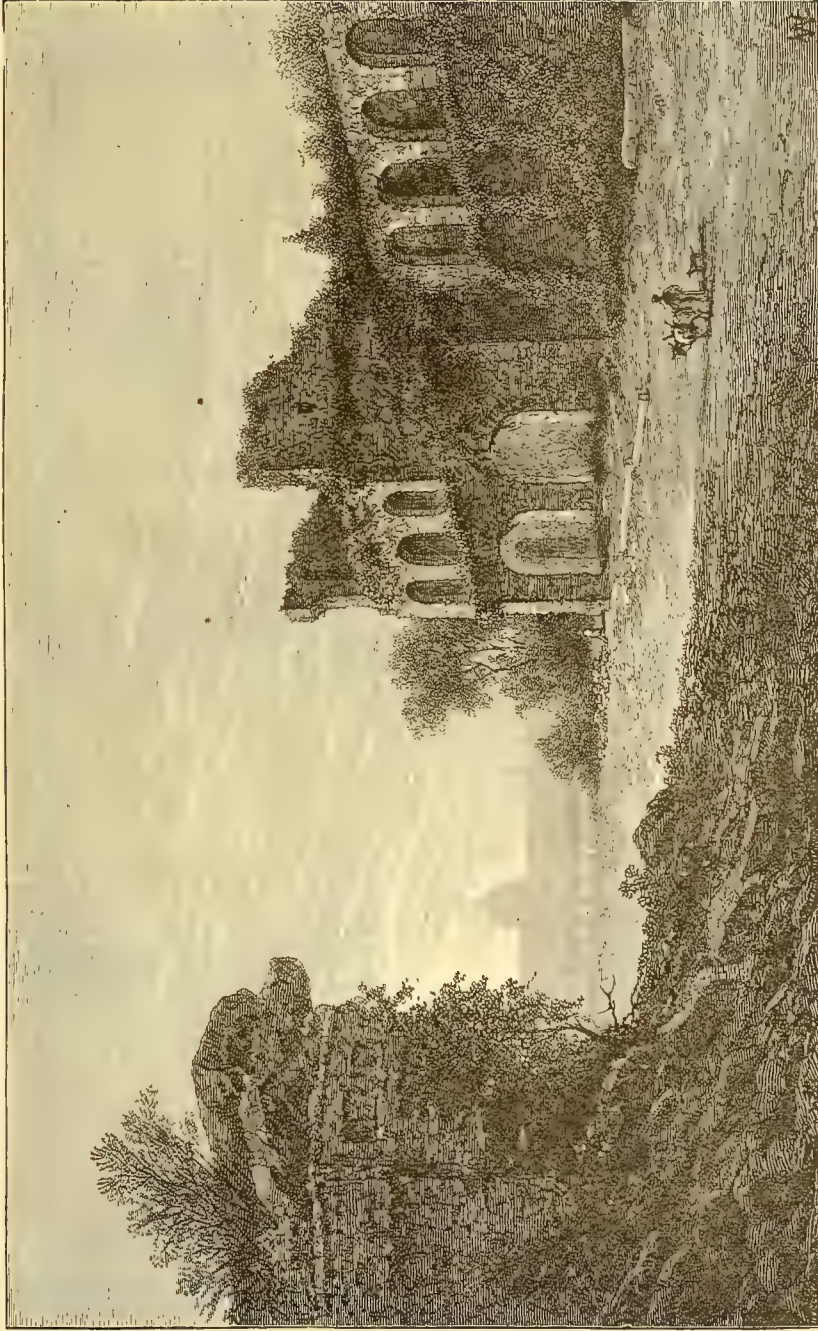
R. GEORGE LORING BROWN was born in Boston in 1814. When twelve years old he was apprenticed to a wood-engraver. He took his first lessons in painting from Washington Allston. After Mr. Isaac P. Davis, a connoisseur of that city, had given him fifty dollars for a copy of a landscape, he resolved to go to Italy. A Boston merchant having presented him with one hundred dollars, he put his resolution into execution, and in his nineteenth year landed at Antwerp with an empty wallet. The captain of the ship that had taken him over lent him some money; and with a stout heart he proceeded to make sketches of the Antwerp Cathedral, and studies of the paintings of Ruysdael. Soon he found himself in London, where another friend assisted him financially, and enabled him to buy a ticket for Paris. In the French capital he became a pupil of Eugène Isabey. Money once more becoming scarce, he availed himself of an invitation from his friend, the Boston merchant, to send his first European pictures to him; but, as in those days the Atlantic was not a scene of rapid transit, he was obliged to wait the convenience of contrary winds and tides. When at length an answer came, it was in the highest degree satisfactory. "The remittances," says a biographer, "were adequate to place him beyond immediate want." One day, in the studio of Isabey, after spending several months in copying Claude's *Meeting of Mark Antony and Cleopatra*, he became disgusted with the result of his endeavor, and, in a moment of rage, attacked his canvas with a knife. "He saved the pieces, however," continues the biographer; "thinking, probably, that they might be useful for the production of new pictures." He returned to Boston, and found, with Edmund Burke, that difficulty had been his helper. His pictures sold well, and he bethought himself of his recent copy of Claude. Gathering together the fragments and placing them in a pretty frame, he had the pleasure of hearing Washington Allston say that the patched production was "the best copy of Claude he had ever seen." The testimony of Allston was of value to the young artist. It brought him many orders for copies of Claude, and, with them, the means of making a second trip to Europe. This was in 1840, when Brown was twenty-six years old. No more struggles against poverty. A Baltimore gentleman met him in Rome, and bought a picture of him for one thousand dollars. Other purchases followed, and Mr. Brown stayed twenty years in Italy. He painted original landscapes, and copied Claude.

A moonlight-scene in Venice, by Mr. Brown, says a writer in Appletons "Art Journal" for December, 1877, "is poetic in conception, and rises to the dignity of a masterpiece. A distinguished critic asserts that it gives with admirable truth that peculiar density of the sky, so remarkable in Italy on a summer night after a storm, when the moon appears to sail far out

from the infinite depths of the blue concave, and silver the edges of massive clouds below. She illumines the Piazza San Marco and the famous Lion of St. Mark; the Ducal Palace on the right, the lagoons and San Giorgio on the left. In the opening on the right, between the Ducal Palace and the edifice, is seen the 'Bridge of Sighs.' At a proper distance the illusion of this view is absolutely startling, and one who can recognize its local fidelity feels a thrill of solemn delight, such as once transported him when gazing from the Piazza San Marco upon the heavens thus illumined. Critics objected that the pigments were laid on too heavily; but none looked upon the picture unmoved, and not a few acknowledged that it was the best southern moonlight that they had ever seen upon canvas. This picture was the result of Mr. Brown's early study; it represented earnest work and high-toned sentiment; but he did not pause in his pursuit of artistic knowledge on the achievement of one triumph, for his ambition admitted of no middle ground: his aim was the highest. In 1858 he received the grand prize of the Art Union of Rome, and in 1860, returning to the United States, settled for a time in New York, having brought with him a large number of drawings and studies, besides several finished pictures, all of which were warmly praised by both artists and critics. The question is often asked how Mr. Brown produces the exquisite atmospheric effects for which his canvases are so famous; but it is a secret that belongs to the artist, and one which he cannot himself solve. We often hear of the method of this or that artist, —how this one glazes and that one scumbles; but it does not reveal the secret of the cunning touch, nor of the sentiment which inspires each stroke of the brush. Hawthorne, in his 'Marble Faun,' says that Mr. Brown is 'an artist who has studied Nature with such tender love that she takes him to her intimacy, enabling him to reproduce her in landscapes that seem the reality of a better earth, and yet are but the truth of the very scenes around us, observed by the painter's insight, and interpreted for us by his skill. By his magic the moon throws her light far out of the picture, and the crimson of the summer night absolutely glimmers on the beholder's face.'"

Among Mr. Brown's patrons are the Prince of Wales; the Prince Borghese, of Rome; Lady Cremorne, of London; ex-Governors John A. Dix, Rodman, and Fairbanks; the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, and Alvin Adams, of Boston; and Samuel C. Hooper and T. G. Appleton, of the latter city. Mr. George L. Clough, of Boston, owns his *Lake of Nemi*. This work and *The Temple of Peace* are beautiful and representative.





THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.
FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE LORING FROWN



ALEXANDER H. WYANT.

CHAPTER NINETIETH.



R. ALEXANDER H. WYANT, the landscape-painter, was born in Port Washington, Ohio, in 1839. For several years he was a sign-painter in that village. He removed to Cincinnati and painted some pictures, which commended themselves to the art-patrons of the city, and brought him money enough to go to Europe with. At Düsseldorf he studied under the direction of Hans Gude, and became slightly acquainted with Lessing,—“A strange, silent man,” he says, “who, when I called on him, sent his portfolio to me, and went off into the woods shooting.” The Düsseldorf school seems to have made no impression upon the young artist. He held his sympathies in reserve until he saw the landscapes of Constable and Turner in London. He returned to America, opened a studio in New York, and contributed to the Academy Exhibition of 1865 some scenes in the valley of the Ohio River. In 1868 he was elected an associate of that institution, and in 1869 an Academician, when he exhibited his *View on the Upper Susquehanna*. The Adirondacks are his favorite resort; he speaks enthusiastically of the rich hues of the Northern woods. *A Midsummer Retreat* and *On the Ausable River* are studies of Adirondack scenery.

Mr. Wyant's landscapes in recent years have received a great deal of attention and intelligent admiration, and the spectator who appreciates them would think it almost incredible that their maker ever studied at Düsseldorf. The works of no painter in this country are farther away from the aims and results of the Düsseldorf school. Mr. Bierstadt, one might say, is a typical Düsseldorfian, and Mr. Wyant is the negation of Mr. Bierstadt. It is to the influence of Constable primarily that the pictures of Mr. Wyant, like those of the best French landscapists, owe their breadth and freedom of treatment; and Mr. Wyant would be the last person in the world to forgive a critic like Mr. Dawson for speaking of “the dauby and impudent Corot kind.” He is emphatically a painter of wholes, of effects. He looks for, finds, and grasps the specific, essential, permanent truths of a scene, and when he portrays them he knows how to illumine and amplify them. His soft, far distances and immediate foregrounds are alike impressive in contradistinction to being didactic. The modern pre-Raphaelites are his aversion; the decorative school is his abhorrence; and all mere cleverness of composition and *technique*, all superficial artifices, everything that might come between the spectator and the true spirit of the scene, are an offence in his eyes. And his art, like all good art, is delicate, simple, and direct.

The principal failing of the modern impressionists, as they are called—and Mr. Wyant's sympathies are decidedly with the impressionists—is their frivolity, or, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would put it, their lack of intellectual seriousness. The spirit of their invention is grovelling.

Take, for example, M. Gustave Moreau's picture, *L'Apparition*, which was a "sensation" in the Salon a few years ago, concerning which a critic who saw it said: "It possesses a certain intensity and fascination which prove the artist to have been genuinely inspired, but his vision is keenest in regard to truths that the noblest order of design would take but little heed of. The gesture of the dancer, as she pauses in sudden terror at sight of the pale and bleeding face appearing, not as she had asked for it, but with a spectral presence, is strongly dramatic, and is finely contrasted with the unmoved calm of those who sit around. But it may be seen that even here the success belongs rather to a vivid picture of manners than to any deep penetration into individual character. We seem to realize the scene, with its rich dyes of furniture and costume and glittering jewels flashing out from the deep gloom of the interior, much as if it had been rendered by a painter in the court of Herod. The invention cannot escape from the sensuality and cynical luxury which it contemplates; and so closely has the artist identified himself with the very atmosphere of the life he strives to interpret, that what might have been a great ideal design sinks to the portraiture of a degraded court. If M. Moreau presents the limitations of the modern artist's imagination, he also illustrates with most remarkable effect the technical skill and taste of the modern French school."

Now, Mr. Wyant's aims are not at all frivolous. The impressions which he strives to record, and which he succeeds in recording, are worthy of himself and of the spectator. His penetration into the heart and the mystery of Nature gets deeper as he grows older; his insight and sympathy become more profound. We have not an American painter whose artistic purpose is less alloyed with conventionalism, with vulgarity, with opinionativeness, or with "clap-trap." Following the even tenor of his way, he interprets the beauty of the unseen and the lasting; and, if he is sometimes less perspicacious than he might be, the failing is one that leans to virtue's side.





A MIDSUMNER RETREAT.
FROM A PAINTING BY ALEXANDER H. WYANT.



ARTIST AND AMATEUR.

CHAPTER NINETY-FIRST.



BELIEF in the utility of beauty, a sincere interest in art as the creating, adapting, and organizing of beauty,—these are both new things to the average American mind. But, though new, they are, I believe, no less actual, no less valuable; and being new, they are all the more deserving of serious attention and careful culture.

As the American crystallizes more and more clearly from the mixture of races whose elements combine in him as in a new and very distinct creature, a craving for art and its delights grows perceptibly with his rapid growth. There is stronger evidence for this than the mere prevalence of “æsthetic” chatter in our atmosphere,—chatter which runs the gamut from affected silliness up to the point where it becomes a straw indicating the drift of an under-current of more or less well-directed popular love and enthusiasm. This stronger evidence is to be found in the tangible facts of our surroundings, where we are to seek, however, not so much actual artistic excellences in the setting of our lives, as comparative excellences, patent when we match our lives against those of our fathers and grandfathers. Our homes bear witness to many faults and many follies,—faults of omission and commission, follies of repetition, plagiarism, misapprehension, affectation, pretension, and display. But they are not naked and barren, as were the homes—the city homes especially—of thirty, forty, or fifty years ago. Our eyes have been opened, I will not say to the true appreciation of beauty, but to the fact that it might and should exist in all of our surroundings. And when we turn our hands to creating it, we show, if not original force, at least some historical knowledge and power of assimilation.

Convinced as I believe our people are that it is important to encourage this new sprout from the rough bark of our civilization, the question of art education must become, year by year, of greater interest to them. Ways and means will call for the most careful discussion. For when a people is young in years, younger still in art instinct, it is apt, with the best will in the world, to think but crudely of itself and its needs, and to be but a crude experimentalist in action. The question of the nation's duty as such will rapidly come to the front. A near generation of legislators must settle to what extent, and in what manner, State aid can be brought to bear upon the growth of art. It is a complex and difficult subject, and one upon which I have no wish to enter here. Before our legislators can discuss it with any chance of a wise decision, it is perhaps necessary that each should receive individually some measure of the instruction it will be his privilege to grant or to deny to his countrymen at large. It is of this I would speak,—of the individual cultivation possible in every household, which is to be pursued independently of State aid, but which is impera-

tive if we would train legislators who shall grant us that aid. I would speak of the social, family, and personal influences which may work very powerfully in the aggregate for national improvement, but which will inevitably, if exerted in a false direction, warp or dwarf or stultify altogether whatever art instinct we may already have.

The most common fault as yet with our art training is the sin of absolute non-existence. This is not a passive want, but an actual and fatal fault. For in art, as in morals, he who is not with is against, and he who soweth not scattereth abroad. Where the appreciation of beauty is not inculcated, where placid toleration of ugliness goes unrebuked, there is deliberate, if unconscious, teaching of apathy and blindness, or of distorted vision and false ideals. As our civilization stands to-day there must be much of baldness and ugliness in our surroundings. But if we cannot change baldness and ugliness into decoration and beauty, let us at least realize them for what they are, and let us ever renew our dissatisfaction that they must remain what they are.

It is sad that even such negative teaching as this is so often lacking. But in cases where it does exist,—yes, and is supplemented by much and careful positive instruction,—that instruction is apt to be applied in so mistaken a way that an enormous per-centum inevitably goes to waste. There is visible, above all, one capital mistake in its application. This mistake is an almost universal confusion of the spheres of artist and amateur,—a failure to discriminate between the higher and lower art endowments, between the creative power and the appreciative, and a consequent devotion of culture to the one that should be expended on the other.

How these two aims, which should be kept so distinct, are perpetually confused in the popular mind, is well shown by the confused manner in which the words denoting them are popularly employed. The difficulty does not lie with the term *artist* so much as with the term *amateur*. Ask ten people to define the latter, and we shall hear ten different definitions. And confusion will be found to reign, not only between the usages of different speakers, but in the usage of each individual as his subject varies or his mood changes. The truest definition is not quite absolutely ignored, but it is most commonly contorted or overlaid, stretched or cramped, as chance may dictate.

Turning to Littré,—for both words comè to us from the French,—we find the noun *artiste* defined simply as “one who practises one of the fine arts.” To *amateur*, on the contrary, are given three meanings: 1. “One who has a pronounced taste for a thing;” 2. “One who cultivates the fine arts without making them his profession;” and 3. *En mauvais part*, one who has but an inferior talent for that which he attempts in art.” Going further back we find that *artiste* comes from Greek and Latin words meaning to dispose, to arrange; *amateur* from *aimer*, to love. Yet M. Littré adds, furthermore, a note to mark the difference between this *aimer* and *être amateur*, the latter indicating a particular and cultivated preference, “in some sense a study.”

Pardon such absolute technicalities. They are most easily quoted to enforce the point I would make,—that we are accustomed to give *artist* its legitimate meaning, that of a practical worker in art, but give indiscriminately to *amateur* the three definitions of M. Littré. And, moreover, we have no distinct consciousness that they *are* three different definitions, nor any distinct realization of how we or others mean the word to be understood in any particular case; and slipshod use of the word goes hand in hand, as always, with slipshod thinking about the qualities it represents. There is no doubt that we need the word most in its primitive and truest signification, where it stands for one who has a special knowledge of and love for art, in contradistinction to the practical worker in art. There is no doubt, also, that we use it less in this sense than in any other. Much oftener it serves us to denote one whose power and skill should distinctly entitle him to be called an artist, but who happens not to devote his life to the pursuit of art. More often yet we apply the term to a bungler,



ON THE AUSABLE RIVER.

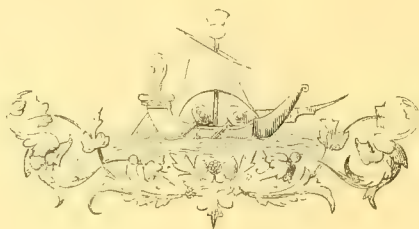
FROM A PAINTING BY AL. ANDRE H. WYANT.

a half-taught enthusiast or idle trifler, whom hard work and devotion might or might not turn into an artist properly so called, but who meanwhile shelters his inefficiency under the half humility of *amateur*, nay, bestows the title upon himself as an excuse for claiming the indulgence of others toward work which shows no possible explanation of its own existence. Labelled as *amateur work*, we are expected to understand that it exists for its author's sake, to amuse or kill his leisure hours, and are expected to judge it with charity in view of the good it thus accomplishes. Is not true art work, on the contrary, instantly recognized as its own excuse for being? Does it not express the fact that at the time of its production its author existed for its sake alone, that he and none other could have done thus and so, and that he could have done no other thing—and this thing in no other way—at just that time and in just that mood? It is this cultivation of art for the sake of the artist, rather than of the artist for the sake of his art, that confuses us when we look at the products around us, or judge of the hands that wrought them; that lowers the standard we apply to the former, and makes us over-indulgent toward the shortcomings of the latter; that will end, if we are not careful, in vitiating our views of art in general, in warping our estimate of its proper use, in destroying our belief in its high divinity.

An example may prove how shifty even the best of us have become in our use of the term in question. In Mr. Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers" we find the following sentence: "The transition from amateur to artist is always a very difficult one to accomplish, even when there are perfect leisure and liberty for study accompanied by an industry not to be discouraged." This seems easy enough to understand, even though there is a doubt as to how we should take the word. It seems merely a pedantic way of putting the truism that it is a difficult process to develop a capable artist out of a bungler or beginner; or, perhaps, out of a man with a love for and appreciation of art, but without any actual experience of its practice. We object, of course, to the doubt in which Mr. Hamerton leaves us as to which of these two supposable cases he means. And if we decide from the context that he means the first named, we must deplore that he, too, sees fit to bend to such ignoble use the word I am trying to defend. But even so much confidence in our power to understand Mr. Hamerton's use of the term is destroyed, when we read in another place, "A student who is called an *amateur*, that is, who does not labor for his daily bread." Was ever distinction more arbitrary? We deny a man the name of artist because he does not offer his pictures for sale, or because, though he may thus offer them, he is not obliged by circumstances so to do! In this sense the term is not only an absurdity, but it stands opposed to the sense in which we have already seen Mr. Hamerton using it. Surely no transition were easier to make than that from amateur to artist, if the transition merely consisted in trafficking or not in the products of one's brush. Mr. Hamerton again shifts his position a little when he comes to speak of Mr. Seymour Haden. Indeed, he is here almost driven to abandon his oft and variously enforced distinction between artistic and *amateur* work. It were impossible to deny Mr. Haden the name of artist, yet he does not "labor for his daily bread" as an etcher, but as a physician. Medicine is the professed and the actual occupation of his life, art its professed and actual recreation. Mr. Hamerton says that "the success of Mr. Haden as an artist is the most interesting fact which can be adduced in reference to the great question of amateurship, and it is worth while to consider how far Mr. Haden's position resembles that of other amateurs generally, and what hope of a like success they may reasonably entertain." Whereupon follows an elaborate statement of the fact that, in spite of its not being the main business of his life, Mr. Haden has had talent enough, and has given himself cultivation enough, to develop into a genuine artist. It would have been simpler and more logical, and more worthy of the dignity of art, to have allowed the fact—never to have questioned the fact, indeed—that he is an artist always, and he alone, who creates good art. How he does it, with what professions and aims, with what expenditure of time and effort,

are matters for the biographer or the psychologist perhaps, but never for the critic, to consider. We may accept it as an almost universal axiom, that art is long,—so long as to require the whole intense devotion of a lifetime. Yet there are certain cases none the less natural for being exceptional, which prove, not that art is easier than we thought, but humanity sometimes more powerful. The painter of *Mona Lisa* and the *Last Supper*, let us remember, gave but a varying portion of his time to art. Indeed, in his memorial to Lodovico Sforza he cites his ability as sculptor and painter only after giving more prominent place to his ability as engineer and artilleryman, as ship-builder and architect and scientific mechanician. Michael Angelo's was a prentice hand at painting when he tried it on the Sistine ceiling. Quentin Matsys was a blacksmith by profession and by practice. And Zeuxis, we are told, did not "labor for his daily bread," but gave his pictures away as beyond price, "like God's creations." It is puerile to make anything but art's results the measure of an artist. It is worse than puerile to lay hold upon a man's other aims and objects and pursuits in life, and drag them into the question of the value of his art work,—use them as a reason to dub him amateur, and use the title amateur, now to palliate his inefficiency if his work be bad, and again to depreciate his rank if his work be good.

Such use or abuse of so beautiful a word as *amateur* has led to a constant, if not quite conscious, depreciation of the beautiful and useful craft it properly denotes. We forget or deny or underrate the value, the necessity, of those whom M. de Sainte-Beuve describes as "contenting themselves with knowing beautiful things intimately well, and nourishing themselves thereon, *en exquis amateurs, en humanistes accomplis*." We forget that the art which the ages have left us, and to which the exceptional sons of genius are adding day by day, really fulfils its mission only when it becomes the delight and the nourishment of the sons of men in general. We deny, by implication if not in words, that the appreciative sense which alone opens this realm of art to the sons of men,—the power of living in intimate communion with beauty, of embellishing and sweetening our lives with it, of finding in it a refuge from care and sorrow, a renewal of cheerfulness and joy and delight in life,—we deny that this wide and deep capacity needs cultivation, or we deny that it is worth cultivating. We take for granted that knowledge and appreciative skill here come by instinct, and need none of the careful planting and constant training we find imperative with every other human power; or else we take for granted that they are not worth having unless supplemented by the ability to create on a more or less important scale. These false ideas are implicit, I say, in our behavior in the matter of art training. Surely it is only through negligent thinking that we hold them. Surely it is not consciously, deliberately, with clear persuasion. "Art," says Mr. Pater, "comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest value to your moments as they pass, and solely for those moments' sake." This is the lowest, the humblest way we can rank its merits, but this is enough to class it among the few absolute benefactors of mankind. And the power to appreciate its benefactions comes only through knowledge, and knowledge only through cultivation of the critical and appreciative senses.





F. C. D. M. 1894

GANANOQUE LAKE.

PHOTO-ETCHING

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

BY

F. O. C. DARLEY.

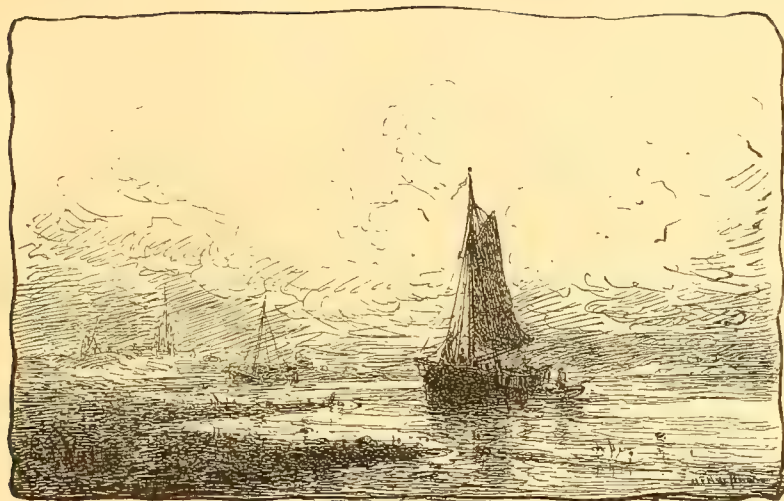
AS MR. DARLEY is not known as a landscape artist, this sketch of his from Nature will be of exceptional interest. It was his recreation, when visiting new scenes, to sketch bits of the surrounding landscape, few of which, however, reached the public.

The picture here given represents Gananoque Lake, in the Province of Ontario, and was drawn by Mr. Darley two summers before his sudden death. Having that peculiar interest of being one of the last of the artist's drawings of this nature, it is also rendered valuable by the fact that it is one that Mrs. Darley treasures among the sketches made by her husband for the diversion of his leisure moments.



LONG ISLAND SOUND BY MOONLIGHT.

FROM A PAINTING BY M. F. H. DE HAAS.



DUTCH RIVER SCENE. DRAWN BY DE HAAS.

MAURITZ F. H. DE HAAS.

CHAPTER NINETY-SECOND.

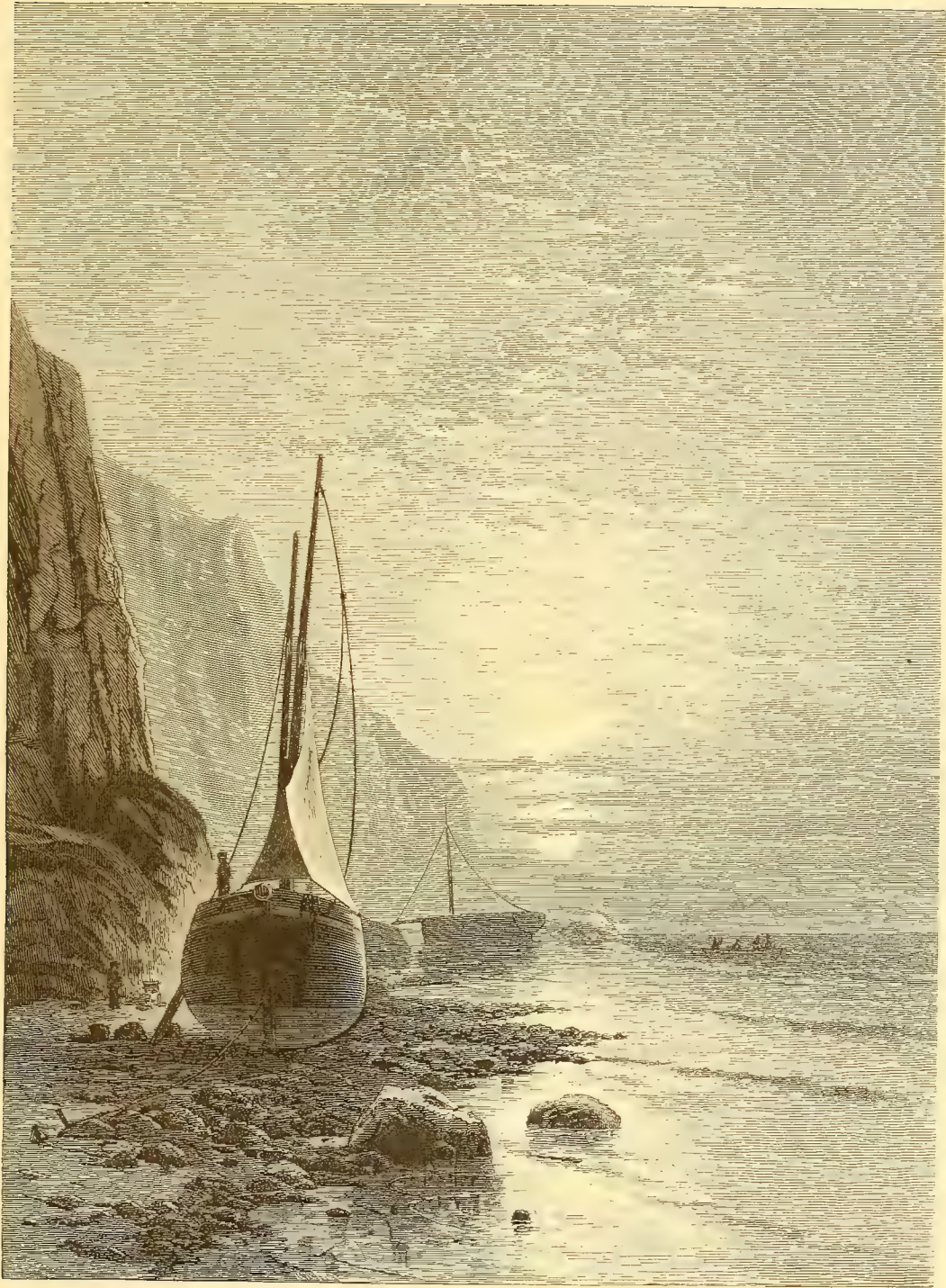
IN making a picture, Mr. Mauritz Frederick Hendrick De Haas, the marine painter, first prepares a sketch with charcoal and chalk on tinted paper, in order to get forms and the general effect. Next, on the canvas itself, which is slightly tinted, he draws in charcoal the outlines of the picture, at the same time often improving upon the sketch already made. Then he sets his palette, beginning at the right, with the following pigments, in the order now given: vermilion, the cadmiums, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, gold ochre, sienna, and the blues. Below the blues, at the extreme left, are placed the browns; below the vermilion and the cadmiums, at the extreme right, are placed the lakes; between the browns and the lakes is placed the white. He likes a large palette and plenty of room. The pigment of which he uses the most is white, for the sky and water. Cobalt-blue comes next so far as quantity is concerned. The other pigments are applied in very nearly equal amounts. The charcoal outlines are next "drawn in" with umber and turpentine, and are thus preserved. Then comes the painting proper. Most artists begin with the sky first, but he begins below the horizon, and lays in the background and foreground tentatively and proximately, not finishing them till afterward. Next in order is the sky. When about half done the picture is put into its frame, and "worked up" to it. The most difficult part of his work is the rendering of the sky, although many marine painters find the water the most troublesome; and the most pleasant part of his work is the finishing, after the canvas has been entirely covered, and all the parts have been roughly put together. The older he grows the harder he finds it to paint a picture. "Nothing is easier," he remarked, "than to make water look thin, transparent, and glassy,—thin and transparent, so that any object would drop through it to the bottom; glassy, so that the waves would cut right into a ship. The artist, however, gives you water on which a vessel can safely float,—wet water, water with movement and body to it. I like nothing better than to paint a storm."

Mr. De Haas's style is neither what is known as the broad nor what may be called the minute. He always tries to finish a picture as far as the impression that he desires to convey will allow; but his finish is rather in color than in lines. He believes in trying to represent things as he sees them in Nature; and he cares nothing for book-principles of art. "I don't think," he exclaimed, "that a picture is ever done; I may think that I can't do any more to it,—and, indeed, I never let a picture go that I can improve; but a completed picture does not exist. When I see one of my old pictures, sometimes I feel like changing it, and at other times I am surprised to see it looking so well. I have, and always have had, a special fancy for moonlight-scenes; the oftener I see them the more I am impressed by them. The moonlight-scenes in and near New York are, I think, finer than in any other locality, except perhaps on the ocean. They are more luminous, more highly colored, and more atmospheric, than in Europe. The cloud-scenery in the suburbs of New York is the noblest and most beautiful in the world.

"The great charm of marine painting," he says, "consists in the fact that every cloud of any size affects the color of the water, so much so that what you see is rather sky-reflection than the real color of the water, except, of course, in the immediate foreground. Wind, also, comes in and changes the color. On the surface of a lake, when there is no wind and no motion, the sky is perfectly mirrored. I have seen instances where you could hardly tell which was sky and which was lake. The reflection was complete both in color and in shape. Since waves never exactly repeat themselves, I watch the appearance of just such a wave as I wish to represent, draw it at once, and take its color from a second wave. Only after long experience will the drawing be successful, and even then the correct aspect of a wave is hard to get. Waves in deep water have one distinctive aspect, waves in soundings another, waves along the shore another. In mid-ocean, for instance, they are rounder and hill-like; near the land they become sharp and broken up. As for color, in deep water they are a dark, inky blue, difficult to describe because it varies with the appearance of the sky; while toward soundings they become greenish, and nearer the shore green, where the coast is rocky, and yellowish where it is sandy. Waves in deep water are always the most difficult for me to paint; the motions of those on the coast are much more distinct and regular."

Mr. De Haas was born in Rotterdam, Holland, in 1832. His first teacher in art was the figure-painter Spoel. After the regular course of instruction in the Academy of the Fine Arts in his native city, he became a pupil of Roseboom, the landscape-painter; and it was while in the studio of this artist that he developed a special fondness for marine painting. He went to the coast of Holland several times on sketching-excursions, and in 1851 visited London and practised himself in the use of water-colors. The next year he made many studies of the Channel-coast of England, which were received by Roseboom with appreciation, and which gained for the young draughtsman a letter of introduction to the celebrated marine painter Louis Meyer, who lived at the Hague. For two years De Haas worked with Meyer, meanwhile sending specimens of his skill to the principal Continental exhibitions and also to England. One of these specimens found a way to the heart of the Queen of Holland, who honored De Haas with a substantial token of her admiration. In 1857 he made a trip in the flagship of a Dutch admiral. Soon afterward he sent to the Hague Academy Exhibition a large picture, which had the good fortune not only to be hung honorably, but to be bought by the hanging committee. The same year, however, he set sail for New York.

During the last twenty-five years Mr. De Haas has become well known throughout this country, and has won distinguished success. His marines are in the galleries of Mr. Belmont, Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, and Mr. Charles Gould, of New York; Mr. William H. Stewart, of Philadelphia; and of many gentlemen in Boston, Chicago, and other cities. He became an associate of the National Academy of Design in 1863, and a full member in 1867. One of his conspicuous works is a representation of Admiral Farragut's fleet passing the batteries and fortresses near New Orleans.



THE COAST OF FRANCE.

FROM A PAINTING BY M. F. H. DE HAAS.

The Coast of France, which is engraved, is a typical representation. Mr. De Haas has painted scores of pictures, the composition of which is not at all dissimilar. On the left are the chalky cliffs, the stony shore, the sailing-vessels stranded at low tide; in the middle distance is a row-boat full of sturdy watermen, beyond whom stretches a smooth expanse of sea, illumined by the glory of the setting sun. The listless, lazy waves that creep along the coast are in a full blaze of light, which beats against the sail and side of the principal fishing-smack, and bathes the cliffs in a tender radiance. One of the sailors has built a fire on the shore, and will soon welcome his fellows, who are approaching in the small boat. *Long Island Sound by Moonlight*, also engraved, is more picturesque. A brig, under very nearly full sail, just passed between the lighthouse and the shore, is cleaving the shimmering water amid the refulgence of a moon that has not yet begun to wane. The sky is peculiarly varied and beautiful. The position and the rigging of the vessel would, doubtless, be satisfactory to the eyes of a sailor; the water looks like real water, and the quality of the whole is brilliant and pure.





FRANK DUVENECK.

CHAPTER NINETY-THIRD.



R. FRANK DUVENECK is perhaps the most brilliant of the company of young Americans whose works, sent hither from Munich, startled the Academicians, and almost monopolized the attention of the critics, at the National Academy Exhibition in New York City in 1877. The picture that represented him on that occasion was the one that has been skilfully produced in "American Art," and that speaks for him with peculiar eloquence, because both subjectively and objectively it is superior to any other work shown by him in this country, either before the year mentioned

or after it. The artist, for a number of years, had been studying in Munich and other cities of Europe; his long residence abroad had given him wealth and splendor of artistic opportunity; and when he returned to America, his education vied in comprehensiveness and in reach with that of any of his predecessors or contemporaries on this side of the Atlantic. A portrait of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, of Hartford; a *genre* of *The Coming Man*,—a German baby learning to walk by the help of a quaint sort of walking-machine on rollers, its round top supporting the incipient pedestrian under his arms; an *Interior of St. Mark's*, that fine old church whose exterior the restorationists have been so notoriously busy with of late, against the protests of some prominent and, no doubt, wise Englishmen; *A Circassian*, presented to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts by Miss Hooper; and a *Professor*, owned by Dr. H. C. Angell, of the same city, are the principal pictures that shine in the reputation of the painter of *The Turkish Page*.

This *Turkish Page* presents a lean and dull young lad toying with a vivacious and sturdy member of the parrot family, and surrounded by some valuable *bric-à-brac*. The true interest of the subject is quite independent of the objects that are depicted, and resides for the most part in the delightful harmony of a complicated scheme of color. Mr. Chase used the same model in a not dissimilar oil-painting sent by him from Munich to the exhibition, in which *The Turkish Page* was a central light, although, owing to some idiosyncrasy on the part of the hanging committee that year, Chase's contribution was almost ineffective by reason of being hung over a door. The aim of the two artists, however, was identical, and their use of the Turkish page was obviously of so much still-life rather than of a human being with an immortal soul. In elaborating his scheme of color, Mr. Duveneck (and, it may be added, Mr. Chase also, but not to the same extent) illustrated the truth of Rousseau's dictum about finish, presenting a central and absorbing object toward which the eye of the spectator was irresistibly directed, and by which it was almost exclusively detained. This object was the flesh of the nude page, and from it proceeded on every side the most beautiful undulations



THE TURKISH PAGE.
FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK DUENCKE.

of color. Considered in its lesser aspect also, the representation exemplified the law insisted upon by the celebrated Frenchman; the page was the important feature of Duveneck's story in its literal and sensuous significance, the surrounding objects being easy and natural accessories to the figure of the boy. The most noteworthy and admirable fact of all was that, viewed in either aspect, whether in the lesser and material one, or in the greater and intangible one, *The Turkish Page* illustrated Rousseau's law of finish, and at the same time displayed competent and elaborate workmanship, even in the minute details, that were, nevertheless, kept strictly subordinate to what was intended to be, and what was successfully preserved as, the principal object in the picture. This is much to say, and this, it seems to us, is the distinguishing mark and merit of Duveneck's *Turkish Page*, when the work is contemplated in comparison with the works of the various other young Americans who forwarded from Munich the canvases that so illustriously represented them in the National Academy Exhibition of 1877. All those artists had evidently been taught to respect the law enunciated by Rousseau; all of them in their pictures strove to subordinate the less important parts to the most important ones, recognizing with indisputable distinctness the fact that, to every artistic picture, unity is indispensable; not one of them was addicted to the methods either of the ordinary carpet-maker or the layer of tessellated pavements. But Mr. Duveneck—and the reference is here exclusively to his *Turkish Page*, for in his other works, so far as these are known to the present writer, his sympathies and his practice have much resembled those of his companions and allies—possesses the singular distinction of having so wrought out the scheme of a pictorial representation that the non-essential details are elaborated with carefulness and absolute completeness, while, at the same time, they remain only the complements, and in no respect the co-ordinates, of the principal and central object, whether this object be considered as the germ of a scheme of color, or as the chief factor in a *genre* story itself. It may be added that Mr. Duveneck's mode of looking at things is fresh, unconventional, and spontaneous, and that he is a really learned executant.

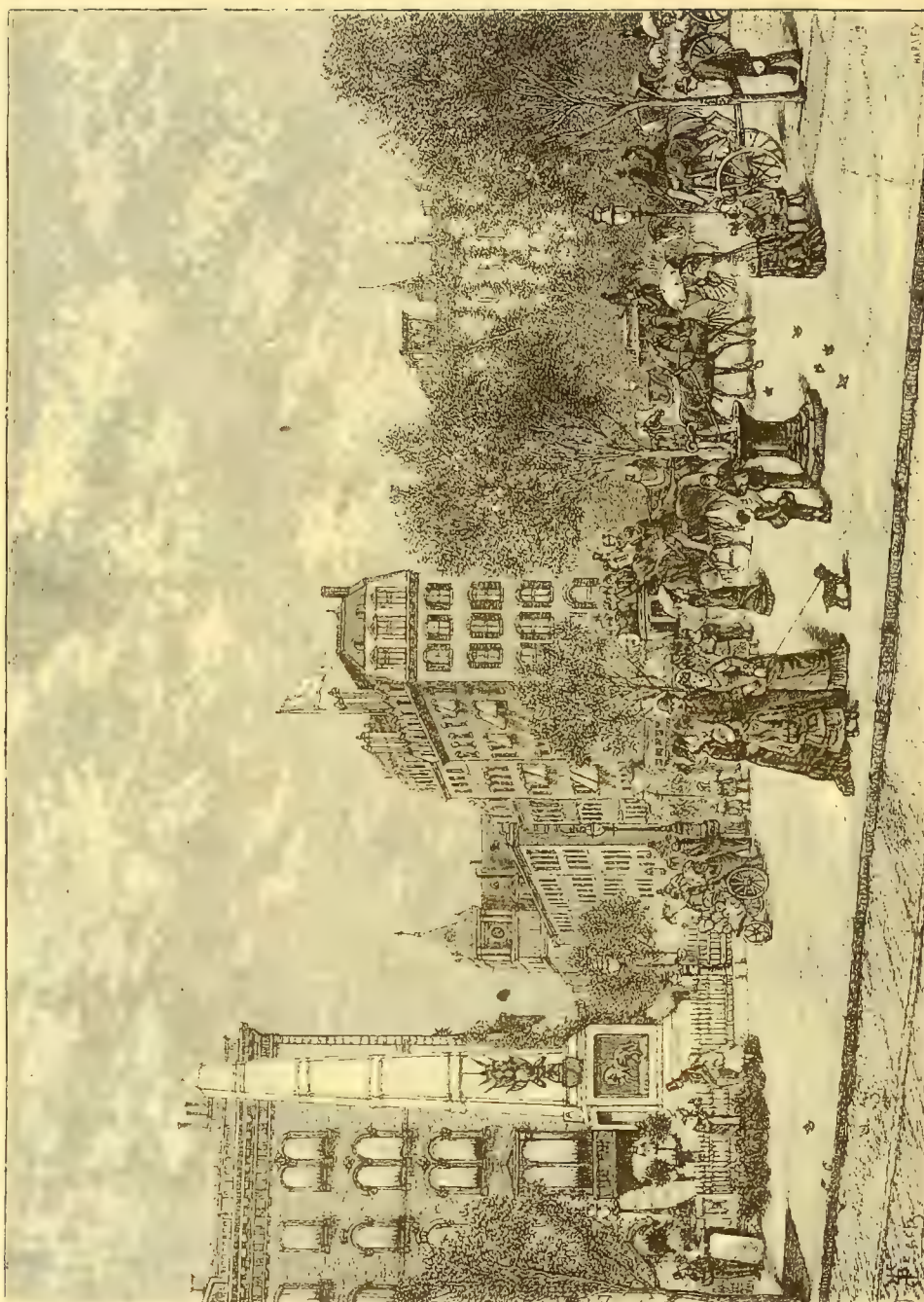
To the disappointment of his many admirers, he has, of late years, exhibited but few paintings in his native country, with the exception of the picture of *Venetian Water Carriers*, shown some two or three seasons since at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and several portraits, much of his time having been spent abroad. In 1890 Mr. Duveneck went to Cincinnati, in which city he once before had a studio years ago, to take charge of a class in oil painting under the auspices of the Cincinnati Art Museum, which institution is to be congratulated upon the acquisition of so able an artist, and one whose work has had an influence for good upon many young American painters.

It would be doing anything but justice to Mr. Duveneck's claims to a deservedly high place among the younger artists of our country to-day were no mention made of his brilliant achievements with the etcher's needle. When, in the month of May, 1881, the London Society of Painter-Etchers held their first exhibition, which comprised impressions from nearly five hundred plates, almost one quarter of the prints were the product of American hands; and these became the means of gaining for our countrymen abroad a reputation for good etching equal to that won by them for good wood-engraving. The President of the Society, Seymour Haden, wrote of the exhibition in a letter to the well-known New York art dealer and friend of art, Mr. Samuel P. Avery, thus:—

"I do not wait for its opening to ask you to find some means for conveying to the American etchers our sense of the excellence and number of their contributions to the exhibition (now all hung) of the painter-etchers. We have, I assure you, been fairly taken aback by the quality of these works, no less than by the promptitude and spirit with which our invitation has been responded to by our brothers on your side of the water. If the exhibition does no other good than to make known the feeling and talent which undoubtedly animate the American etchers, it will not have been in vain. . . . Our gallery of eighty feet long and

thirty feet wide is too small to contain more than two thirds of the work sent. We have, however, managed to hang nearly all the Americans, and I am sure our artists will be much struck by them." Some of Duveneck's etchings contributed no little to this triumph, and a dozen or so of Americans being elected members of the Society, his name was prominent among them. His etched plates are mainly, if not all, Venetian in subject, and include presentations of *The Rialto*, *The Riva degli Schiavoni*, *The Portal of St. Mark's*, *San Pietro di Castello*, and *Desdemona's House, Grand Canal*. Of the last named, Mrs. Van Rensselaer spoke as follows: "The strongest and finest of them, I should say, is a large view of the Grand Canal, showing Desdemona's house, with a couple of gondolas in the foreground, and at the right a tangle of fishing-boats. The simple, unforced effectiveness of the composition is not more remarkable than the vigorous, spirited, fresh, and individual handling, where every line, however hasty or casual it may look to the careless eye, is really neither hasty nor casual, but well thought out and accurately placed. Etching of this sort is what we cannot but call the truest and the greatest."





MAY-DAY IN FIFTH AVENUE.

FROM A PAINTING BY WORDSWORTH THOMSON.



A. WORDSWORTH THOMPSON.

CHAPTER NINETY-FOUR.



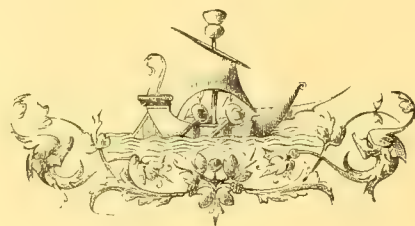
R. A. WORDSWORTH THOMPSON was born in Baltimore, in 1840. At the age of twenty-one he went to Paris and studied successively under Charles Gleyre, Lambinet, and Pasini. The latter master, by the way, has recently made extraordinary strides in professional repute, although for many years he has been recognized as to a high degree both painter and artist. To the Salon of 1865 Mr. Thompson sent his *Moorlands of Au-Fargi*, which was the first picture that he had ever publicly exhibited.

He lived in the French capital four years without displaying his works outside the circle of his friends. In 1868 he returned to America, and opened a studio in New York. Five years afterward he became an associate of the National Academy, and seven years afterward an Academician. To the annual exhibitions of that institution he has been an important contributor. In addition to views of Mount Etna, Mentone, Lake George, the Potomac, and Long Island, he has painted several historical pictures, such as *Virginia in the Olden Time*, owned by Mr. D. H. McAlpine; *Annapolis in 1776*, in the Academy of Fine Arts at Buffalo; the *Review at Philadelphia, August 24, 1777*, which was in the National Academy Exhibition of 1878; and *Leaving Home to join the Army of the North, an Episode of Life in Virginia One Hundred Years ago*, in the National Academy Exhibition of 1879. His large picture of *A May-Day in Fifth Avenue, New York*, was in the National Academy Exhibition of 1880. Soon after the American Art Association (afterward the Society of American Artists) was organized, Mr. Thompson became a member.

The hanging committee justly gave to the *May-Day in Fifth Avenue* a conspicuous centre on the line in the north gallery of the Academy Building, but the fact was noticed as especially commendable on their part because several years ago Mr. Thompson, when a member of a similar committee, had given no striking evidence of his appreciation of their productions. This little incident, though of course not suggesting that impartiality is a trait unexpected in a hanging committee, is nevertheless not altogether unworthy of mention. The qualities which shone in that picture were in sympathy with the best qualities of Pasini's finest productions, without being in any sense the offspring of that artist. In no former painting of Mr. Thompson's was the touch so felicitously light and spontaneous, or the tones so delicate and luminous, or the composition so compact and fruitful, or the shadows so transparent and true. The visitor with difficulty could have found in the exhibition an example of an Academician which showed growth so marked. It was as if the painter had said, "I will abandon for once my portfolios and historical books, my studies of Mediterranean coast-scenes with donkeys and fashionable women, my researches into ancient history, and will step into the street and take a look at life around me." Fifth Avenue near Madison Square has been

represented on canvas before, but never, to our knowledge, so brilliantly as Mr. Thompson there pictured it. The Champs Elysées itself, at the height of the season, is scarcely more variously or radiantly animated than is this famous thoroughfare on a bright afternoon in May. The horses, the equipages, the pedestrians, the Worth Monument, the mighty arm of the "Goddess of Liberty," the flower-girls on the pavement, the foliage of the square, the buildings themselves, slight as are their pretensions to architectural beauty, enter into a varied and luxuriant scenic display which Mr. Thompson has transcribed with remarkable fidelity and fervor.

It is, indeed, upon the "literary" interest of his subject that this artist is usually dependent. He is a landscape-painter, but into his landscapes he is wont to introduce figures. His æsthetic sympathies run into the department of anecdotes. No other American painter of equal ability in the representation of sky, atmosphere, trees, and fields, is so systematic and persistent in refusing to represent these alone. The modern artistic spirit which has so profound a sympathy for landscape pure and simple is not shared by Mr. Thompson, any more than it was by the old masters. And as for the work of a man like Diaz, who, according to M. Charles Blanc, was the first in any school to have the idea of representing a landscape without a sky, of painting a forest as a mysterious and everywhere closed interior, which received its light only through the interstices of the foliage and by the movement of the high branches,—why, Mr. Thompson probably does not understand the intense pictorial charm of such denuded scenes. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Thompson's æsthetic sense is ever disturbed by the frequent sight of civilization despoiling a landscape, or that his æsthetic creed contains any article to the effect that civilization can despoil a landscape. On the contrary, the civilization in a landscape is likely to engage his affection. By the human element in landscape art he is forcibly impressed; and Mr. Thomas Moran's opinion, mentioned in this work, that "French art scarcely rises to the dignity of landscape,—a swamp and a tree constitute its sum total; it is more limited in range than the landscape art of any other country"—is probably not antipodal to the convictions of the accomplished painter of the *May-Day in Fifth Avenue*. Yet to those realities of light and air which modern landscape art so cherishes and patiently interprets, Mr. Thompson is by no means indifferent. Only their sufficiency for pictorial purposes he seems to question, the reason perhaps being that he is not perfectly susceptible to the religious potentialities of inanimate beauty.



DECEMBER.

ORIGINAL ETCHING

BY

HENRY FARRER.

THIS etching is specially interesting as an effort to render effects of air and light, the two elements upon which so much of the sentiment of a landscape depends. Mr. Farrer has been quite successful in solving the problem, although in this the contrasts of light and dark are somewhat harsh, and the attempt at freedom in the treatment has been the excuse here and there for the introduction of lines.

Though standing on the threshold of manhood when he came to this country, Mr. Farrer's art shows that he is thoroughly loyal to his adopted country, and nothing in it betrays the foreigner.



TENDENCIES OF ART IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER NINETY-FIFTH.



WE have reached a point where it is possible to form some estimate of the tendencies most apparent in American art, although it is always difficult to judge of contemporary events with entire justness. The difficulty arises mainly from the fact that we can rarely say with precision where an era of development begins and where it ends; for the eras merge imperceptibly into one another, like the colors of the spectrum. This has been especially the case in the history of our art. Even when the artistic activity was at its highest, the propelling impulse was too feeble or transient, or the results too spasmodic, to enable us to forecast any opinion of the drift in any given direction, while the whole organization of society was in such a forma-

tive and nebulous condition that it was no less hard to discern what influence it in turn might have on the art of the country. Artists of unquestionable ability, in some cases of genius, have appeared from time to time; but, although essential to the growth of our art, the effect they produced was apparently so slight and evanescent, so much more like the scattering shots of a guerilla warfare than the massed fire of brigades directed to a definite end, that only the closest scrutiny would have been able to detect the sum of their efforts and calculate its force.

But now it seems otherwise. This hesitating and preparatory period is giving place to organized effort, definite aims, and concerted action, and to methods which, if not always commendable, are yet influential motors in an era of progress and change. With a rapidity which hardly has an example in the history of æsthetics, the popular mind responds to the new movement of American art, and everything indicates that we are indeed passing from one era to another.

But while we see these signs in the horizon we are far from asserting or believing that all are of equal importance, or that we can definitely distinguish in all cases the permanent from the transient, and the really valuable from the trivial. The utmost honesty, the most unbiased judgment, is liable to error in estimating contemporary persons and events. What seems to us important now may seem of very slight value to him who shall look back to it in time to come.

Nor would we disparage what has already been done in our art by speaking of the present tendencies as reformatory; we should rather consider them as supplementary, or as new steps in the direction of progress, for we cannot forget that the preliminary stages in American art have been of absolute importance to its future, and therefore command the respect due to a

prime factor in a great scheme, aside from the circumstance that some of its founders have been endowed with great ability, and sometimes even with genius.

It is thought by some that the peculiar conditions of society and government in the New World also imply a new order of intellectual growth. This we are not prepared to accept as yet clearly demonstrated. It seems to us instead, that the unswerving, determinate rigor of the laws which direct the development of the race is emphasized rather than weakened by the history of the arts in the United States. We may go over the different steps more rapidly than elsewhere, but nevertheless they must all be trod as other people have trod them before us. It is only as we recognize that we are not inventing new race laws, but testing the power of a universal and irrevocable code under new conditions, that we are able to trace, in a rational manner, the forces at work in this country. We are testing the adaptive elasticity, but at the same time the inexorable despotism, of laws from which we cannot escape if we would.

Thus swayed by a system which creates wants in our nature and then urges us to exert our powers by seeking to gratify them, we share with our predecessors that yearning after beauty which comes from a universal instinct of the race to place itself in harmony with the order of the universe. This it is which forms the essence of art. That is always the same, while the methods for giving expression to this want vary with age and race. And yet even this apparent variety of expression is governed by laws, and proceeds upon certain lines of action, which we are just beginning to perceive and formulate. First come the feeble, fluttering attempts at articulate language; then imitation of those whose art has the precedence in point of time; then individuality of style or art language; and then the symmetrical equilibrium and reposeful power of a great national life exuberant with thought, colossal in imagination, and wielding styles of expression adequate to the demand of the age. Then culminates the art of a people, and after that conventionalism and decadence succeed.

The first efforts of our art have involved a rapid succession or quasi union of the first two stages of art progress, doubtless due to the fact that we began our national history under different conditions from those of other nations, bringing with us an already well developed civilization to the wilderness of an unexplored continent. We are now floating on the full tide of the imitative period. Theories aside, art consists of æsthetics and the language or style that gives it concrete form. It is of little use to have great thoughts, lofty aspirations, or beautiful ideals, if one lacks the language that makes them forcible and attractive. It is, therefore, not so strange that so much stress is laid by some on the matter of style. Imagination is indisputably the first thing in art; the creative faculty dominates all others; it is the quality which is found pre-eminent in art work that endures. But in order to come within the domain of art, it must have adequate forms of expression, whether with simple line, or *chiaroscuro*, or color, or all combined; and the proper, effective use of these media based on intelligent observation is what constitutes style.

In the early stages of a national art style is borrowed, and great importance is placed upon its culture, and it is then indeed liable to be elevated by the opinion of the day to the first rank. Materials and methods are then over-estimated. But in time, when the artist of the culminating period arrives, teeming with thought and urged on by a rush of imaginative force, he places less importance on style. By the laws of inheritance he seems born equipped with weapons which his predecessors were forced to borrow from other nations; more concerned with what he has to say than how he shall say it, he yet says it in a way that is grand and his own. He is the genius, he is the master, the founder of schools, the winner of immortality. He it is who brings fire down from heaven, and makes the world richer with the heart's blood he has given to the pursuit of the arts. He has copied no style, it is true, but for that very reason others shall copy his.

There may be a great art in which style is of more importance than what it undertakes to say, but never the greatest art. Now this is pre-eminently an age of style so far as concerns

art. The great schools of France and England have culminated after ages of preparatory evolution and the way to new schools is now being laid in those countries, through a purgatory of formalism, conventional platitudes, and unimaginative realism. In France, Italy, and Spain Fortuny left behind him a heritage of style. Ideas or grand aspirations we nowhere see indicated in his works, but he was one of the grandest masters of style of modern times. When Delacroix and Turner, and the great school of their contemporaries, had done their work, Fortuny inaugurated an exceedingly brilliant, but lower order of art, whose weakness at once becomes evident in the works of his disciples. The same tendency toward emphasizing methods, either as a sign of promise or of decadence, is apparent in the literary art of the period. In the fiction and poesy of the English-speaking races we find at this juncture little of the vastness, the energy, the terrific passion, the sublime questionings of the problems of destiny, which have characterized the literature of past ages, but rather a dealing with the surface of society, or the foibles of fashionable life, instead of the agonies of a seething, tempest-tossed humanity. So far as our own country is concerned this is both natural and desirable, for with the exception of Hawthorne, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, and two or three other authors, our literature, until recently, has been neither strong nor original in point of style.

And thus it is also with our art at the present time. We have had great painters in portraiture and landscape, but the country was not yet ready for a general æsthetic movement, and their style and their influence seemed to die with them. A change seems, however, to have arrived at last. The time is coming when the nation, settling down to a consciousness of stability and sure of a grand and prosperous future, with a homogeneous race evolved from the many that have landed on our shores, strong in the full ripeness of maturity, and confidently reaching out after the unattained, shall be moved by great thoughts and aspire to utter them in the language of art, but in a dialect of its own, racy with the flavor of the Western world. The artists shall then appear who will give expression to those aspirations, but before that time comes, and before those artists are born, the prosody and syntax of the art language they are to speak must be formulated and learned by their predecessors. In other words, before the nation can create enduring schools of art, it must know how to create them, it must understand method or style. And that is exactly the point where we stand to-day: the age of style is upon us, and, as we have already suggested, such an age is liable to be a period of imitation, and we may also add of materialism. So we learn from history, and we see it illustrated in our own time. The young art of a new people necessarily borrows its methods, too often also its ideas, as children imitate their elders. While an art which concerns itself chiefly with the question of materials necessarily deals with things of sense, it is realistic, satisfied with the surfaces of the objects it represents, and not aspiring after a conception of the spiritual and the ideal. The marbles of Ægina are wonderful examples of realistic art, for their creators were mastering the mysteries of style and the knowledge of external things; but how inferior are they to the Elgin marbles, which succeeded, and could not have been created without them!

It is not surprising that some of the enthusiastic young artists who have recently imported foreign styles from the ateliers of Paris and Munich into American art should be fanatic on the question of *technique*. They have a mission to perform, they are teaching us the importance of technical knowledge in art, and all such men must be more or less fanatics; but while they are indispensable to the art of the future, their admirers are not obliged to be fanatical as well; dogmatism has no place in such questions, and they should remember that mastery in style is simply a means, and not an end,—in skilful hands a weapon, but not the deed for which the weapon was made,—while the styles that are to give immortality to our artists will not be borrowed, but indigenous. This period of our art, so far as painting is concerned, began several years before its drift was strongly perceptible, quietly and unostentatiously. Some twenty years ago the Boston correspondents of the New York press began to allude to the art school and work of Mr. William M. Hunt. He had already been for some time a rising power,

and was until his recent untimely death the most considerable individuality in contemporary American art. At the same time his career most thoroughly illustrates the truth of the foregoing reflections. Mr. Hunt has been an influence among us, not so much because of the originality of his art as on account of the force of his personal character, which, in a city where personality has a charm unusual in the United States, conveyed the impression of genius, gave weight to whatever he said and did, and collected around him a circle of admirers who were bound in tacit league to fight his battles, too often with a zeal that was liable to be unjust in the consideration of other artists and schools.

Another reason for the remarkable influence Mr. Hunt has exerted is owing to the fact that, when the hour had arrived for a new period in our art, the first step in that direction was taken by him. We refer to the question of *technique*. Whether consciously or not, Mr. Hunt seems to have been the first to make the deliberate attempt to import foreign methods into our art. Not that he was the first of our painters to study abroad and to imitate foreign styles, for from the time of West to our day many of our artists have done the same. But their power has been less, or they have soon emancipated themselves from foreign influence, and formed styles of their own, or the time was not yet ripe for so distinct a recognition in this country of the importance of technical excellence. Mr. Hunt had the good fortune to introduce here the methods of one of the greatest masters of modern times, Jean François Millet. The superb style of that artist Mr. Hunt could reproduce for us, as he did, in numerous excellent portraits and compositions, and repeat some of his maxims; but the soul of the art of Millet cannot be imitated here until men as originally great as he are born among us. Still, we undoubtedly owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Hunt for starting a movement of such importance in America, even if style be only a means to an end, although what an indispensable means!

The conditions for the success of Mr. Hunt's undertaking could have been found nowhere else in America at that time so well as in Boston. Compact, strongly swayed by the *esprit du corps* of cliques, intensely self-appreciative, and until quite lately homogeneous in population, this city has always loyally stood up for the opinions or the heroes it adopts; therefore we say no better place could have been found in America wherein to start a new æsthetic movement.

Mr. Hunt's influence has been apparent in two ways, of which one has been to gather around him a flock of enthusiastic admirers, who have faithfully imitated the style of Millet at second hand, as suggested through the works of their leader. They have thus played an important part; and if none of them have been geniuses,—for genius rarely condescends to imitate, especially at second-hand, but is bound to assert itself in original creations,—they have at least done good service in publishing the gospel of style. Mr. Hunt's influence has been also evident, in stimulating a crowd of art students to cross the Atlantic to study the *technique* of modern European art in its strongholds. We think we are not mistaken in attributing one of the most noticeable phenomena of our contemporary art to his example and his precepts.

But if Boston was the place in which the new era could best make a beginning, we must frankly admit that in New York—more cosmopolitan and catholic in its views on all questions than Boston—this period of our art seems destined to find a more congenial field for its growth and development. Until the advent of Mr. Duveneck from Munich, and the active efforts exerted to gain for his paintings the recognition of the leaders of the Boston art circles, it was nearly impossible for any but modern French art, or the imitation of it, to gain a foothold in certain circles of that city, while in New York we see the graduates of the studios of Paris and London, Munich and Rome, finding ample scope for their methods, and actually working together for the establishment of art schools and exhibitions that should give expression to their respective views. If too intolerant of the good work our artists have formerly produced, they have at least enjoyed and practised a certain degree of charity towards each other which can afford to be enlarged as they become surer of their ground. Intolerance in the consideration of art questions is the most common of all forms of that evil, while it is never more offensive, when one considers

the infinite number of truths in nature that may be and are to be revealed by art, and the fact that it is only as artists see and interpret those truths in their own way that they can possibly add anything of really permanent value to the intellectual progress and happiness of mankind.

By far the larger number of those who are expounding the importance of *technique* in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York have been the pupils of foreign masters. But here and there painters like Mr. George Fuller of Boston, for whose abilities we entertained a great respect, and Messrs. Winslow Homer, R. Swain Gifford, and A. H. Wyant of New York, suggest that the time is approaching when artists native born and native bred shall give us works of genius in every respect sprung from the soil, and yet approximating or surpassing foreign works in technical excellence. In alluding to the last two we are reminded of the gradual transition of our distinctively American school of landscape from the powerfully imaginative, although technically weak landscapes of Cole, to those of Church and McEntee, and then to those of J. Appleton Brown and W. Allan Gay, which is yet more strikingly exemplified by the sliding scale of style followed by Mr. Inness. His early landscapes are characterized by a careful finish, that shows him to be the unmistakable associate of the American landscape painters of that period; while from that time he has gradually but steadily proceeded to greater dash and breadth of handling, until his work may at present be almost allied with the massive style of Duprez and the impressionism of Corôt. While conceding an unusual degree of original ability to Mr. Inness, we cannot avoid the thought that his travels among foreign galleries have, unconsciously perhaps to himself, modified his method of using colors, and have thus added him to the rank of those who have hastened the period of style in American art. So far as relates to choice of subject, the present movement, however, is not so much towards progress in landscape painting as in the study of the human figure; and this is indeed a great and noble step in advance, for, with the exception of a few rarely good portrait-painters, our art has been astonishingly weak in dealing with the highest subject that offers itself to the artist. The study of the human form divine from the life has never before received such attention in this country; and until a knowledge of the figure has become almost traditionally familiar to our artists, it is impossible for us to hope for any important general results in either *genre* or historical painting. Nor can such art be thoroughly national or original until sufficient time has elapsed to imbue our artists, whether painters or sculptors, with the characteristics of the mental and physical race types which are being evolved on this continent. But while laying such stress upon the importance of these studies, we would not be understood to imply that finished compositions must, as a matter of course, be always literally painted in every detail from the life. Memory and imagination should be permitted to enter into the conception and completion of such works no less than realism pure and simple. The greatest works of the masters of past ages have been based upon this triple union of forces. But, on the other hand, the imagination should create only after the most careful study of nature.

The establishment of art schools in many of our leading cities, affording not only ample opportunities of drawing from casts, but also from the living model, has been more rapid than could possibly be the case except under the most absolute monarchy, which can ordain events by the fiat of its arbitrary will, or in exactly such a congeries of republics as ours, in which each State and each individual municipality can further such institutions within its own limits entirely upon the volition of its own citizens. The extraordinary faculty of the Americans for organizing has never been more apparent than in the rapid and successful opening of art schools in numerous cities across the whole continent,—east and west must be added, for the tendency towards art instruction does not yet seem to have reached farther south than Baltimore and Cincinnati.

Established upon the plan of foreign art schools, there is yet nothing especially American about these institutions, unless that they are, with the exception of the Normal Art School of Massachusetts, unlike most foreign art schools, entirely dependent for foundation and support

upon popular subscriptions or private munificence. In the case of the school of the Artists' League in New York, even such endowment is wanting, and yet, through the enthusiasm of the younger portion of the community, it has become entirely self-supporting.

If the sums were computed which have been expended within a very few years in the endowment of our numerous art schools and galleries, and the erection of such elegant structures as the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Academies of Philadelphia and New Haven, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, or the Corcoran Gallery, they would be found fairly to rival the sums lavished upon art education in London, Munich, or Paris during the same period.

The wide extent over which these institutions are scattered, while it will undoubtedly tend to diffuse a knowledge of art more rapidly, and by the diverse national types it reaches must lead to a greater breadth and variety of characterization in our art, will, on the other hand, also retard the growth of a powerfully individual and distinctive national art. By this rapid diffusion of æsthetical knowledge over the country, an abundance of art will be the result; but the quality will probably not be great nor enduring until some city, perhaps not yet founded, shall arise to be the permanent metropolis of the intellectual activity of the Republic.

While we have indicated that in the grasp of style, or in the endeavor to master the technical elements, lies the most prominent characteristic now apparent in the pursuit of art among us, it would yet be unjust to limit our observations to this point alone.

Until recent years the practice of the pictorial arts in America has been confined to oil-painting. So strong, indeed, has been the predilection in this direction, that the sister arts have not only been neglected by the artists themselves, but the great public of buyers and amateurs has actually been inclined to scoff at such noble mediums for the expression of the beautiful as water-colors and black and white. Nothing could better indicate the startling suddenness with which public opinions are formed in this country than the rapid growth and appreciation of almost every branch of art among us during the last decade. The American Water-Color Society has in less than three lustres exhibited an originality, a virile and enduring vitality, in the character of its annual exhibitions, which compares most favorably with that displayed by our other art associations. In the matter of feeling and technical excellence a few of our best aquarellistes seem to occupy perhaps a higher relative position than our painters in oil-colors. This may be due, partly, to the fact that they have leaned less upon foreign instruction, and that therefore the merit we find in their works is more their own.

As in England, so here some of our leading oil-painters have also given their attention successfully to aquarelle, and the most encouraging sign of the times is this, that the public are awaking to some appreciation of the qualities of color, atmospheric effect, and dash of treatment which are peculiar to this art. Without giving any opinion as to the comparative merits of oil and water-colors, it is not too much to say that a certain degree of culture is essential on the part of the public in order to enjoy a good water-color painting. As with our oil-painters until quite recently, so also with our water-color painters: they succeed best in landscape. Messrs. Smillie, R. Swain Gifford, Wyant, Samuel Colman, Farrer, and others we might mention, are all landscape artists. What may eventually be done here in *genre* and interiors by this medium is indicated, however, by such spirited scenes as those dashed off by a promising young colorist, Mr. Muhrman.

But the defect hitherto far too common in our art, the impression of weakness, the absence of commanding inspiration founded upon seemingly inexhaustible resources of feeling and fancy, is also apparent in our water-color exhibitions. Pleasing scenes we find there, sometimes tender sentiment, often much skill in the technical part of the picture, but rarely such force or overpowering energy and resistless impulse or pathos as are evident in the water-colors of Turner, Copley Fielding, or Frederick Walker. Winslow Homer, in a remarkably vivid, but sometimes crude style, seems to suggest as well as any of our painters, in his *genre* and landscape sketches,

the possibilities of aquarelle in the future of American art. The impatient, imperative dash of his brush indicates a consciousness of power seeking expression in an original manner, but inadequate results naturally follow on experiment not yet crowned with complete success. Even in its incompleteness, however, we regard such art as among the most encouraging signs that we are destined, sooner or later, to present indigenous ideals with native modes of expression, and that our worship of foreign art is to be limited to admiration, instead of the present servile imitation, assimilating, it may be, but not borrowing or copying from it. Epictetus says, "If you emulate a man greater than yourself, you will succeed ill in that, and also lose the merit of those excellences you might be able to attain." That is the bane of our art now. We are in the full tide of the imitative period, and shall not find out what we are really capable of achieving until we try to walk alone. Such efforts as Mr. Homer's give hope of an approaching emancipation, after we have mastered the syntax and prosody, or technicalities, of art.

Closely associated with the movement in favor of water-colors is the rage for decorative art—including flower-painting and the decoration of pottery—which is now so prevalent among our cultivated circles. Even after the numerous amateurs, especially of the fair sex, who find a harmless vent for their otherwise unemployed energies in painting tiles and china and panels, have been deducted, the residuum of professionals who are endeavoring to make a living out of this branch of art is still something extraordinary. In flower-painting they sometimes show great dexterity, and occasionally a good eye for the harmony of colors. Still, one of the weak points in our art—defective composition and deficient imagination—is apparent in too many of these elaborate copies from nature.

But in the application of flower-painting to decorative work we find at last some appreciation of the difference between this and other forms of art. It is too early, however, to speak with confidence regarding decorative art in America. For clever as much of it is, it is nevertheless thus far so entirely based on imitation,—openly avowed, it is true,—that with rare exceptions small opportunity is afforded for even surmising our native ability. Long ago the Greeks, Romans, Persians, Arabs, Byzantines, and the followers of Gothic art of the Middle Ages, invented certain forms of decorative work; and in the far East the Chinese, Hindoos, and Japanese, while all developing national traits in their art, also formulated certain general principles which underlie the whole question of decoration. These nations almost seem to have exhausted the powers of invention, both as regards the harmony of colors and the importance of certain conventional floral or geometric forms. They did not write much on the subject, but they were moved by profound and correct instincts, and now we hopelessly admire their works, and seek to do by learning what they did by the sheer force of pre-eminent genius.

Exuberant fancy and correct impulses were in their case guided by an equally correct taste, while in our age we endeavor to supply the lack of genius and originality by elaborate treatises on art, philosophic formulas in explanation of the harmony of color and the like, founded on a study of the matchless works of our predecessors in this field. It is with our decorative art as with literature. Homer and Shakespeare create, and ages after come the rhetoricians who codify the laws of literary style, not from *a priori* reasoning, but from the analysis of works which give them a basis upon which to found their theories.

It is certain, however, that, if we cannot originate new forms or combinations of color, but must exercise our faculties in decorative art in the imitation of the works of other ages and climes, it is at least praiseworthy to proceed on knowledge, and by this method overcome to a degree both the lack of genius and the difficulty of invention in a field already so many times ploughed and harvested. The excessive refinement of society in our day, amounting almost to an affectation, has somewhat the same effect on our decorative art as it has on the *cuisine* from which we draw our nourishment. In our excessive passion for refinement we prefer flour that is bolted so white that the nutritious qualities are largely and injuriously eliminated. It is the same spirit which takes the snap, the *verve*, the character, out of much of the decorative art

of the day. It is delicate and pretty, and sometimes ingenious; but it fails to hold or kindle the imagination, because, with all the knowledge it displays of archaic art, there is yet something missing which we find in the barbaric art of Persia or Japan. Like so much of our food, it lacks character. Roman, or Saracenic, or mediæval art proclaims itself at a glance. Its individuality is pronounced in no unmeaning terms, and by no possibility can it be mistaken for any other. But of modern decorative art—if we except that of the Asiatic races of to-day, and the vigorous but semi-barbaric metal-work of Russia—we are rarely able to decide the nationality on the strength of internal evidence alone.

The colorless, characterless, insipid methods of modern decoration are noticeable, for example, in the tiles which are now extensively used in some of our cities for the external adornment of houses. Properly used, the effect of string courses of tiles may be admirable. But how do we employ them? Setting aside the question of color, for these tiles are sometimes out of tone, we find almost without exception that the designs on them are so delicate and minute, that, when raised a story or two above the ground, the pattern runs together and becomes as meaningless as the pepper-and-salt grays of a summer suit of clothes.

The crudeness of the public taste regarding the whole question of decorative art is also evident in the frequent disparity between the interior decorations or furniture and the building that contains them. It is the most common thing in the world for people of some refinement and culture to furnish their houses in a manner that is out of all keeping with the character of the house, and we are thus ludicrously reminded sometimes of a small boy trying to assume a dignified air with his grandfather's hat, spectacles, and gold-headed cane. This error will doubtless right itself in time, but it is at present too much the leading trait of this branch of art in America. We would not deny, however, that a very great advance has been made in decorative art in this country of late years. Good taste is far more prevalent than it was ten years ago, and the number of those who have shown themselves capable of reaching a certain proficiency in this department is already noticeably large.

But, while encouraged by these signs, we must not allow ourselves to be deceived into accepting them as final and definitive. With a few exceptions, to be hereafter noted, our decorative art is almost wholly imitative of contemporary European art. Like that, it is based on study and deliberate analysis. It is intellectual, but scarcely ever inspirational, and is even less national than the styles which it imitates. Until it advances a stage further, indicating more originality and race expression, it is simply a sign of taste, without necessarily implying promise.

Although less inclined, however, than some to place a high estimate upon the efforts of our decorative artists in general, we note here and there a few signs that faintly suggest the possibilities of high achievement, like the first touches of light which tinge the edge of the clouds at dawn while the sun is yet below the horizon. Amid the gray monotony of mediocre excellence we hail with joy these harbingers of a splendor whose effulgence shall only be seen by those of another generation. In the decoration of pottery ware, for example, Miss McLaughlin, of Cincinnati, seems to lead the way to fields yet untouched by the Minton or the Lambeth potteries, while in mural decorations the late Mr. Hunt suddenly achieved signal success. This was all the more surprising, because nothing of the sort had ever before been seen in this country; for the crude attempts made in the Capitol at Washington were of a character so fearful and wonderful that we may well say, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us" from any more like it in the future.

In the interior decorations of Mr. La Farge, especially those of Trinity Church, Boston, we find another hopeful sign. Not so much in the matter of form, however, as in a successfully harmonious combination of colors. Mr. La Farge is an idealist and experimentalist, whose art, like that of the other leading decorative artists of the day, is based on a profound study of the art of other times, combined with the scientific formulas of the present day. But what gives to his works a freshness and vitality that we do not always find elsewhere is the fact that he brings

to his aid a fine instinct for color. Like Mr. Hunt, this artist experimented in various directions before the proper opportunity occurred for a just expression of his ability. He has painted landscapes and figures, but hitherto his most successful efforts have been shown in the painting of flowers. Not rigidly confining himself to the exact truth of forms, but treating them rather in a decorative manner, he has rendered with exquisite feeling the illusive spirit of these favorites of nature. It is exactly the qualities suggested in works of this kind for which he now finds a more adequate expression in such elaborate compositions as the frescos of Trinity Church and the stained-glass windows of Memorial Hall at Cambridge.

That these works are all that we could wish is scarcely true, but they are the results of a move in the right direction, and are carried out on correct principles. The art of the glass-stainer in our day is not so much a modern invention as an attempt to reproduce a lost art. We have more scientific knowledge than the great men of the Middle Ages, and to cope with them in questions so largely mechanical, and aided by the chromatic treatises of our time, would seem a simple matter, if it were not such a well-defined law that true art, the highest art, is always indigenous to its own age and clime, and is the result of certain unvarying principles, ever reappearing under new adaptations, which spring from necessity. Mediæval stained glass originated in the desire of softening the light which poured through the broad windows of Northern Gothic structures. When a necessity exists, the men to meet it arrive: therefore it was the most natural thing in the world that stained glass, inspired by the right feeling, should be invented to meet that emergency. Those also were times when men erred not by excess of refinement. If it was necessary to strike, they struck quickly, forcibly, and decisively; if it was urgent in their natures to paint or carve, they did it earnestly, boldly, and with such grand conceptions of the central and dominating idea that they did not allow it to be smoothed away by excess of detail, or that over-refinement which in our day has ruined not only the art of individual artists, but endangers the art of races. And this is the chief reason why, with all our scientific knowledge, our artists in stained glass have so often failed; they have lacked vigor and earnestness, they have not known what to say, and have generally utterly failed to grasp the idea of the wholly decorative character of stained glass, which requires its designs and combinations of colors to be adapted to the buildings in which it is to be placed. But these conditions are agreeably approximated in the windows recently designed by Mr. La Farge, who realizes the true character of this art, and gives us reason to hope for more careful and important work in the future. We can only wish that he may find adequate opportunities for giving it expression.

In the rapid development and exceptional excellence of our decorative art in metals we recognize another sign of the possibilities of success for which we may justly hope in this department. The toreutic art in other times was conducted on such different principles that it seems much more the result of genius than the best art of to-day. Then some cunning artificer like Vischer, Cellini, or Ghiberti wrought in his studio alone, or with a few assistants. His designs were chiefly hammered out from his own fertile fancy, and had all the merit of original invention and spontaneity. The execution, also, was largely his own, and the impress of individual genius was on every part of his immortal creations.

But art in metals is practised in an altogether different fashion to-day. A company of capitalists is formed, who resolve that they will, by studying the popular demand, turn out gold and silver wares, and model their patterns somewhat as the dressmakers decide upon certain shapes for the fashions of the season. Men of some ability in designing are employed to furnish models, seconded by artisans who can deftly mould, hammer, and engrave. As soon as a hit is made by one house, imitations at once spring up. The general result is that a vast amount of work is manufactured, of more or less beauty, but the individual is eliminated from it. Personality, the most precious element in art, goes for nothing in the creation even of such elegant productions as those of Tiffany & Co. The firm name is stamped upon the work; the gold

medals are given to them; but who, beyond a few artists, ever hears of those who design the noble vases and salvers and goblets which have given the house such a world-wide repute? Nor is this so unjust as appears at first sight, for the individual designer actually counts for less in these modern art manufactories than in the humble studios of the Orient or the Middle Ages, where with the simplest means work was done that will endure to the end of time. The *repoussé* work, the remarkable imitations of Japanese metals, or the clever adaptations of classic decorative art, are produced after an exhaustive study of the art of all ages by several designers associated in consultation, including perhaps a partner of the firm. They consult, compare notes, and arrive at certain conclusions as to the adaptations of foreign art that would take best in the existing state of the market. And thus, although the result may be very elegant and agreeable, and show great technical skill, it is but slightly inspirational or individual. This is the rule in most modern decorative art, whether it be that of the Lobmeyers of Vienna, the Havilands of Limoges, the Mintons of London, or the Tiffanys of New York. Now and then a Solon or a Braquemond is known outside of the work-shop, but generally the designers for these firms must be content to forego ambition, "that last infirmity of noble minds." These observations apply with nearly equal force to the greater part of contemporary architecture, not only of our own country, but also of Europe, even if we admit the vast improvement it has made in America within the last fifteen years. But, while thus considering our decorative art to be in an imitative stage, we are willing to concede that encouraging evidences of originality are here and there apparent.

Another sign of promise in our art, and one of its most marked tendencies, is the growth of interest in black and white art, including book illustration. Although the art of some races has seemed wholly dependent on color, yet we think it must be admitted that, on the whole, form lies at the basis of the scale, succeeded by *chiaro-oscuro* and followed by color. The best black and white art, or *camaieu*, includes the first two stages, and may be strong either in linear drawing, or in light and shade, or in both. Our artists seem thus far to have been strongest in the latter, although the increasing attention given to study from the life is beginning to develop decided improvement in the drawing of the simple line, not only with correctness, but still more with feeling for the subtle suggestions of which it is susceptible. The public taste for black and white, although still quite limited and immature, is beginning to assume definite proportions, and has given rise to at least one association devoted exclusively to exhibitions in this department. We refer to the Salmagundi Club, an institution of no little vitality. In time let us hope its exhibitions may possess the interest and importance of the Dudley Gallery of London. The appreciation awarded to such portraits as Mr. Rowse has executed with crayon is an encouraging sign, while it must be granted that the public are yet slow, almost hopelessly slow, to comprehend and value the effective landscapes in charcoal for which we are indebted to such artists in this line as Hughes or F. Hopkinson Smith. Patience! all things come to him who waits, we are told,—even appreciation to the long-toiling and little-rewarded artist,—although sometimes it only comes after he is gone. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a Scriptural statement which has no application in art and letters. For our idealists in black and white, who are not coining a living out of illustrations for the magazines, there is beyond question a Purgatory of waiting in store before they see the light gleaming on the walls of Paradise, if, indeed, they ever do see it.

But for our illustrators the lines are fallen in pleasant places. It is about an even race between them and the portrait-painters in the division of shekels, although we have too good an opinion of many of them to think this is a leading object in their pursuit of art. No factor has done more to create a popular taste for art in America than the department of illustration, assisted as it has been by the enterprise of important illustrated monthlies. If we do not anywhere find in this country designers moved by the vast intellectual resources, moral earnestness, and exhaustless invention of a Dürer, a Blake, or a Doré, we yet find abundant

ability, and here and there one who with a larger experience may give us profounder suggestions than any yet apparent in our art.

Imagination, the sacred creative power that allies the artist or the poet to the great Creator himself, is the scarcest quality in American art, while it is fundamental and precious beyond every other quality. Many of our artists know enough about the *technique* and the principles of their profession. Through some mistake Fate neglected to endow most of them with imagination to any appreciable degree. That is all that is lacking in our art: it will probably come to the artists of the future, and when it does come we shall know it. It will be self-assertive, and speak with resistless power. No further imitation of foreign art then,—no subserviency to schools, no servility. It will burst its bonds and utter great thoughts in a great manner of its own.

In the mean time let us not complain of the very encouraging premonitions we actually have of the coming genesis of such an art. No department of our æsthetics seems to us more thoroughly national, original, and on the whole satisfactory. Years ago Darley showed a pleasant fancy and a graphic skill in his well-known linear drawings for Rip Van Winkle. How much he was indebted for them to Retzsch's outline illustrations of Schiller's ballads we cannot tell, but there was yet considerable originality in his style, which, however, quickly became mannered. In the department of landscape illustration since then some excellent work has been done by such artists as Fenn and Thomas Moran. It has been free, conscientious, and pleasing, founded often on a careful study of nature, and inspired by fine feeling. But it is in the drawing of the figure that our illustrators are at present displaying the most originality and merit. Weakness in composition, or a failure to preserve the general effect, is often noticeable in these efforts, owing, probably, to a lack of study, or inability to grasp the scene depicted with the realization of life. But we see more evidence of imagination among the artists engaged in this department than in any other branch of our present art, and in a few cases like Mrs. Foote, F. S. Church, Kelley, or Abbey, this characteristic is a prominent and most promising trait. Since Vedder first startled the art public of America by some of his extraordinary creations, we have had no artist who seems to have so vivid and versatile an imagination as E. A. Abbey. He seems to apprehend the various qualities of pathos and humor, of form and chiaro-oscuro, together with the suggestive and essential traits of landscape when it is requisite to introduce them into a composition. We should say that what is the especial peculiarity of his genius is a certain quaint, delicate, and sometimes grotesque humor, which crops out even in some of his most sombre compositions; as one has said of Sterne's preaching, that, even when he was exhorting his audience with his most moving periods, he seemed like a jester, with a twinkle in his eye, and on the point of flinging his cap and bells at the congregation. We sometimes detect a weakness in the composition of some of Mr. Abbey's designs, resulting doubtless from want of early training and too rapid execution. But the discipline of his present studies abroad will have a maturing and improving effect on a genius whose progress is of importance in our art.

Another encouraging sign in our illustrative art is the fact that those who are engaged in it, not satisfied with the abundant ability which some of them possess, exert every effort to place their art upon a correct foundation by availing themselves of every opportunity they can seize to study from nature. Such is the demand they create for bric-à-brac and articles of *virtu*, that it will not be long before we shall need a Wardour Street in New York to furnish the artists with old helmets, worn tapestries, and mediæval carven chests at reasonable rates. The system of photographing pictures on the block is also helpful in the direction of progress. By this means our department of illustrations is enriched by the alliance of many painters of repute, who have felt that they could not do justice to themselves by drawing directly on wood with India ink. By designing a picture in camaieu, either with oils or water-colors, somewhat larger than the block to be engraved, and then reducing it in the camera, one may have far more scope for freedom of handling. The result is simply what we might expect,—greater

individuality and variety in the character of the illustrations, and naturally, therefore, more opportunities for progress in this art.

This phase of book-illustration naturally brings us to a consideration of the subject of engraving, which is now occupying so much attention. Without entering into the question as to whether photographing a design on wood is what some have chosen to call legitimate art or not, or whether it is destructive to the higher qualities of engraving, we think there are few who will not consider that the public are the gainers by the superior quality of the illustration which it affords them. We may say, in passing, that the process is not as recent as is claimed by some. At least twenty years ago designs were photographed on wood, although it is not until recent years that the practice has become common.

Anderson and Adams, the talented pioneers of wood-engraving in America, have been succeeded by many noble engravers, some of whom are fully on a par with our leaders of illustration. We do not propose to enter into a discussion of a question which has aroused considerable discussion of late in art circles. The points of difference between the conservative and the aggressionist may well be left to time, so long as both are animated not so much by personal feeling and prejudice as by a genuine love for the art which they profess. Ample room and verge enough should, however, be allowed to all for the expression of individual styles. Dogmatism has no place in such a question, and the bed of Procrustes should not be imported into this country to cramp the artist in any department of his profession.

Another most encouraging token now apparent in our art is the attention given to etching. In no branch of engraving is there such opportunity for the exhibition of genuine art feeling. While this is the case with all etching, it is of course especially so when the artist etches his own design. For this reason there is scarcely anything that is more offensive than a bad etching, and scarcely anything that more quickly appeals to the enthusiasm of a cultivated artistic mind than such an etching as Bracquemond, Haden, Rajon, or Unger can produce, or R. Swain Gifford among our own artists. It is because such men as he, Messrs. Bellows, Smillie, Farrer, Ferris, Moran, and others we might mention, are producing such promising work here, that we consider this one of the most brilliant auguries now apparent in American art. It remains for the public to encourage our pioneer etchers to greater progress by showing them a kindly appreciation.

In conclusion we emphasize once more the fact that American art at present is largely based upon imitation of other art,—not only of the art of past ages, but of contemporary art in other countries. On the part of the public there is to be noticed a singular apathy regarding the efforts of native artists, with the exception of portrait-painters, who may be said to thrive on the vanity of their sitters. This, however, is no cause for discouragement; for every nation has to pass through its imitative period, and, as we have indicated, the signs are not wanting which give us reason to hope that American art will soon attain the strength and courage to assert its powers in a vigorous manhood.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.



